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THE

LOUNGER.

A

PERIODICAL PAPER,

PUBLISHED AT EDINBURGH IN THE YEARS
1785 and 1786.

By the AUTHORS of the MIRROR.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

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THE

THE

LOUNGER.

N° 36. SATURDAY, *October* 8, 1785.

Divitias operoſiores. HOR.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

'TIS but very lately that I became acquainted with your paper, our family only having taken it in laſt week for the firſt time, when it was recommended to my brother by *Lady Betty Lampoon*, who happened to be on a viſit in our country. Her Ladyſhip ſaid, it was a dear ſweet ſatirical paper, and that one found all one's acquaintance in it. And ſure enough I found ſome of my acquaintance in it, (for I am the only reader among us,) and ſo I ſhall tell Mr. *John Homeſpun* when I meet him. Only think of a man come to his years to go to put himſelf and

his neighbours into print in the manner he has done. But I dare to ſay it is all out of ſpite and envy at our having grown ſo ſuddenly rich, by my brother's good fortune in India: and to be ſure, Sir, things are changed with us from what I remember; and yet perhaps we are not ſo much to be envied neither, if all were known.—Do tell me, Sir, how we ſhall manage to be as happy as people ſuppoſe our good fortune muſt have made us.

But perhaps, Sir, it is not the *faſhion* (as my ſiſter-in-law and *Monſ. de Sabot* ſays) to be happy.—Lord, Sir, I had forgot you don't know Monſ. de Sabot! But really my head is not ſo clear as it uſed to be. I will try to tell you things in their order.—My brother, who, as Mr. Homeſpun has informed you, is returned home with a great fortune, is determined to live as becomes it, and ſent down a ſhip-load of blacks in laced liveries, the ſervants in this country not being handy about fine things; though, to tell you the truth, ſome of the Blackamoors don't give themſelves much trouble about their work, and two of them never do a turn except playing on the French horn, and ſometimes making punch, when it is wanted particularly nice.

Beſides theſe, there came down in two chaiſes my brother's own valet de ſham, my ſiſter's own maid, a man cook, who has two of the negers under

under him, and Monſ. de Sabot, whom my brother wrote to me he had hired for a butler; but, when he came, he told us he was *maitre dotell*, and had been ſo to the Earl of C——, the Duke of N——, and two German princes. So, to be ſure, we were almoſt afraid to ſpeak to him, till we found he was as affable and obliging as could be, and told us every thing we ought to do to be faſhionable, and like the great folks of London and Paris. Monſ. de Sabot is acquainted with every one of them.

But then, Sir, it is ſo troubleſome an affair to be faſhionable! and ſo my father and mother, and the reſt of us, who have never been abroad, find. We uſed to be as cheerful a family as any in the country; and at our dinners and ſuppers, if we had not fine things, we had pure good appetites, and, after the table was uncovered, uſed to be as merry as grigs at *Croſs purpoſes*, *Queſtions and commands*, or *What's my thought like?* But now we muſt not talk loud, nor laugh, nor walk faſt, nor play at romping games; and we muſt ſit quiet during a long dinner of two courſes and a deſſert, and drink wine and water, and never touch our meat but with our fork, and pick our teeth after dinner, and dabble in cold water, and Lord knows how many other things: which Monſ. de Sabot ſays every body *comi ſo* does. And ſuch a thing he tells me (for I am a ſort of

favourite and ſcholar of his) is *comi ſo* in the firſt courſe, and ſuch a thing in the ſecond; and this in the entries, and that in the removes. *Comi ſo*, it ſeems, means *vaſtly fine* in his language, though we country folks, if we durſt own it, find the *comi ſo* things often very ill taſted, and now and then a little ſtinking. But we ſhall learn to like them monſtrouſly by-and-by, as Monſ. de Sabot aſſures us.

My father is hardeſt of us all to be taught to do what he ought; and he curſed *comi ſo* once or twice to Monſ. de Sabot's face. But my brother and my ſiſter-in-law are doing all that they can to wean him from his old cuſtoms, that he mayn't affront himſelf before company. He fought hard for his pipe and his ſpit-box; but my ſiſter-in-law would not ſuffer the new window-curtains and chair-covers to be put up till he had given over both. And, what do you think, Sir? the old gentleman was caught yeſterday by my brother and a young Baronet of his acquaintance, who went into the ſtable to look at one of my brother's ſtud, as they call it, ſmoking his pipe in one of the empty ſtalls. And I heard *Sir Harry Driver* give an account of it to my ſiſter-in-law when they came in to ſupper, and how, as he ſaid, "he had *tallyho'd* old Squaretoes, as he ſlunk from his kennel."

My

My brother, you muſt know, has a mind to be a parliament-man, and ſo he invites all the country, high and low, to eat and drink with him; and ſometimes I have been ſadly out of countenance, and ſo have we all, when ſome of his old acquaintance have told long ſtories of things which happened to them formerly, though ten to one my brother does not remember a ſyllable of them. As t'other day, when our ſchool-maſter's ſon Samuel put him in mind of their going together to Edinburgh for the firſt time, and how they had but one pair of ſilk ſtockings between them, and my brother had them on in the morning to ſee a gentleman who was firſt couſin to an Eaſt-India Director, and Sam got them in the evening to viſit the Principal of the college; and all this before Sir Harry Driver, Lord Squanderfield, and Lady Betty Lampoon.

Then my brother is turned an improver, which every body ſays is an excellent way of laying out his money, and is ſo public-ſpirited!—and the planner who has come to give directions about it tells us, that in a few years hence he will get five pounds for every five ſhillings he lays out now in that way. In the mean time, however, it gives him a ſad deal of trouble; when every thing is reſolved upon to-day, 'tis a chance but it is all turned topſy-turvy to-morrow; for his voters, as they call the gentlemen on my brother's ſide

of the queſtion, who come to viſit us, have every one their own opinion, and are always giving him advice how to do things for the beſt. One told him lately he ſhould level ſuch a piece of ground which is in ſight of the bow-window in the drawing-room; another, a few mornings after, blamed this firſt adviſer for want of taſte, and ſaid he would give 500 guineas for ſuch a knoll in the very ſpot where they had levelled it; and ſo they are building rocks there, and planting them as faſt as they can. He pulled down a piece of an old church that ſtood in the way of what they call the approach to the houſe; and preſently a gentleman from England told him a ruin was the very thing wanted in that place,—and ſo the old church muſt be built up a-new. Lord Squanderfield adviſed him to make a piece of water in the garden; and they had almoſt finiſhed it, when Lady Betty convinced him that in ſummer it would be a puddle, as ſhe termed it, that would ſtink him out of his houſe, and fly-blow every bit of meat at his table.

Lady Betty has been very uſeful to my ſiſter-in-law too about the choice of the furniture, though that likewiſe has been a troubleſome job, owing to bad advice in the beginning. We had got ſofas and ſtuffed chairs in the drawing-room, which my Lady has made her change for cabrioles; and the damaſk beds ſhe has perſuaded her

her are not in the leaſt fit for a country-houſe; and ſo they are all taken down, and chintzes put up in their place.

In the ſame ſhip with the blacks, my brother brought down a great collection of pictures which were purchaſed for him at a ſale in London, and are worth, I am told, Lord knows how much, though he got them, as he aſſures us, for an old ſong; and yet ſeveral of them I have heard coſt ſome hundreds of pounds. But this, between ourſelves, is the moſt plaguy of all his fineries. Would you believe it, Sir, he is obliged to be two or three hours every morning in the gallery, with a little book in his hand, like a poor ſchool-boy, getting by heart the names and the ſtories of all the men and women that are painted there, that he may have his leſſon pat for the company that are to walk and admire the paintings till dinner is ſerved up? And yet, after all, he is ſometimes miſtaken about them, as laſt Thurſday he told a gentleman that was looking at the pictures, that the half-naked woman above the chimney-piece was done for one *Caroline Marrot* (I ſuppoſe from the picture of ſome Miſs no better than ſhe ſhould be); whereas the gentleman, Mr. *Guſto*, declared it was as like *Widow Renny* as one egg is like another.

I could tell you a great deal more of embarraſſments and vexations in the enjoyment of our

good fortune; but I am ſure I muſt have wearied you by my ſcribble-ſcrabble account of what I have told. It will be ſufficient to ſhow you that Mr. Homeſpun has not ſo much cauſe for envy as from his letter I preſume he feels againſt us, and will, I hope, alſo procure a little of your good counſel how to make a *comi ſo* life ſomewhat more comfortable to the greateſt part of our family, and in particular to your humble ſervant,

MARJORY MUSHROOM.

N° 37. SATURDAY, *October* 15, 1785.

THE mythology of the ancients has given riſe to many an elegant alluſion and adorned many a beautiful deſcription.

In a book publiſhed lately at Paris, containing an account of the principal gems in the cabinet of the Duke of Orleans, is the following excellent illuſtration of the pleaſing effects of the popular religion of antiquity.

"The delightful fictions built on their religious ſyſtem," ſays the author of this work, "have peopled and animated all nature, and made a ſolemn temple of the vaſt univerſe. Thoſe flowers, whoſe varied and ſhining beauty we ſo much admire, are the tears of Aurora. It is the breath of Zephyrus which gently agitates the leaves. The ſoft murmurs of the waters are the ſighs of the Naiads. A god impels the winds. A god pours out the rivers. Grapes are the gift of Bacchus. Ceres preſides over the harveſt. Orchards are the care of Pomona. Does a ſhepherd ſound his reed on the ſummit of a mountain, it is Pan who with his paſtoral pipe returns the amorous lay. When the ſportſman's horn rouſes the attentive ear, it is Diana armed with

her bow and quiver, more nimble than the ſtag ſhe purſues, who takes the diverſion of the chace. The Sun is a god, who, riding on a car of fire, diffuſes his light through the world. The Stars are ſo many divinities, who meaſure with their golden beams the regular proceſs of time. The Moon preſides over the ſilence of the night, and conſoles the world for the abſence of her brother. Neptune reigns in the ſeas, ſurrounded by the Nereids, who dance to the joyous ſhells of the Tritons. In the higheſt heavens is ſeated Jupiter, the father and maſter of men and gods: under his feet roll the thunders formed by the Cyclops in the cavern of Lemnos: his ſmile rejoices nature, and his nod ſhakes the foundation of Olympus. Surrounding the throne of their ſovereign, the other divinities quaff the nectar from a cup preſented to them by the young and beautiful Hebe. In the middle of the bright circle ſhines with diſtinguiſhed luſtre the unrivalled beauty of Venus, alone adorned with a ſplendid girdle, on which the graces and ſports for ever play; and in her hand is a ſmiling boy, whoſe power is univerſally acknowledged by heaven and earth."

It is impoſſible to read this elegant paſſage without feeling ſomething of that deluſion it deſcribes; and the reader who is converſant in the claſſics will at once call to his recollection many of thoſe animated deſcriptions and pleaſing alluſions

ſions with which thoſe admirable works ſo much abound.

For my own part, however, while I muſt always remember, with a pleaſing ſort of gratitude, the delight which I have received from the poets of Greece and of Rome: and while I recollect, with a ſpecies of enthuſiaſm, that rapture I firſt received from the animated accounts of nature with which their works are adorned; I cannot help ſometimes thinking that the taſte which they have produced in modern times, that fondneſs of imitation they have given birth to, has in ſome reſpects hurt the works of the moderns, and, inſtead of improving, helped to ſpoil many an exertion of genius. The mythological alluſions of the ancients were grafted on the popular opinions of the country; as ſuch, to a reader of the times they were natural; the mind eaſily acknowledged their juſtice, and ſomething like an implicit belief attended their peruſal. Even when they are peruſed by a modern, in the writings of the ancients, he acquires ſome portion of this belief. The ſame ductility of imagination which creates our ſympathy and intereſt in the paſſions and feelings of an *Achilles* and an *Æneas*, though they lived in a diſtant region, and a period long ſince paſt, makes us enter into their religious creed, and the effects thereby produced. Our reaſon is for a time ſuſpended; and we can

for a moment ſuppoſe Minerva to deſcend from heaven to aſſiſt a Grecian hero, or Æolus to inflate the winds at the ſuit of Juno, to overwhelm in the billows the unfortunate ſon of a rival goddeſs.

But thoſe animated and perſonified deſcriptions, however natural in an ancient author, and however they may intereſt even a modern reader by the ſame ſympathy which engages us in the fate of a hero who died a thouſand years ago, have now ceaſed to be natural. When uſed by a modern writer, they do not proceed from an animated mind, impreſſed and governed by the belief of his countrymen, but are the effect of a mere copy, the feeble offspring of a cold and ſervile imitation.

Whether it has proceeded from this cauſe I know not; but, while I feel the moſt pleaſing deluſion from the mythological fictions of the ancient authors, I have always felt ſomething very much the reverſe from the ſame fictions when appearing in the works of the moderns. The ſcenes which nature lays before us, and the actions of thoſe men who are placed in intereſting ſituations, when well deſcribed, and naturally repreſented, muſt ever be delightful; but, when in a modern author I ſee nature left as it were behind, and borrowed deſcription and alluſion made uſe of, I have ever found my mind, inſtead of being gratified, cheated of that pleaſure which it

wiſhed

wiſhed to enjoy. The deluſion in which I was fond to indulge has been removed, and fanciful conceit has uſurped the place of nature.

Another bad conſequence of this ſervile imitation of the ancients, of this borrowing what was natural in them, but which is no longer ſo in us, has been to prevent modern authors from ſtudying nature as it is, from attempting to draw it as it really appears; and, inſtead of giving genuine deſcriptions, it leads them to give thoſe only which are falſe and artificial.

Every reader acquainted with our modern authors will eaſily recall a variety of paſſages to illuſtrate theſe remarks.

To take an inſtance from the works of an author who does the higheſt honour to this country, what can be more abſurd than the following lines as a deſcription of Windſor Foreſt?

> See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,
> Here bluſhing Flora paints th' enamelled ground,
> Here Ceres' gifts in waving proſpect ſtand,
> And nodding tempt the jovial reaper's hand.

This is ſurely not a deſcription of Windſor Foreſt.

In like manner, the deſcription in the ſame poem, of *Thames* ſhedding tears for *Cowley*'s death, muſt ſurpaſs all modern credulity; and of an equally unnatural kind is the transformation of *Lodona*, the daughter of father Thames.

In

In the Paſtorals of the ſame author, what ſtrange effects are produced by the mourning of a ſhepherd boy along the ſide of the Thames!

There while he mourn'd, the ſtreams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compaſſion ſhow,
The Naiads wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,
And Jove conſented in a ſilent ſhow'r.

The ſame ſhepherd thus deſcribes the effects of his numbers:

And yet my numbers pleaſe the rural throng,
Rough ſatyrs dance, and Pan applauds my ſong.

It is unneceſſary to multiply examples; the deſcriptive poems of the moderns are full of them.

One author deſerves to be excepted, an author who has been juſtly deemed an original, and whoſe character of originality is in a great meaſure owing to his having painted nature as it is, and laid aſide the mythological alluſions of antiquity.—*Thomſon*, in his *Seaſons*, may be ſtyled the great Poet of Nature. In that poem he has deſcribed the whole varied year, and the different ſcenes which its variations produce.

"This author," ſays a diſtinguiſhed critic, "is intitled to one praiſe of the higheſt kind; his mode of thinking and of expreſſing his thoughts, is original. He thinks in a peculiar train, and he thinks always as a man of genius: he looks round on nature and on life with the

eye

eye which Nature beſtows only on a poet; the eye that diſtinguiſhes, in every thing preſented to its view, whatever there is on which imagination can delight to be detained, and with a mind that at once comprehends the vaſt, and attends to the minute. The reader of the Seaſons wonders that he never ſaw before what Thomſon ſhows him, and that he never yet has felt what Thomſon expreſſes."

Great part of this high praiſe appears to me to have ariſen from what has been obſerved, of Thomſon's having ſtudied nature, and painted it as it is. Hardly, and with very few exceptions, will he be found endeavouring to adorn or heighten his deſcriptions with the religious fictions of antiquity.

As this author has drawn his pictures of nature from nature itſelf, ſo the nearer we bring his pictures to the originals from which he draws, the more will we admire them; the nearer our examination is, the more will our mind be filled and kindled with thoſe ſentiments which his deſcriptions produce. They reſemble thoſe ſtriking likeneſſes, thoſe highly finiſhed portraits, which we examine by the ſide of the perſons who ſit for them. I am never more delighted with Thomſon's Winter, the beſt of his Seaſons, than when I read it in the month of December, and liſten to the "ſavage howl of the blaſt," and ſee the "ſky ſaddened with the gather'd ſtorm."

N° 38. SATURDAY, *October* 22, 1785.

I HAPPENED, a few evenings ago, to have an appointment with a friend of mine, a gentleman of the law, which ſome particular buſineſs prevented him from keeping with his uſual punctuality. While I waited for him in his ſtudy, I took down from one of his ſhelves a book at random, to amuſe myſelf with till he ſhould come in. In my character of Lounger, I have learned never to put back a book becauſe its ſubject promiſes to be a dull one. Though this was a law folio, therefore, I ſat down contentedly to peruſe it; having often experienced, that, in books where I looked for the leaſt entertainment, I have unexpectedly met with the moſt. So it happened in this law treatiſe; where, on the chapter of *Marriage*, which chanced to turn up to me, I found the nice diſtinctions and ſubtleties of legal inveſtigation ſo illuminated with a variety of intereſting caſes, that I ſhall certainly recommend the book, and particularly the above-mentioned chapter of it, to all my young friends who are engaged in the ſtudy of that dry and intricate ſcience. I am perſuaded their imaginations will not be leſs exerciſed than their judgments, in following the learned author through the numerous pointed illuſtrations

trations which he gives of the doctrines there laid down. Of those doctrines the abstract seems to be, that though certain smaller deceptions are not sufficient for setting aside a matrimonial engagement; yet a very high degree of deceit made use of by one of the parties to influence and inveigle the other, will render the marriage void and null *ab initio*, as if no such contract had ever been made.

I was deeply engaged in those speculations, when my friend cut them short by entering the room; and, as his time is precious, we had no leisure to follow them together; though I had much inclination to have asked his assistance in clearing up some legal doubts which the author's reasoning had created in my mind. When I got home at night, the subject recurred to my memory; but, beside a warm fire in a cold evening, even the thoughts of marriage will not keep a man awake. I insensibly fell asleep in my chair, when a dream took up (as is generally the case) the thread of my waking thoughts, and pursued it in the following whimsical manner.

Methought I was carried into a great hall, which, in its gloom, its antique ornaments, and its dustiness, resembled some of our courts of justice; at the further end of which was seated, in the dress and with the *insignia* of a judge, the learned and worthy author of the treatise above mentioned.

mentioned. By one of the attendants of the court I was informed, that his office was a ſort of chancellorſhip of matrimony, with the power of confirming or annulling all marriages, as in equity and good conſcience ſhould ſeem to him proper; that this was one of the days appointed for hearings; and that the parties, complainants and reſpondents, were waiting without, ready to be called in to ſtate their complaints and defences. I, who am a bachelor (which I believe I formerly hinted to my readers), felicitated myſelf on this happy opportunity of inſtruction and entertainment, and ſat down on one of the benches, to hear with attention the different cauſes that ſhould be argued.

The firſt perſon who came to the bar was a man of rather an ungracious appearance, and a countenance not at all expreſſive of good humour. He exhibited his complaint, and prayed for a diſſolution of his marriage on the head of *deception* in his wife's *temper;* who, as he informed the judge, had made herſelf appear before marriage one of the ſweeteſt and moſt engaging young women in the world; that during her virgin ſtate ſhe had never been ſeen, at leaſt by the complainant, with a ſingle frown on her brow, and was the very life and ſoul of every company ſhe was in; but that ſhe had not been married a week, when he diſcovered that ſhe was (ſaving the court's preſence) a very

a very devil incarnate; that ſcarce a day paſſed in which ſhe did not abuſe himſelf, ill-treat his friends, and whip all the children round; and that he was obliged to change his ſervants every half-year, except one old croſs devil of a cook-maid, whom ſhe kept to vex and plague him. The lady being called upon for her defence, denied any *deception* by which the marriage had been brought about, or could now be annulled; for that all her acquaintance could teſtify how good-natured ſhe was when ſhe was not contradicted; and that before marriage her huſband had never contradicted her. She likewiſe pleaded recrimination in bar of his complaint; and offered to prove, that he himſelf was one of the moſt croſs-tempered men in the world. The judge diſmiſſed the complaint; but recommended to the parties, ſince they ſeemed equally diſſatisfied, to ſeparate by mutual conſent. The huſband ſeemed inclined to adopt this propoſition; but the lady rejected it; and, flinging out of court with a toſs-up of one ſide of her hoop, ſaid, ſhe had more ſpirit than to indulge him in that. The huſband growled ſomething, which I could not hear, and followed her.

The ſecond complainant was dreſſed in a very ſhabby coat, and had a very indecent length of beard on his face. He prayed a diſſolution of his marriage, from a groſs deception in point of his

his wife's perſon and appearance. He was, he ſaid, chiefly induced to the match, from the beauty of her face and the elegance of her figure, which firſt had made her his toaſt, then his miſtreſs, and laſtly his wife: That for ſome little time after his marriage, this deception was perfectly kept up: That in a few months, however, he began to be ſenſible of it; and, after her becoming pregnant of her firſt child, it was apparent to every body: That, ſubſequent to that period, his wife totally neglected all attention to her ſhape and complexion; and had ever ſince been ſo perfect a ſlattern as to have forfeited all pretenſions to thoſe qualities, on the faith of which he had married her. The lady made no appearance, which ſome one in court ſuggeſted was owing to its being ſo early an hour, as ſhe ſeldom roſe till twelve, and never was dreſſed till three. Indeed, upon ſome queſtion of the judge, it came out, that the huſband had never ſeen her before marriage at an earlier hour, and ſeldom even then, but at great dinners, private balls, and public aſſemblies. His lordſhip delayed the further conſideration of the cauſe till another day, recommending to the gentleman, when he appeared there again, to ſhew the reſpect due to the court, by having his beard ſhaved, and putting on a clean ſhirt.

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The third profecutor was an elderly gentleman with a wrinkled face, and a body feemingly very infirm, who came forward to the bar by the help of a ftaff, or rather crutch. He repreſented to the court that he had married a few years before, after having lived a bachelor till he was turned of ſixty, a young innocent girl, as he imagined, who had been bred up, at her father's houſe in the country, in perfect ignorance of the town, its expences and amuſements, who knew only how to knit, work fringes, and border an apron, to aſſiſt at making of a pudding, and conſtructing a gooſeberry-pie; whoſe greateſt expence was a ſilk gown once in two years, with a callico of her own making for morning wear; and whoſe higheſt pleaſure conſiſted in dancing at a country wedding, or a Chriſtmas gambol. But that, not long after ſhe was married, ſhe contrived to have him bring her to town, where ſhe ſpent as much money in one month as it had coſt her father to keep her all her life before; and actually wore, at this moment, a cap and feathers, the price of which would have clothed her for a whole year in the country: That ſhe was ſcarcely ever at home, except when ſhe had aſked a dozen fine people to dinner or ſupper, and was ſeldom in bed till three in the morning: That ſhe would not ſuffer any of his former companions to approach her, but kept company only with diſſipated young people

of the other ſex, or extravagant and giddy women of her own. And therefore, from all thoſe circumſtances, ſhewing the higheſt degree of deception under which he had been inveigled to marry, he prayed a diſſolution of the matrimonial engagement, dropping ſome hints, at the ſame time, that the young lady might do very well for a younger and a gayer huſband, and that he would come down handſomely, to make her worth another man's taking. To this complaint it was anſwered, on the part of the lady, that there was no ſort of deception in the caſe; that ſhe had all along declared ſhe did not care a farthing for her intended huſband, but on the contrary hated and abhorred him: That he had bribed her parents, who had partly frightened and partly cajoled her into the match, by the offer of large ſettlements, and the flattering proſpect of being the wife of a very rich man; ſo that, in the very nature of the contract, ſhe gave up her perſon to her ſaid huſband in exchange for the enjoyment of ſuch pleaſures as his fortune could enable her to command for the preſent, and the hopes of what a large jointure might procure for the future; That, therefore, all the finery, amuſements, and expence, which he complained of, were only parts of the firſt clauſe of the agreement; and that whatever vexation or uneaſineſs her conduct might create to him, were but juſtifiable means of

fulfilling

fulfilling the accompliſhment of the ſecond. The Chancellor delivered his opinion in favour of the reſpondent; but propoſed, in compaſſion to the huſband (which, however, the worthy judge declared his conduct had little merited), that they ſhould compromiſe matters, by the lady's renouncing her right to the man, on being immediately veſted in her jointure. The lady was deliberating on this propoſal, when her Lord declared himſelf in the negative; and clearing his voice with a hem, hobbled out of court in a ſtep ſomewhat firmer than that in which he entered, ſaying, Nobody could tell which of them might have the benefit of ſurvivorſhip.

The next caſe was pretty ſimilar to the foregoing, except that the plaintiff was the wife, and the defendant her huſband; an old lady of threeſcore *verſus* a young ſtout fellow of five-and-twenty. She alleged, that when a virgin ſhe had been made to believe he loved her to deſperation; but had diſcovered, the very day of the wedding, that he was only enamoured of twenty thouſand pounds ſhe happened to poſſeſs in the *Long Annuities*. The huſband denied the charge of deceiving her; for that ſhe knew, from the beginning of their acquaintance, that he wiſhed to marry the Long Annuities, which he ſaid, ſmiling, he would endeavour to make ſhorter. The lady on this loſt temper. "Do you dare

to

to ſay ſo, Sir?" ſhe exclaimed; "you, whom I ſaved from a jail; you, who, before I took compaſſion on you, had not a coat to your back, nor a dinner to your belly? Do you dare to look in my face, and ſay you did not deceive me?"—"Madam," replied the ſpark, with an eaſy impudent air, "do you venture to ſhow that face, and to ſay ſo?" On this ſhe broke out into ſuch a violent paſſion, and was ſo vehement in her outcries, that the noiſe awaked me.—"'Twas but a dream," ſaid I, ſtarting from my chair;—"and yet—'tis as well I am a bachelor."

N° 39. SATURDAY, *October* 29, 1785.

A Judge is juſt, a Chancellor juſter ſtill,
A Gownman learn'd, a Biſhop what you will,
Wiſe, if a Miniſter, &c. POPE.

IT is an old, and has been a frequent obſervation, that men of genius ſeldom ſucceed in the common buſineſs of life. I have no where, however, found it ſo happily illuſtrated, as by a queſtion of Swift's, in a letter to Lord Bolingbroke:—"Did you never (ſays he) obſerve one of your clerks cutting his paper with a blunt ivory knife? Did you ever know the knife fail to go the right way? whereas, if he had uſed a razor or a pen-knife, he had odds againſt him of ſpoiling a whole ſheet."

The very idea of genius and of fine parts, implies that they ſhould be rare and uncommon. The ordinary courſe of ſociety, therefore, has not been left to depend upon them; but it has been wiſely ordered, that the buſineſs of life, almoſt in all its departments, ſhould admit of being carried on by ſuch men, and with ſuch talents, as are every day to be met with.

The unexperienced and the vulgar are apt to judge of talents from the ſucceſs with which they

are attended; to eſtimate the difficulty of ſituations from their ſuppoſed importance, or from the attention which they draw, and the rank which they confer in ſociety.

With them, the lawyer or the phyſician who has obtained high reputation, or arrived at high practice, is concluded to poſſeſs more than ordinary talents for his profeſſion; and if a perſon has commanded an army or a fleet with ſucceſs; if he has figured in either houſe of Parliament; if he has made himſelf of importance to government, and filled a high department in the ſtate; the public ſet no bounds to their admiration, and every one concludes the genius and talents of ſuch a man to be of the higheſt magnitude.

When we reſiſt, however, the glare of ſucceſs, and the impreſſion of public opinion, and call experience to our aid in the examination of particular inſtances, we ſhall find not only that all theſe ſituations have been attained, but that they have been filled, with credit to the poſſeſſors, and ſatisfaction to the public, by men whoſe talents and whoſe virtues were noways extraordinary. Nay, perhaps, on a cloſer inveſtigation, we ſhall be convinced, that ſuch perſons owed to the mediocrity of their talents, and the defects or weakneſſes of their character, that elevation which to many has appeared the attainment of genius and the reward of virtue.

Lelius

Lelius poſſeſſed uncommon talents. He derived from nature a correct judgment, a ſound and penetrating underſtanding; and his natural endowments were cultivated by a liberal education, an early acquaintance with the beſt writers, and a familiar intercourſe with men of genius and of letters. There were few branches of public or of national buſineſs, reſpecting which he was not poſſeſſed of ample information. His views with regard to them were always liberal, generally profound, and ſeldom failed of being juſt and well founded.

As a ſpeaker, Lelius ſeldom addreſſed himſelf to the paſſions or the fancy of his audience. He had, however, an eaſy and unembarraſſed elocution, a ſufficient command of language to communicate his views with clearneſs and perſpicuity. His ſtyle, though ſimple and unadorned, was pure and correct; and his manner, though plain, was forcible and manly. He had obtained a ſeat in the Houſe of Commons, at a time of life when his reputation for knowledge was generally eſtabliſhed, when his talents were in their fulleſt vigour; and if at any time he offered his ſentiments, he never failed of being liſtened to with attention, or of finding them received with that reſpect to which they were ſo well entitled.

The talents of Lelius, however, were of a kind which very ſeldom diſpoſed him to make that ef-

fort. Accuſtomed to inveſtigate with accuracy, to view his ſubject in every poſſible light, and to ſee the force of every difficulty which preſented itſelf, he was not eaſily ſatisfied with the extent of his information nor convinced of the juſtice of his opinions; and men of more limited views and ſhallower underſtandings, but of bolder or of raſher ſpirits, were generally allowed to carry away the reputation of that knowledge, and of thoſe talents, the extent of which would not allow Lelius to diſplay them.

Cornelius had obtained an education equally liberal, and had the ſame opportunities to improve himſelf by books and converſation; nor were his knowledge and information leſs extenſive than thoſe of Lelius. He was not perhaps altogether his equal in acuteneſs of underſtanding or ſtrength of judgment; but, if he fell ſhort in theſe, he no leſs ſurpaſſed him in a brilliancy of fancy and vigour of imagination, improved by an early acquaintance with whatever is beautiful or ſublime in the claſſical productions of ancient or of modern times.

Full of ſentiment and of feeling, enlivened by fancy, enriched by imagery, and often flowing in a ſtyle of the moſt claſſic beauty, the eloquence of Cornelius could not fail to command attention, and to be liſtened to with pleaſure.

But,

But, while his knowledge and his eloquence gained to Cornelius the reputation of an accomplished scholar and a fine speaker, his ideas were often too refined, and his views too loose for business. His eloquence lost its power of persuasion, from an idea that it was calculated to dazzle rather than to inform; and though he often spoke with applause, and sometimes with success, it never procured him the reputation of a man of business, nor raised him to any considerable share of public trust or public power. If it had, we should in all probability have seen how widely that fancy and imagination, by which Cornelius was so well qualified to display supposed advantages or blemishes in the measures and the conduct of others, differ from that cool judgment and those plain talents which are fit to direct men in the choice of their own.

Claudius had neither the profound knowledge of Lelius, nor the genius and imagination of Cornelius, and he had received an education much less liberal than that of either.

Claudius, however, with little knowledge, no fineness of genius, and a taste altogether uncultivated, had derived from nature a quickness of parts and readiness of apprehension, which, for the common purposes of life, are of inestimable advantage. The reach of his understanding, and the range of his ideas, were limited; but it was

an underſtanding of that kind which within theſe limits diſcerned its object with clearneſs, and formed its opinions on all occaſions with celerity and deciſion.

Claudius's eloquence could neither compare in purity or correctneſs with that of Lelius, nor in eloquence and beauty with that of Cornelius. The ſame caſt of mind, however, which gave to Claudius a quickneſs in forming his opinions, gave him a readineſs in calling up and bringing together thoſe views and arguments which ſeemed fitted to ſupport them, as well as a facility of clothing his ideas in language, which, though generally incorrect, and ſeldom elegant, was always clear, and derived from the ſanguine and ardent mind of the ſpeaker a certain degree of warmth and force, the effects of which, in a popular aſſembly, are often found ſuperior to the juſteſt reaſoning and the moſt finiſhed eloquence.

If the ſpeeches of Claudius were leſs beautiful than thoſe of Cornelius, they ſeldomer wandered from the ſubject; and they were not only better adapted to their object, but had more the appearance of plainneſs and ſincerity. Though they afforded leſs pleaſure, they had a ſtronger tendency to convince; and had often credit for more ſolidity, not from their greater weight of argument, but from a want of thoſe ornaments by which the arguments of Cornelius were accompanied.

companied. If he thought with leſs preciſion, and had leſs knowledge of his ſubject than Lelius, he never heſitated, like him, amidſt the labour of illuſtration, or with an anxiouſneſs for perſpicuity, but preſſed forward on his hearers with a boldneſs which they often miſtook for proof, and a confidence that paſſed for demonſtration.

The ſame turn of mind which enſured the ſucceſs of Claudius as a ſpeaker, not only obtained him a higher reputation, but in reality conferred upon him a greater capacity for the conduct of public buſineſs, for the ordinary detail of which his plain good ſenſe was more adapted, than the lively fancy and fine genius of Cornelius; for ſuch buſineſs, his bold and deciſive temper was better fitted, than that underſtanding which in Lelius was attended with an indeciſion, and an undetermined anxiety, which the hurry of buſineſs and the courſe of affairs will not admit of.

On a review of theſe characters, therefore, while we reſpect the ſuperior underſtanding of Lelius, and admire the fine genius and accompliſhments of Cornelius, we at the ſame time ſee that they were leſs fitted for the conduct of affairs, and the buſtle of life, than the active, though leſs profound underſtanding, and the ſound, though leſs brilliant and leſs cultivated talents of Clau-

dius; we eaſily perceive why theſe not only did, but why they were likely, and indeed entitled to confer ſuperior ſucceſs in the attainment of thoſe objects at which they had choſen to aſpire.

Such examples, I believe, almoſt every period would afford, if of every period we were able to collect the hiſtory from impartial and unbiaſed teſtimony. Were the characters of thoſe who have attained ſtations of eminence always drawn by well-informed or faithful relators, whoſe views were not dazzled by grandeur, or their praiſe ſecured by patronage, we ſhould find the elevation of ſuch men aſcribable to talents of a much lower rank than thoſe lofty attributes with which their panegyriſts inveſt them; and could the unſucceſsful find hiſtorians, their relations would frequently convince us, that, independently of the numberleſs accidents which diſturb the courſe of ſociety, and diſappoint the beſt-founded hopes and moſt probable means of ſucceſs, even in thoſe departments of life where genius and talents may be ſuppoſed moſt neceſſary, men are as apt to fail from too large as from too ſmall a ſhare of thoſe envied endowments.

And if we take into the account that dignity of ſoul, often the attendant of high talents, which places them above the accommodating compliances of inferior minds; or the effect of thoſe delicate feelings from which the man of genius will

will often find himſelf hurt by incidents to which common ſpirits can eaſily ſubmit; we ſhall diſcover many additional ſources of that diſappointment which he is apt to meet with, and be ſtill more ſatisfied, that ſuperior talents and fine genius are inſtruments too finely tempered for the common drudgery of life, and were not meant to reap their reward from the ſucceſsful purſuit of buſineſs or ambition.

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N° 40. SATURDAY, *Nov.* 5, 1785.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

IN the works of your predeceſſors, as well as in every other book of didactic wiſdom, much ſtreſs is laid on the advantages of a cultivated education, of an early acquaintance with the celebrated authors of antiquity. From *Cicero* downwards, (and indeed much more anciently than Cicero,) the benefits of learning have been enumerated, which is held forth as the ſureſt road to reſpect, to advancement, and to happineſs.

There was a time, Mr. Lounger, when this was my own opinion; and, ſeconded by the wiſhes of my parents, I early applied myſelf to every branch of learning which their circumſtances, rather narrow ones, could ſet within my reach. As I was intended for the church, I received an academical education ſuited to that profeſſion; and acquired beſides a conſiderable knowledge, as was generally allowed, in different departments of ſcience not abſolutely requiſite to the ſituation of

of a clergyman. For the acquiſition of theſe, I was indebted to the generous aſſiſtance of a gentleman whoſe godſon I happened to be. He uſed to ſay, that a clergyman in this country ſhould know ſomething more than divinity; that he muſt be the phyſician, the geographer, and the naturaliſt of his pariſh: and accordingly, to the ſcanty allowance of my father, he made an addition equal to the procuring me an opportunity of acquiring the different branches of knowledge connected with thoſe ſtudies.

By the favour of the ſame gentleman, I lately procured a recommendation to a friend of his, a Baronet in my native country, who has in his gift the preſentation to a conſiderable living, of which the preſent incumbent is in ſuch a valetudinary ſtate, as makes his ſurviving long a matter of very little probability. To this recommendation a very favourable anſwer was received, expreſſive of the great regard which the Baronet and his family bore to the gentleman who patroniſed me, and accompanied with what we thought a very fortunate piece of condeſcenſion and politeneſs, an invitation for me to ſpend a week or two at the Baronet's country-ſeat during the autumn vacation. Of this I need not ſay how happy we were to accept. My family rejoiced at the introduction which I was about to procure to the notice and complacency of a great man's houſe,

and considered it as the return which they had always hoped for all their trouble and expence about my education. My own pride was not silent on the subject. I looked on this visit as an opportunity afforded me of displaying the talents with which I flattered myself I was endowed, and the knowledge I had been at such pains to attain.

When I arrived at the Baronet's, I found him and his Lady a good deal disappointed with my appearance and address, which I now first perceived to want something which was essential to good company. I felt an awkwardness, which my want of mixing with the world had occasioned, and an embarrassment which all my knowledge did not enable me to overcome. For these, however, Sir John and Lady F—— felt rather compassion than displeasure, and delivered me over to the valet de chambre, to make me somewhat smarter, as they called it, by having my hair more modishly dressed, and the cut of my coat altered; an improvement which I rather felt as an indignity, than acknowledged as a favour. These preliminaries being adjusted, I was suffered to come into company, where I expected to make up for the deficiency of my exterior, by displaying the powers of my mind and the extent of my knowledge. But I discovered, to my infinite mortification, that my former studies had been altoge-

altogether misapplied, and that in my present situation they availed me nothing. My knowledge of the learned languages, of classical authors, of the history, the philosophy, and the poetry of the ancients, I met with no occasion to introduce, and no hearers to understand; but it was found that I could neither carve, play whist, sing a catch, or make up one in a country dance. A young lady, a visitor of the family, who was said to be a great reader, tried me with the enigmas of the Lady's Magazine, and declared me impracticably dull. Geography, astronomy, or natural history, Sir John and his companions neither understood nor cared for; but some of them reminded the Baronet, in my presence, of a clergyman they had met with in one of their excursions, a man of the most complete education, who was allowed to be the best bowler in the county, a dead shot, rode like the devil (these were the gentleman's words), and was a sure hand at finding a hare.

If these qualities are not very clerical, they may however be deemed innocent; but I find, from the discourse of the family, that some other things are required of Sir John's parson, which it would not be so easy for a good conscience to comply with. He must now and then drink a couple of bottles, when the company chooses to be frolicsome; he must wink at certain indecencies in language

language and irregularities in behaviour; and once, when Sir John had sat rather longer than usual after dinner, he told me that a clergyman, to be an honest fellow, must have nothing of religion about him.

In the seclusion of a college, I may perhaps have over-rated the usefulness of science, and the value of intellectual endowments; my pride of scholarship, therefore, I should be willing to overcome, since I find that learning confers so little estimation in the world: but as, on the score of qualifications, I am incapable of what is desired, and, in the article of indulgences, will never submit to what is expected, is it not my duty, Mr. Lounger, to resign my pretensions to the living which was promised me? though I dread the reproaches of my parents, whom the prospect of having me so soon provided for had made happy; though I fear to offend my benefactor who recommended me to Sir John, and at the same time assured me that he was one of the best sort of men he knew; yet surely to purchase patronage and favour by such arts is unworthy, to insure them by such compliances is criminal.

I am, &c.

MODESTUS.

In

In the courſe of my late excurſion to the country, I have ſeen ſome inſtances of the evil complained of by my correſpondent, which equally ſurpriſed and grieved me. The proprietor of a country pariſh, if he has the true pride and feeling of his ſtation, will conſider himſelf as a kind of ſovereign of the domain; bound, like all other ſovereigns, as much for his own ſake as for theirs, to promote the intereſts and the happineſs of his people. So much of both depends on the choice of their paſtor, that perhaps there is no appointment which he has the power of making, more material to the proſperity and good order of his eſtate. The advantages of rational religion, or the evils which ariſe from its abuſe, which are often the effects of a proper or improper nomination of a clergyman, form a character of the people of a diſtrict not more important to their morals and eternal intereſts, than to their temporal welfare and proſperity.

I was very much pleaſed, in my late viſit at *Colonel Cauſtic*'s, with the appearance and deportment of the clergyman of his pariſh, who was a frequent viſitor of my friend's and his ſiſter's. The Colonel, after drawing his character in a very favourable way, concluded with telling me, that he had ſeen ſomething of the world, having officiated

officiated in the early part of his life as the chaplain of a regiment. To this circumſtance, I confeſs, I was inclined to impute ſome of the Colonel's predilection in his favour; but a little acquaintance with him convinced me, that he had done the good man no more than juſtice in his eulogium. There was ſomething of a placid dignity in his aſpect; of a politeneſs, not of form but of ſentiment, in his manner; of a mildneſs, undebaſed by flattery, in his converſation, equally pleaſing and reſpectable. He had now no family, as Miſs Cauſtic informed me, having had the misfortune to loſe his wife, and two children ſhe had brought him, a good many years ago. But his pariſhioners are his family, ſaid ſhe. His look indeed was parental, with ſomething above the cares but not the charities of this world; and over a caſt of ſerioufneſs, and perhaps melancholy, that ſeemed to be reſerved for himſelf, there was an eaſy cheerfulneſs, and now and then a gaiety, that ſpoke to the innocent pleaſures of life a language of kindneſs and indulgence.

"'Tis the religion of a gentleman," ſaid Colonel Cauſtic.—"'Tis the religion of a philoſopher," ſaid I.—"'Tis ſomething more uſeful than either," ſaid his ſiſter. "Did you know his labours, as I have ſometimes occaſion to do! The compoſer of differences; the promoter of peace and of contentment; the encourager of induſtry, ſobriety, and all the virtues that make

the lower ranks prosperous and happy. He gives to religion a certain graciousness which allures to its service, yet in his own conduct he takes less indulgence than many that preach its terrors. The duties of his function are his pleasures, and his doctrine is, that every man will experience the same thing, if he brings his mind fairly to the trial: that to fill our station well is in every station to be happy."

"The great and the wealthy, I have heard the good man say," continued the excellent sister of my friend, "to whom refinement and fancy open a thousand sources of delight, do not make the proper allowance for the inferior rank of men. That rank has scarce any exercise of mind or imagination but one, and that one is religion; we are not to wonder if it sometimes wanders into the gloom of superstition, or the wilds of enthusiasm. To keep this principle warm but pure, to teach it as the gospel has taught it, 'the mother of good works,' as encouraging, not excusing our duties, the guide at the same time, and the sweetener of life; to dispense this sacred treasure as the balm of distress, the cordial of disease, the conqueror of death! These are the privileges which I enjoy, which I hope I have used for the good of my people: they have hitherto shed satisfaction on my life, and I trust will smooth its close!"

"'Tis the religion of a Christian!" said Miss Caustic.

N° 41. SATURDAY, *Nov.* 12, 1785.

Pandere res alta nocte et caligine mersas. VIRG.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

THOUGH the present age is undoubtedly possessed of a great deal of knowledge and science, of which former periods could not boast, yet it must, on the other hand, be allowed, that we are apt to plume ourselves upon our acquirements fully as much as we are entitled to. We pretend a superiority over ancient times, not only on account of the discoveries we have made, but of the prejudices we have overcome, and smile with a contemptuous self-importance on the easy faith of our ancestors.

Of this latter sort is the credit which almost every modern takes for a total disbelief of spirits, apparitions, and witches. Not a school-boy now-a-days who does not laugh at the existence of *witchcraft* and *sorcery;* and, if he has ever heard of the statute-book, he silences every argument, by the quotation of the act of parliament which repealed

repealed the ancient laws by which thoſe crimes were puniſhable, and thus expreſſed the ſenſe of the legiſlature that no ſuch crimes exiſted.

Yet it is certain, that many of the wiſeſt and beſt-informed among our forefathers had a firm belief in the exiſtence of witchcraft and ſorcery, and one of the moſt learned of our Monarchs actually wrote a treatiſe on the ſubject. To this ſome of the leſs aſſuming of our modern ſceptics anſwer, that though, at the time of paſſing the old laws now repealed, and of writing that royal and learned treatiſe above mentioned, ſuch a diabolical art and myſtery might really and truly prevail; yet now, in the eighteenth century, it is no longer practiſed, and that witchcraft, conjuration, and ſorcery, are entirely aboliſhed and unknown.

I, for my part, have more reverence for the penetration of our forefathers, than to ſuppoſe they could have been deceived as to what happened in their own time; and farther, I am not aſhamed to confeſs my belief that even yet there exiſts ſuch an art as that of witchcraft; nor do I deſpair of bringing over my readers to this opinion, if they will liſten with candour to the proofs I propoſe in this paper to bring in ſupport of it.

I conceive the faireſt way of doing this to be, to cite, from the beſt authority among the old writers,

writers, the appearances they particularly remarked, and the facts they ſpecifically ſet forth, of the practice of this unchriſtian and diabolical art in their time; and then to appeal to the experience and obſervation of every unprejudiced perſon, whether ſuch appearances and facts are not at this day frequently and commonly ſeen and known. If this be allowed, it may, I think, fairly be preſumed, that the ſame cauſes produce the ſame effects, that theſe extraordinary phænomena are now, as formerly, the effect of unnatural means, to wit, of witchcraft, ſorcery, or conjuration.

The treatiſe of *King James* I ſhould certainly chooſe as the higheſt authority on this ſubject, were it not, from its dialogiſtic form, rather diffuſe, and not eaſily compreſſible into the ſhort limits of your paper. I ſhall therefore extract, from another writer, a contemporary of that wiſe and learned monarch, a more brief account of the different ſorts of witchcraft; which, however, is chiefly taken from, and in moſt particulars entirely agrees with, the dialogues of the king on that ſubject.

"I think it good," ſays that writer, "in this place to ſet down the divers ſorts and claſſes of thoſe unlawful and accurſed dealers in witchcraft, conjuration, enchantment, and ſorcery, on whom the

the late wiſe and wholeſome law (*anno ſecundo, vulgò primo, Jacob. cap.* 12.) doth ſpecially attach.

" 1. There are who, moulding images of perſons on whom they mean to practiſe, and making up the ſame to ſomething of human ſimilitude, with wax, paint, hair, and other materials, do ſtick into the ſame, ſciſſars, long pins, and other piercing weapons, and at the laſt laying the ſame before a ſtrong fire, as the wax of the image melteth away, ſo doth the fleſh of the poor wight whom it repreſenteth (which was at firſt tortured and torn as with the wounding of ſuch ſharp inſtruments as aforeſaid) burn and conſume with ſtrange pains and pinings.

" 2. Others there be, exceeding rife in Lapland, Finland, and other wild parts of the world, who at their nightly meetings, by incantations and uncouth form of words, calling the arch fiend to their aid, and being ſometimes armed with charms and amulets of ſtrange ſhape and divers colours, theſe withered and deviliſh hags do raiſe ſtorms, tempeſts, and angry appearances of the ſky, to the wreck of many goodly ſhips, and rich merchandiſe.

" 3. A third kind is of thoſe who being more ſtirred with the greed of lucre, than pricked on (as the two laſt-mentioned ſorts) with anger and revenge, do, by compact with the devil, procure to

to themſelves much wealth in gold, ſilver, and precious ſtones, which they find in cheſts, caſkets, and other places, into which no man could put the ſame by any natural means. But herein oft-times is manifeſt the notable deceit of the great father of lies, that the ſaid gold and other precious things ſhall, in a ſhort ſpace, be turned again into ſtones, droſs, or other unvalued ſubſtances, whereof Satan (as may be conjectured) did firſt by his power and art make and faſhion the ſame.

"4. There is likewiſe to be noted a power which ſuch wizards and ſorcerers do poſſeſs, of tranſporting themſelves inviſibly, ſo that no man knoweth whence they came, nor whither they go, and of entering houſes, though the ſame be barred againſt them in all manner of uſual paſſage and acceſs, diſquieting and affraying the inhabitants thereof; though generally (as our Royal Maſter well obſerveth in his moſt learned Dialogue on Demonologie, book iii. chap. 1.), when thoſe wizards or ſpirits (for their kind and ſpecies ſeemeth not well determined) haunt certain houſes that are dwelt in, it is a ſure token of groſſe ignorance, or of ſome groſſe and ſlanderous ſinnes amongſt the inhabitants thereof."

Now, to bring examples of the various kinds of witchcraft ſimilar to the above, which ſtill continue to be practiſed in modern times. Is not

Miſs

Miſs ——, to whoſe health I have drunk ſo many bumpers, plainly a witch of the firſt claſs? Does ſhe not make up an image like a human one, with wax (otherwiſe pomatum) and paint (as is ſometimes alleged), hair, and other materials, ſtick into the ſame *ſciſſars*, *long pins*, and other piercing weapons, and which cauſeth thoſe on whom ſhe intends to practiſe to burn and conſume with ſtrange pains and pinings? I muſt farther obſerve here, that my author, on this part of his ſubject, differs from his Royal Maſter on the queſtion, "Whether it is lawful, by the help of another witch, to cure the diſeaſe that is caſten on by the craft of the firſt?" which queſtion the King had anſwered in the negative; but this later writer argues for the lawfulneſs of that mode of cure. Our modern *bewitched* accordingly ſeem almoſt univerſally to agree in the latter opinion.

The nightly meetings of the older ſpecies of witch, mentioned by the above author in the ſecond place, have ſurely come within the knowledge of moſt of my readers. In the inner room of ſome very great ladies' houſes, on what is called (by a phraſe probably borrowed from this very act of witchcraft) a *rout*-night, are not certain magical ſounds and incantations uſed? Is not the arch fiend frequently called on by name? Are there not, on a table, ſometimes in a little caldron, amulets to be ſeen of ſtrange ſhapes and divers

divers colours? Are there not ſtorms raiſed, and angry appearances? Undoubtedly all thoſe circumſtances are known to exiſt. That, however, no innocent perſon may ſuffer from my accuſation, and that the Lord of any ſuch great Lady may not, like the good *Duke of Glouceſter* of old, ſuffer for the witchcraft of his wife, I muſt in juſtice add, that the huſbands of theſe ladies are in general no conjurers.

Of the third kind of thoſe unlawful dealers with the devil, there is no want of examples among us. Do we not ſee men every day, who, by compact with the devil, (for we know not of any natural means by which they could accompliſh it,) procure to themſelves much wealth, gold, ſilver, and precious ſtones? Is not Mr.——, who was a few years ago worth nothing, but who now keeps his chariot, entertains people of the firſt faſhion, gives the moſt ſumptuous entertainments, and drinks the higheſt-priced wines; in ſhort, vies in expence with men of the greateſt fortunes, evidently a conjurer of this claſs? As to the tranſmutation of this gold and other precious materials into their former ſtate of droſs, and other things of no value, I leave that point of ſimilitude to the evidence of thoſe gentlemen's creditors.

As to the ſpecies deſcribed in the fourth ſection of the learned author above quoted, I ſee in moſt houſes

houſes of faſhionable reſort wizards of a deſcription reſembling thoſe who poſſeſs the power of inviſible tranſportation mentioned by this writer; men whoſe deſcent nobody knows, of whom no one can tell whence they came, and who themſelves confeſs their ignorance whither they ſhall go, who talk of intimacies with people of moſt diſhinguiſhed rank, both at home and abroad, and give hints of having been in the moſt private receſſes of palaces and hotels, who muſt undoubtedly have been carried thither by ſome ſupernatural power, and who, according to the teſtimony of people who are known to have been in ſome of thoſe places at the time, muſt have actually been there in an inviſible ſtate. Is it not alſo commonly a token (as our author phraſes it) "of groſſe ignorance and ſlanderous ſinne" in the inhabitants of the houſes where ſuch wizards or ſpirits do for the moſt part haunt? Do not many of them get into ſuch houſes though the doors are barred againſt them, and all manner of uſual acceſs is denied? And is not the cure of ſuch a plague exactly the ſame in theſe days as in the time of King James, "by prayer to God uſed in the houſe," or "by the inhabitants thereof purging themſelves, by amendment of life, from ſuch ſinnes as have procured the extraordinary plague of thoſe evil ſpirits haunting the ſame?"

I think I have now fully evinced the truth of the propoſition with which I ſet out. I ſhall only add one other inſtance, of which I think, Sir, you are particularly qualified to atteſt the truth. An author of a periodical paper, who knows the minds of the ladies better than themſelves; who reads characters as a phyſician reads diſeaſes, by merely looking on the faces of his patients; who can prognoſticate the change of manners, the riſe of faſhions, the downfal of wits, and the decay of beauties;—if ſuch a man is not a conjurer, he is abſolutely good for nothing. I am, &c.

ANTIQUO-MODERNUS.

N° 42. SATURDAY, *November* 19, 1785.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

I WAS much pleased with the mention made by your friend Colonel Caustic, of our poet *Hamilton* of Bangour. I have always regarded him as holding a distinguished rank among the fine writers of his age, and as having done signal credit to the genius of his country. Yet his works do not appear to me to be so well known, nor to be held in such high esteem, as they deserve. Permit me, therefore, to recommend them to your readers.

The poems of Hamilton display regular design, just sentiments, fanciful invention, pleasing sensibility, elegant diction, and smooth versification. His genius was aided by taste, and his taste was improved by knowledge. He was not only well acquainted with the most elegant modern writers, but with those of antiquity. Of these remarks, his poem intitled *Contemplation*, or, *The Triumph of Love*, affords sufficient illustration.

The design of this Poem is regular. The Poet displays in it the struggles, relapses, recoveries,

and final diſcomfiture of a mind ſtriving with an obſtinate and habituated paſſion. It has, in the language of the critics, a beginning, a middle, and an end. It exhibits an action in its riſe, progreſs, and termination. The Poet repreſents himſelf as wiſhing to withdraw his thoughts from inferior ſubjects, and fix them on ſuch as he holds better ſuited to a rational, and ſtill more to a philoſophical ſpirit. He muſt be aided in this high exerciſe by Contemplation, and the aſſiſtance of this auguſt perſonage muſt be duly ſolicited. Accordingly, the Poem opens with a fine addreſs to the "Voice divine," the Power of Poetry:

Go forth, invoked, O Voice divine!
And iſſue from thy ſacred ſhrine;
Go, ſearch each ſolitude around
Where Contemplation may be found, &c.

But Contemplation muſt not only be duly ſolicited, but properly received and attended; and therefore a company of various but ſuitable aſſociates are invited;

Bring Faith, endued with eagle eyes,
That joins this earth to diſtant ſkies, &c.
Devotion, high above that ſoars,
And ſings exulting, and adores, &c.——
Laſt, to crown all, with theſe be join'd
The decent nun, fair Peace of Mind,

Whom

Whom Innocence, ere yet betray'd,
Bore young in Eden's happy ſhade;
Reſign'd, contented, meek, and mild,
Of blameleſs mother, blameleſs child.

In like manner, ſuch paſſions as are adverſe to Contemplation are very properly prohibited; and in this catalogue are included, among others, Superſtition, Zeal, Hypocriſy, Malice, and all inhuman affections. The Poet ſeems chiefly ſolicitous to prohibit Love. Of him and his intruſion he appears particularly apprehenſive. Yet, in the confidence of his preſent mood, he would diſguiſe his apprehenſions, and treats this formidable adverſary, not only with defiance, but with contempt.

But chiefly Love, Love far off fly,
Nor interrupt my privacy.
'Tis not for thee, capricious power,
Weak tyrant of a fev'riſh hour,
Fickle, and ever in extremes,
My radiant day of Reaſon beams;
And ſober Contemplation's ear
Diſdains thy ſyren tongue to hear.
Speed thee on changeful wings away
To where thy willing ſlaves obey.
Go, herd amongſt thy wonted train,
The falſe, th' inconſtant, and the vain;
Thou haſt no ſubject here; begone!
Contemplation comes anon.

The action proceeds. The Poet attends to solemn objects; engages in important inquiries; considers the diversified condition of human life; dwells on the ample provision made by nature for human happiness; dwells on the happiness of social affections; is thus led imperceptibly to think of love; mentions Monimia, and relapses.

Ah me! What, helpless, have I said?
Unhappy, by myself betray'd!
I deem'd, but ah! I deem'd in vain,
From the dear image to refrain, &c.

He makes another effort, but with equal success; he makes another, and another; he will exalt his mind by acts of devotion, or plunge into the gloom of melancholy. But the influences of the predominant passion still return to the charge, and restore their object: on the heights of devotion, or in the shades of melancholy, he still meets with Monimia. Such is the progress of the Poem; and in the conclusion, we have an interesting view of the Poet, yielding to his adversary, but striving to be resigned.

Pass but some fleeting moments o'er,
This rebel heart shall beat no more, &c.

The justness of the Poet's sentiments is next to be mentioned. He illustrates the power of habituated passion over reason and reflection. Farther, he illustrates, that, though the attention be

be engaged with objects of the moſt oppoſite kind to that of the reigning paſſion, yet ſtill it returns. He ſhews too, that this happens notwithſtanding the moſt determined reſolutions and purpoſes to the contrary. All this he does not formally, but by ingenious and indirect inſinuation. He alſo illuſtrates a curious proceſs in the conduct of our intellectual powers, when under the dominion of ſtrong emotion. He ſhews the manner by which prevailing paſſions influence our thoughts in the aſſociation of ideas; that they do not throw their objects upon the mind abruptly, or without coherence, but proceed by a regular progreſs: for that, how different ſoever ideas or objects may be from one another, the prevailing or habituated paſſion renders the mind acute in diſcerning among them common qualities, or circumſtances of agreement or correſpondence, otherwiſe latent or not obvious: that theſe common qualities are dexterouſly uſed by the mind, as uniting links, or means of tranſition; and that thus, not incoherently, but by the natural connection moſt commonly of reſemblance, the ruling paſſion brings its own object to the fore ground, and into perfect view. Thus our Poet, in the progreſs of his action, has recourſe to friendſhip. He dwells on the happineſs that connection beſtows; he wiſhes for a faithful friend; his imagination figures ſuch a perſon,

In whoſe ſoft and gentle breaſt
His weary ſoul may take her reſt;

and then, by eaſy tranſition, inveſts this friend with a female form, with the form of Monimia:

Grant Heaven, if Heaven means bliſs for me,
Monimia ſuch and long may be.

In like manner, having recourſe to devotion, in a ſpirit of rational piety, he ſolicits the aid of Heaven to render him virtuous. He perſonifies Virtue; places her in a triumphal car, attended by a ſuitable train; one of her attendants, a female diſtinguiſhed by high pre-eminence, muſt alſo be diſtinguiſhed by ſuperior beauty, muſt reſemble the faireſt of human beings, muſt reſemble Monimia:

While chief in beauty, as in place,
She charms with dear Monimia's grace.
Monimia ſtill, here once again!
O! fatal name; O dubious ſtrain, &c.
Far off the glorious rapture flown,
Monimia rages here alone.
In vain, Love's fugitive, I try
From the commanding power to fly, &c.—
Why diſdſt thou, cruel Love, again
Thus drag me back to earth and pain?
Well hop'd I, Love, thou would'ſt retire
Before the bleſs'd Jeſſean lyre,

Devotion's

Devotion's harp would charm to reſt
The evil ſpirit in my breaſt.
But the deaf adder ſtill diſdains
To liſten to the chanter's ſtrains.

The whole poem illuſtrates the difficulty and neceſſity of governing our thoughts, no leſs than our paſſions.

In enumerating the moſt remarkable qualities in Hamilton's poetical works, beſides regularity of deſign, and juſtneſs of thought or ſentiment, I mentioned fanciful invention; and of this particular I ſhall, in like manner, offer ſome illuſtration.

Fanciful invention is, in truth, the quality that, of all others, diſtinguiſhes, and is chiefly characteriſtic of poetical compoſition. The beauties of deſign, ſentiment, and language, belong to every kind of fine writing: but invention alone creates the Poet, and is a term nearly of the ſame ſignification with poetical genius. A poet is ſaid to have more or leſs genius according to his powers of fancy or invention. That Hamilton poſſeſſes a conſiderable portion of this talent, is manifeſt in many of his compoſitions, and particularly ſo in his *Contemplation*. This appears evident from ſome paſſages already quoted. But, though our Poet poſſeſſes powers of invention, he is not endowed with all the powers of invention, nor with thoſe of every kind. His genius ſeems

qualified for describing some beautiful scenes and objects of external nature, and for delineating with the embellishments of allegory, some passions and affections of the human mind.

Still, however, his imagination is employed among beautiful and engaging, rather than among awful and magnificent images; and even when he presents us with dignified objects, he is more grave than lofty, more solemn than sublime, as in the following passage:

Now see! the spreading gates unfold,
Display'd the sacred leaves of gold.
Let me with holy awe repair
To the solemn house of pray'r;
And as I go, O thou! my heart,
Forget each low and earthly part.
Religion enter in my breast,
A mild and venerable guest!
Put off, in contemplation drown'd,
Each thought impure in holy ground;
And cautious tread, with awful fear,
The courts of heaven;—for God is here.
Now my grateful voice I raise,
Ye angels, swell a mortal's praise,
To charm with your own harmony
The ear of him who sits on high.

It was also said, that our Poet possessed pleasing sensibility. It is not asserted that he displays those

thoſe vehement tumults and ecſtacies of paſſion, that belong to the higher kinds of lyric and dramatic compoſition. He is not ſhaken with exceſſive rage, nor melted with overwhelming ſorrow; yet when he treats of grave or affecting ſubjects, he expreſſes a plaintive and engaging ſoftneſs. He is never violent and abrupt, and is more tender than pathetic. Perhaps the "Braes of Yarrow," one of the fineſt ballads ever written, may put in a claim to ſuperior diſtinction. But even with this exception, I ſhould think our Poet more remarkable for engaging tenderneſs, than for deep and affecting pathos. Of this, his epitaph, beginning with "Could this fair marble," affords illuſtration.

In like manner, when he expreſſes joyful ſentiments, or deſcribes ſcenes and objects of feſtivity, which he does very often, he diſplays good-humour and eaſy cheerfulneſs, rather than the tranſports of mirth or the brilliancy of wit. In one of the beſt of his poems, addreſſed to Lady Mary Montgomery, he adorns ſprightlineſs of thought, graceful eaſe, and good-humour, with correſponding language and numbers. In this performance, a number of female characters are deſcribed in the livelieſt manner, characteriſed with judgment, and diſtinguiſhed with acute diſcernment. Thus, in the following indirect

deſcription, we have the dignity of female excellence:

—— Heavenly Charlotte, form divine,
Love's univerſal kingdom 's thine:
Anointed Queen! all unconfin'd,
Thine is the homage of mankind.

In another paſſage, we have a fine picture of the gentler and livelier graces:

In everlaſting bluſhes ſeen,
Such Pringle ſhines, of ſprightly mien:
To her the power of love imparts,
Rich gift! the ſoft ſucceſsful arts,
That beſt the lover's fires provoke,
The lively ſtep, the mirthful joke;
The ſpeaking glance, the am'rous wile,
The ſportful laugh, the winning ſmile;
Her ſoul awak'ning every grace,
Is all abroad upon her face;
In bloom of youth ſtill to ſurvive,
All charms are there, and all alive.

Elſewhere we have a melodious beauty:

Artiſt divine! to her belong
The heavenly lay, and magic ſong, &c.——
Whene'er ſhe ſpeaks, the joy of all,
Soft the ſilver accents fall, &c.

The tranſitions in this poem are peculiarly happy. Such are the following:

Strike

Strike again the golden lyre,
Let Hume the notes of joy inſpire, &c.——
But who is ſhe, the general gaze
Of ſighing crowds, the world's amaze,
Who looks forth as the bluſhing morn,
On mountains of the eaſt new born, &c.—
Fair is the lily, ſweet the roſe,
That in thy cheek, O Drummond, glows, &c.

I have dwelt ſo long, and I could not avoid it, on the preceding particulars, that I have not left myſelf room for illuſtrations of our Poet's language and verſification. I obſerved, in general, that theſe were elegant and melodious; and ſo every reader of genuine taſte will feel them. They are not, however, unexceptionable; and if in another letter I ſhould give farther illuſtration of our author's poetical character, I ſhall hold myſelf bound, not only to mention ſome excellencies, but alſo ſome blemiſhes in his verſe and diction, I am, &c.

PHILOMUSOS.

I have given the above letter, which I received ſome time ago from an unknown correſpondent, to my readers, from a belief that they will feel themſelves intereſted in the Works of a Poet, who not only was born and reſided in *Scotland*, but

but whose pencil was particularly employed in delineating the eminent characters of both sexes in our native country at the time in which he lived. It will not, methinks, require the enthusiasm of a "laudator temporis acti," like Colonel Caustic, to receive a peculiar satisfaction in tracing the virtues and the beauty of a former age, in the verses of one who appears to have so warmly caught the spirit of the first, to have so warmly felt the power of the latter. Nor may it be altogether without a moral use, to see, in the poetical record of a former period, the manners of our own country in times of less luxury, but not perhaps of less refinement; when Fashion seems to have conferred superiorities fully as intrinsic as any she can boast at present; to have added dignity of sentiment to pride of birth, and to have invested superior beauty with superior grace and higher accomplishments.

N° 43. SATURDAY, *November* 26, 1785.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR, ——*shire, Oct.* 1785.

AT the age of thirty-five I succeeded, by the death of a near relation, to a considerable land estate. Upon this event I resolved to fix my residence at the family mansion-house. I was very little acquainted with that part of the country where it was situated; but I was told it was in an uncommonly *good neighbourhood*; and that I should be particularly fortunate in having it in my power to enjoy an excellent society. I found a tolerable library of old books, to which I added a pretty extensive collection of modern ones: from the perusal of them, from the attention which I proposed to give to the culture of a part of my estate which I meant to farm myself, and from the enjoyment which I expected to reap from the company and conversation of my good neighbours, I was in hopes that my life would slide on in a very agreeable manner.

Being naturally of an easy temper, and desirous of being on good terms with every one

around me, as soon as I came to fix my abode, I made it a principal object to get acquainted with my neighbours, and to establish a familiar intercourse between us. Our first visits were rather formal and distant; but this gradually wore off, and our correspondence became frequent and repeated. Their invitations to me were numerous; and I did not fail to ask them in return. I endeavoured to make my welcome as warm as theirs, and to treat them with the same marks of hospitality which I received.

But, Sir, I now find that what I expected would have been one of the blessings of my situation, has become one of its greatest misfortunes. My neighbours having once found the way to my house are now scarce ever out of it. When they are idle in the mornings, which is almost always the case, they direct their ride or their walk my way, and pay a friendly visit to their neighbour *Dalton*. I am by this means interrupted in my attention to my farm, and have not time left to give the necessary orders. It is vain to think of making use of my library: when I sit down to read, I am disturbed before I get the length of a few pages, and am obliged to break off in the midst of an interesting story, or an instructive piece of reasoning. I cannot deny myself, or order my servants to tell I am not at home. This is one of your privileges in town: but

but in the country, if one's horſes are in the ſtable, or one's chaiſe in the coach-houſe, one is of neceſſity bound to receive all intruders. In this manner are my mornings conſtantly loſt, and I am not allowed to have a ſingle half hour to myſelf.

This, however, is one of the ſlighteſt of my diſtreſſes; the morning intruſions are nothing to the more formal viſitations of the afternoons. Hardly a day paſſes without my being obliged to have a great dinner for the reception of my neighbours; and when they are not with me, good neighbourhood, I am told, requires I ſhould be with them, and give them my viſitations in return. Even of the very beſt company, where the very beſt converſation takes place, a man is apt, at leaſt I have felt this in myſelf, ſometimes to tire, and to wiſh for the indulgence of that liſtleſſneſs, that ſort of dreaming indolence, which you, Sir, are ſo well acquainted with, and which can only be had alone. But to be conſtantly expoſed to be in a crowd, a crowd ſelected from no other circumſtance than from their reſiding within ten miles of you;—the keeper of an inn is not, in point of company, in a worſe ſituation.

But the merely being obliged to ſpend my mornings in the way I have deſcribed, and my afternoons in a conſtant crowd of promiſcuous company, is not the only evil I have to complain

of.

of. The manner in which I am obliged to ſpend it in that company is ſtill more diſagreeable. Hoſpitality in this part of the country does not conſiſt ſolely in keeping an open houſe, and receiving all your neighbours for many miles round; but one muſt fill them drunk, and get drunk with them oneſelf. Having no fund of converſation with which they can entertain their landlord or each other, they are obliged to have recourſe to their glaſs to make up for every other want, and deficiency of matter is ſupplied by repeated bumpers. It is a favourite maxim here, that *Converſation ſpoils good company*; and this maxim is moſt invariably followed in practice, unleſs noiſe and vociferation, after the ſwallowing of more than one bottle, can be called converſation. Without injuſtice it may be ſaid of moſt of my neighbours, that when ſober they are ſilent, and when not ſober, it were better they remained ſilent. I have frequently made efforts to check the riot and intemperance of my gueſts, and to with-hold the bottle from them, when I have thought they have drunk fully as much as was good for them; but I have always found myſelf unable to do it. I ſhould hate to be called a ſtingy fellow: and I know if I were to eſtabliſh ſobriety, I ſhould be called ſtingy. When I cannot keep my gueſts ſober, I ſometimes try to eſcape the glaſs, and to be ſober myſelf: but, when

when I do this, I find ſome of them look upon me with an evil eye, as if I meant to be a ſpy upon the unguarded moments of my gueſts; others laugh at me for giving myſelf airs, as they call it; and I cannot bear to be laughed at.

But riot and drunkenneſs are not all the ills I have to ſubmit to. After we have drunk oceans of liquor, cards are commonly propoſed; and gambling and drunkenneſs, though very unfit companions, are joined together. We do not play for a very deep ſtake, but ſtill we play for ſomething conſiderable. I do not like to loſe, and yet it is equally diſagreeable to win. I am commonly pretty lucky; and in a run of luck, often ſuffer a good deal in gaining their guineas from people who I know well cannot afford to loſe them. It is a mortifying ſpectacle, to ſee thoſe who are frequently together, and ſeem to be the greateſt friends when the bottle is going round, after they have drunk as much as they can hold, ſit down to pilfer one another of ſums which they cannot eaſily pay, and which, in their ſober moments, they will feel the diſtreſs of paying.

Sometimes, to avoid play, I counterfeit ſleepineſs, and eſcape to bed. But this does not break up the party; — they are only left more at their liberty; and the morning is far advanced before matters are brought to a concluſion. The evil

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consequences of this to my domestic œconomy are obvious. My family is disturbed with noise during the whole night, and my servants are prevented from going to bed. My house is thus rendered a scene of confusion, and every household concern is neglected. I wish to get up betimes in the morning and to have breakfast at an early hour: but this cannot be accomplished; for when I ring for John to bring up the tea-kettle, I am told he has not been above an hour in bed.

The corruption of the higher orders of the family I find is spreading among the lower. Going into the servants' hall one night at a late hour, when I had escaped from the gambling party in the drawing-room, I found the whole servants engaged at *brag*. I could hardly be angry at them; they were only doing on a smaller scale what was a-doing on a larger above stairs; and being forced to sit up all night, they were obliged to fill up their time with something.

I have thus, Sir, laid before you some of the distresses of my situation, all of which seem to proceed from my having a good neighbourhood. I have frequently resolved to exert myself manfully to put a stop to these grievances, to quarrel with all my neighbours, and to tell them, that for the future I am to lock up my doors, and neither to give nor receive their visits. But my resolution

reſolution has hitherto failed me. One of the comforts I expected to have received from living in the country, was, that I might live undiſturbed; that the eaſineſs of my temper ſhould not be broke in upon; and that I ſhould have no occaſion for vigorous exertion. Deſirous of being on a good footing with every body, and unable to bear either the cenſure or the deriſion of others, I have not been able, nor do I believe I ever ſhall be able, to ſummon up as much reſolution as to expoſe myſelf to the ſcorn or to the hatred of thoſe around me.

In this ſituation it has occurred to me, that if you think proper to publiſh this letter, it may poſſibly, without my taking any ſtronger meaſure, have a good effect; it may perhaps afford a hint to my neighbours, which may relieve me in ſome meaſure, without any farther ſtir of mine. But if this ſhall not happen, and if my grievances ſhall ſtill continue, I find I ſhall be obliged, however unwillingly, to give up my habitation in the country, and to take a houſe in town, in order that I may ſometimes enjoy the pleaſures of ſolitude and retirement, and eſcape the evils of a *good neighbourhood*. I am, &c.

GEORGE DALTON.

N° 44. SATURDAY, *December* 3, 1785.

To the LOUNGER.

SIR,

I HAVE obſerved, that the greateſt part of your correſpondents have given you a detail of grievances and complaints. In diſcloſing their misfortunes, they have no doubt conveyed to your readers ſome uſeful leſſons, for avoiding thoſe errors of conduct which in general have been the cauſe of them: but the picture of happineſs may often prove as inſtructive as that of calamity or diſtreſs; and, in that view, while I gratify my own feelings by the following narrative, I flatter myſelf it may not be unprofitable to others.

My father, Sir, inherited an eſtate in one of the northern counties of this kingdom, a property once conſiderable, and which had been in his family for ſome generations; but which, during his life and that of my grandfather, had, from a certain eaſineſs of temper bordering upon improvidence, and their humane endeavours to aſſiſt their needy relations, been ſo greatly reduced, that at my father's death it was neceſſary to bring the eſtate to ſale for the payment of his debts.

debts. A trifling reverſion remained for the ſupport of my mother, myſelf, and an only ſiſter; and with this ſlender proviſion we betook ourſelves to a ſmall farm-houſe which my mother rented from the new poſſeſſor of our paternal lands. Here, by her uncommon induſtry, and the exertions of a ſpirit ſuperior to her misfortunes, ſhe maintained her little houſehold decently and reſpectably, while ſhe gained the eſteem and admiration of the whole neighbourhood. My ſiſter, who was ſome years younger than myſelf, was accuſtomed almoſt from infancy to bear her part in the management of the family. My mother had taught us reading, writing, and the firſt rudiments of arithmetic; and the clergyman of the pariſh was at pains to inſtruct me in the elements of the Greek and Latin languages, of which, in a few years, I obtained a competent knowledge. This worthy man, whoſe name was *Johnſon*, had been the friend and companion of my father from their earlieſt infancy, and thus conſidered himſelf as bound by duty to be a guardian and parent to his children. He had himſelf an only daughter of equal age with my ſiſter, and whom, in thoſe days of childhood and innocence, I regarded alike with the affection of a brother. But on this firſt period of my life, though the recollection is delightful, I forbear to enlarge.

I had

I had now attained my fifteenth year, and it became neceſſary to think of ſome profeſſion by which I might make my way in the world. My inclination led me to the ſtudy of medicine, which I had perſecuted for ſome time with great aſſiduity; when a near relation of my mother's, who warmly intereſted himſelf in our welfare, procured for me the commiſſion of a ſurgeon's mate on board an Indiaman. The ſhip to which I belonged was to ſail within a fortnight after I received intelligence of my appointment. My mother prepared for me a ſtock of linens, and other neceſſaries, to which ſhe added a purſe with fifteen guineas. The worthy Mr. Johnſon gave me a pocket-bible, with his bleſſing: my ſiſter, and his daughter *Emmy*, gave me their tears; for that was all they had to beſtow: but from the tears of the latter I felt an emotion of tenderneſs beyond what even the affection of a brother could produce. I had unconſciouſly nouriſhed an attachment, of which this parting firſt taught me the force, but which, at the ſame time, it obliged me to ſtifle and conceal.

After a voyage of ſix months, our ſhip arrived in the Ganges. During my ſtay at Calcutta, I was fortunate enough to recommend myſelf to a countryman of my own, then high in the council; by whoſe intereſt, with my Captain's leave, I obtained an appointment of ſurgeon to a ſmall ſettlement

ſettlement of the Company's, which bordered on the territory of the Nabob of ——. Various, Sir, are the methods of acquiring wealth in India. Of theſe, the obvious and apparent are ſo well known, that they need not be mentioned: the more myſterious courſes to affluence, as I never was ſolicitous myſelf to unravel, ſo I am not well qualified to explain. It is enough for me to ſay, that, with a good conſcience, and during a twelve years' exerciſe of a profeſſion ſerviceable to my fellow-creatures, I acquired what to me appeared a competency. In ſhort, Sir, being now poſſeſſed of a fortune of 25,000l., I began to think of returning to my native country. I had, from time to time, during the laſt years of my ſtay in India, remitted ſuch ſums to my mother as I judged might enable her to exchange her toilſome and parſimonious mode of life for eaſe and comfort; but ſhe wrote to me, that induſtry was now become familiar, and even agreeable, that ſhe could not reliſh the bread of idleneſs, and that it was ſufficient happineſs for her and for my ſiſter to be aſſured of my health and proſperity. By the laſt opportunity that preceded my leaving India, I had acquainted my mother of my intention of returning home in the following ſpring. This intention I put in execution; and bringing with me the beſt part of my fortune, landed in ſafety on the coaſt of Britain, after an abſence of thirteen years and a half.

A few days travelling brought me once more to the ſpot of my nativity. I ſtopped in the afternoon within a few miles of the place, and wrote the following billet:

"Jack Truman ſends the bearer, his ſervant, "to acquaint his deareſt mother and ſiſter, that "he is within a day's journey of Brookland farm, "and propoſes, by God's bleſſing, to be with "them this evening."

This note was meant to give them time to prepare for our meeting; but I had not patience to wait my man's return, and ſet out a few minutes after him. I need not deſcribe the emotions I felt at ſight of my native fields, the recollection of which, diſtance of place and length of time had rather endeared than impaired. I had little leiſure to indulge the remembrance: my mother and ſiſter, equally impatient with myſelf, had come out to watch the road by which I was to arrive. Our meeting was ſuch as might be expected from affection heightened by the anxieties of abſence; our joy, ſuch as proſperity can give to thoſe to whom proſperity has not always been known, to thoſe whom proſperity enables to make others happy.

You will eaſily figure, Sir, thoſe topics, which, after ſo long an abſence, would naturally be the ſubject of our converſation. One of the firſt inquiries I made was about the worthy Mr. Johnſon and his amiable daughter. My mother informed

formed me that this good man was then in the laſt ſtage of a painful diſeaſe under which he had languiſhed above three years, and which his conſtitution could not thus long have reſiſted but for the tender care and dutiful attention of his daughter Emmy; that this affectionate child had, as was thought from that motive alone, rejected ſeveral advantageous offers of marriage. To this my ſiſter added that ſhe was one of the loveliest and moſt accompliſhed of women.

On my way to the farm, I had remarked the ruinous appearance of the manſion-houſe which had been the ſeat of my forefathers. My mother informed me, that the gentleman who purchaſed the eſtate from our family had been ſome years dead; and that his ſon, by a courſe of extravagance, had ſo embarraſſed his fortune, that it was thought he would ſoon be obliged to ſell the greateſt part of his landed property. An opportunity thus preſenting itſelf of recovering my paternal eſtate, I determined to offer immediately to become the purchaſer, and flattered myſelf with the proſpect (I hope it was an honeſt pride) of re-eſtabliſhing our ancient family in the domain of their anceſtors.

The firſt viſit I paid to Mr. Johnſon led me to form ſchemes of a nature, yet more delightful to my imagination. Long abſence, and the buſtle of an active life, had lulled aſleep without extin-

guiſhing that affection with which his lovely daughter had inſpired me in my early years. The ſight of the beautiful Emma revived that paſſion in its utmoſt force, and convinced me that ſhe was the arbitreſs of my future happineſs or miſery. I thought I perceived, in the tender confuſion, the diffidence and modeſty of her demeanour, and in the ſimplicity of a heart untaught to diſguiſe its emotions, that I was far from being indifferent to her; nor was I deceived in this flattering idea. Her father's diſſolution was faſt approaching. He ſurvived my return but a few months, and the laſt act of his public duty was the union of our hands.

Five years have elapſed ſince that event; and I hope, Sir, you will not think my narrative tedious, if I give a ſhort ſketch of the manner in which I have paſſed that happy period.

The tranſaction for the purchaſe of our eſtate was attended with very little difficulty; and the reſtoration of the family to its ancient territories was celebrated by all the tenants and cottagers with high feſtivity, and every mark of heart-felt ſatisfaction. I began immediately to repair the deſolated manſion-houſe; and, having myſelf ſome taſte in architecture, contrived to render it a moſt commodious habitation, without injuring the antiquity of its appearance, which I venerated. The apartments were repaired in the modern faſhion;

fashion; and the elegance of my Emma's taste displayed itself in their furniture and decorations. In a few particulars I indulged perhaps a little caprice. The wide-extended chimney of the hall, which its late proprietor had contracted to the modern scale, and decorated with Dutch porcelain, I enlarged once more to its original dimensions. It was a venerable monument of ancient hospitality. My grandfather's oaken chair was found mouldering in a garret. It was restored to its place. The top of a square tower I fitted up into a library, lighted by a large Gothic window with leaden casements, from whence by day I command a beautiful landscape of the country, and by night can explore the heavens with my telescope; and here in my favourite studies of philosophy, general physics, and classical literature, of which I have a pretty numerous collection of the best authors, I pass many delightful hours. In another part of the building I have a small laboratory for chymical experiments, and the composition of medicines. Those researches to which I was formerly led by my profession, still furnish me with an amusing, and even an useful employment; for while Providence blesses me with health, I will always be the poor man's physician.

As I am rather unwilling to occupy myself with practical husbandry, a science which without a

peculiar bent and inclination I have always thought was not raſhly to be engaged in, I limit my ruſtic employments to planting and gardening. The fields which furround my houſe owe their principal beauties to nature. The upland and barren ſpots I have covered with wood, which in a few years will afford both beauty and ſhelter. Aſſiſted by my Emma's judgment, I have laid out a large garden, which promiſes ſoon to furniſh me with a profuſion of the moſt delicate fruits. A fine trouting ſtream waſhes its border. My hills paſture my mutton, and ſupply my game; of which the firſt is excellent, and the laſt is plentiful.

Soon after our eſtabliſhment at the manſion-houſe, my mother and ſiſter quitted their habitation, and became members of our family. The farm, which had become a very profitable ſubject, hasbeen transferred to an old domeſtic, who had remained attached to the family in all the changes of its fortune, and who merited that reward of his ſervices and fidelity. My mother, whoſe active mind would languiſh if deprived of an object of exertion, has now found another occupation not leſs ſuited to her taſte, and yet more pleaſing in its nature. My Emma has brought me three children; two charming girls, and a ſtout healthy boy. Theſe ſhe has ſuckled herſelf; a part of the duty of a mother which ſhe finds

finds too agreeable to be relinquished to a hireling. The two eldest are now in charge to their grandmother, who has undertaken for them the same office she performed to myself; and in this the good woman flatters herself with a renewal of her years. My sister was wont for some time to share in the same occupation; but I don't know how, her disposition seems a good deal changed of late. Instead of her work, she has taken to reading poetry; and borrows a good deal of time from her cares of the dairy, to bestow it on her books and her toilet. It is true, my neighbour *Hearty*'s son Tom is a scholar, and when he comes here with his family (and they are very frequent visitors of ours), my sister and he seem very solicitous to please each other; a circumstance I am not at all sorry to observe. Tom is a very worthy young man, and my sister an excellent girl: she has one quality to which Tom is a stranger; I have taken care that she shall be entitled to 1500l. on the day of her marriage.

Such, Mr. Lounger, is my manner of life; and as I perceive from some of your late papers, that you can contrive to pass a few weeks in the country, without discontinuing to amuse the town; if you will do me the honour of a visit, I promise you the best bed in my house, a bottle of

my beſt wine, and the beſt welcome I can give. I am, Sir, yours, &c.

JOHN TRUMAN.

I feel myſelf honoured by my friend Mr. Truman's correſpondence, and ſenſibly intereſted in the ſimple ſtory of his worthy family. His example may ſerve to inculcate one leſſon of importance; that moderation, in point of wealth, is productive of the greateſt comfort and the pureſt felicity. Had Mr. Truman returned from India with the enormous fortune of ſome other Aſiatic adventurers, he would probably have been much leſs happy than he is, even without conſidering the means by which it is poſſible ſuch a fortune might have been acquired. In the poſſeſſion of ſuch overgrown wealth, however attained, there is generally more oſtentation than pleaſure; more pride than enjoyment: I can but gueſs at the feelings which accompany it, when reaped from deſolated provinces, when covered with the blood of ſlaughtered myriads.

N° 45. SATURDAY, *December* 10, 1785.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

PERHAPS it is vanity in me to ſuppoſe that you have been expecting to hear from me, and it is poſſible, from my firſt account of myſelf, may have ſuppoſed that there were very melancholy reaſons for my ſilence. But I am, Sir, thank God! returned to my native country in no worſe condition with reſpect to health, than when I left it. As to peace and happineſs, I can't ſay; my wife thinks her health much the better for our expedition.

Perhaps, Sir, I may in time learn to be reconciled to noiſe and diſturbance, and forget my old habits of quiet, and care of my health, which my dear deceaſed friend Dr. *Doddipoll* had taught me. And yet I do not find that my journey has reconciled me much to the change, though I have had ſome practice in the way of buſtle and adventure, as you will find from a ſhort account of our excurſion.

As the motive of our journey was profeſſedly the re-eſtabliſhment of my health, I had reaſon

to imagine that it would be conducted in the manner beſt ſuited for that purpoſe. I had made out a little *Pharmacopeia* of things neceſſary to be taken along with us on the road: but, would you believe it, Sir, our new family-phyſician declared them altogether unneceſſary; and our whole medicine-cheſt was made up of one phial, containing two drachms of ſpirit of hartſhorn, and a bottle holding about as many pounds of French brandy. But my wife found room in the carriage for her favourite maid, her Spaniſh lap-dog, and three band-boxes. Her monkey, who arrived juſt before we ſet out, ſhe was with difficulty prevailed on to leave behind under the care of the houſekeeper; an acquaintance, indeed, who met us a few miles out of town on the road to England, rode up to my wife's ſide of the carriage, ſaid he ſuppoſed Mr. *Dy-ſcon* was following; and pointing to the corner where I was ſtuck up among the band-boxes, told her he was glad to find ſhe had taken little *Maſter Jackoo* along with her.

Though *Harrowgate* was the place of our deſtination, yet my wife (who was general of this expedition) thought it might be proper to ſtop at one of the more private watering-places in Cumberland, to initiate us as it were into that ſort of life; as young recruits, I am told, are taught to ſtand their own fire by firſt flaſhing their muſkets

in

in the pan. We accordingly made a halt at one of thoſe places, with the intention of ſtaying ſome weeks; but we very ſoon tired of it, as the ſociety was by no means genteel enough for my wife to mix in with any degree of ſatiſfaction.

The only people ſhe would allow us to conſort with were the family of *Sir David Dumplin*, a London merchant, who had been knighted for his eminence in commerce, who had arrived a few days before us, with his Lady and three daughters, and a Captain in the army, who had come thither to recover the fatigues he had ſuffered during the ſiege of Gibraltar, and whom Mrs. Dy-ſoon took great delight in hearing recount his adventures. We amuſed ourſelves during our ſtay by making the other members of the party ridiculous, though they did not want for jokes againſt us too. They called me and my wife "Death and Sin;" the firſt I could underſtand from my feebleneſs and bad health; but how they applied the ſecond, neither the Captain nor I could ever comprehend;—they had ſeveral jeſts equally low and unjuſt againſt the family of Sir David Dumplin, who they pretended was only a ſugar-boiler in Wapping, and had been knighted on occaſion of ſome city addreſs. Sir David himſelf, to do him juſtice, behaved in a very civil manner to every body, and, except ſometimes

when he snored after dinner, never gave the smallest offence to the rest of the company; and as for me, I was always, both in mind and body, inclined to peace and quietness. But Lady Dumplin and her daughters, with my Angelica and the Captain, were constantly at war with the other end of the table, which was divided into two hostile and irreconcileable provinces. Their differences might, indeed, have proceeded very disagreeable lengths, had we not contrived to erect a sort of barrier against hostilities, by placing between them Sir David Dumplin on one side, and a Mrs *Dough*, wife of a rich baker of Liverpool, on the other, who was naturally of as placid a disposition as Sir David, and had the advantage of being deaf into the bargain. By this politic interposition, the peace was tolerably well preserved; but as the opposite party, the *ungenteels*, increased daily by new arrivals, and ours, the *genteels*, got no accession that we were disposed to allow of, the place became at last so disagreeable, and the laugh so much louder against than for us, that we were obliged to leave it a good deal sooner than we intended, and set off for Harrowgate, in company with our allies, the Dumplin family. The Captain found it convenient to remain, having previously deserted from us, on some difference with one of the young ladies, and made his peace with the opposite side, through

through the mediation of the good-natured Mrs. Dough, with whom (from being uſed to ſpeak at the ſiege of Gibraltar I ſuppoſe) he contrived frequently to carry on a converſation.

To Harrowgate our gentility attended us; but it was a little unfortunate in not being univerſally acknowledged. There were ſome London people of faſhion there, who had ſeen Sir D. Dumplin before, and ſuch as had never ſeen us did not immediately perceive in Mrs. Dy-ſoon's face and manner that ſhe had ſo much good blood in her veins as did actually flow there. This, however, as ſhe was perfectly conſcious of it herſelf, produced numberleſs bickerings, and at laſt obliged us to leave the firſt houſe we had lodged at, where I had got an excellent quiet apartment, and go to another, where we were much worſe accommodated, but where Lady Dumplin and the Hon. Mrs. Dy-ſoon were the firſt quality of the ſet. Here ſhe very fortunately ſupplied the loſs of our Gibraltar Captain, by getting acquainted with an Iriſh gentleman, Colonel *O'Shannon*, a relation of ours, our anceſtors, as the Colonel and Mrs. Dy-ſoon diſcovered, having intermarried about the year 1300. The Colonel ſtill preſerved the kindneſs of a couſin, attended my wife wherever ſhe went, and made us immediately intimate with all the company in the houſe. But the kindneſs had very near proved fatal to me.

Between

Between the buſtle of his numerous introductions, the parties he formed for us at home, and the jaunts he made us take, to ſee every thing that was to be ſeen in the neighbourhood, my poor nerves were perfectly overcome; and though my wife was always telling me it was all for my good, I ſhould have certainly died in their hands, had they not at laſt diſcovered, that my wife's ſeeing the ſights and taking the exerciſe would be as much for the benefit of my health, as if I drove about and viſited every thing in my own perſon; and ſo I very believe it might, Mr. Lounger, had I been fortunate enough to be left to enjoy quiet, and take care of my health alone. But as my ill-ſtars would have it, I was generally left to the care of a lady, with whom, from her having the ſame ſort of nervous complaints with myſelf, I had contracted an intimacy, the dowager of an old gentleman, who had, like me, married his wife for a nurſe, and who left her, after a life of happineſs (as ſhe uſed to tell me) of 18 months, in poſſeſſion of his whole fortune. But then her nerves, ſhe ſaid, had been ſo ſhattered by his death, that ſhe could find no enjoyment in any thing in this world. The diſorder in her nerves, however, was of a kind extremely different from mine. None of that weakneſs and relaxation which I had experienced from a child; hers, the phyſicians ſaid, was an extreme tenſion and irritability.

tability. She kept, it seems, a female attendant, who was of the greatest use to her in this complaint; but that attendant had died just before her arrival at Harrowgate, and in this unfortunate interval my acquaintance with her began: so she bestowed all her tension and irritability on me. It makes me quake when I think of her, Mr. Lounger! and yet, though you will call it very silly, I could not for the life of me shake her off. She had become, I don't know how, a sort of *Cicisbea* to me by the common consent of our house, and I could not get rid of her without a degree of exertion that my weak constitution was unequal to. But her constitution, as she told us, was always the better for exertion. She exerted it on me with a vengeance. I often thought of the simile of the vulgar people we had left at our last watering-place. Mrs. *Rasp* would have completed *Milton*'s trio to a hair.

I was very thankful when the end of the season made me rid of her, though it did not restore me to home or to quiet. Mrs. Dy-soon, on looking over the road-book, perceived what a mere step it was from Harrowgate and London, and calculated how much expence was saved by going to the metropolis now when we were more than half of the way from Edinburgh. In this idea she was much encouraged by her cousin, Col. O'Shannon, as well as by Lady Dumplin, and half a dozen

other ladies who had come from the capital, at whose houſes ſhe was to be moſt agreeably entertained if ſhe went thither. It was in vain that I urged my health, and the danger of a long journey; the journey would do me good, and London was 200 miles ſouth, which gave it a great advantage, in point of climate, to delicate people like me. So out we ſet the day after our friends the Dumplins, who were to travel faſter (as indeed I am not able to make long journeys), and kindly undertook to procure lodgings, and have them ready for our reception.

But their ſervices in that way were anticipated by our good friend Colonel O'Shannon, who travelled faſter than any of us, as he generally makes his journeys in the ſtage-coach for the ſake of company, and ſometimes even takes a ſtage or two on the outſide to enjoy the air and the proſpect. We found on our arrival that he had provided us with a lodging in the houſe of a country-woman of his, a milliner in the Hay-market, who, he told us, had been reduced by misfortunes to keep a ſhop, though ſhe was deſcended from the great *O'Neil*, and could claim kindred with himſelf, and moſt of the noble families in Europe. She was very uſeful to my wife in letting her know the faſhions; and, with her aſſiſtance, Mrs. Dy-ſoon contrived to fill I don't know how many band-boxes and trunks, which, however,

ever, luckily for me, grew to such a magnitude, as to require half a ship's room to convey them; and so they were sent down to Scotland by sea. As for the Colonel, he was indefatigable in his attentions, and breakfasted, dined, and supped with us almost every day. Indeed, we were the more dependent on his company, as we were disappointed in getting into any other during our five or six weeks stay in town. We never could find any of our Harrowgate acquaintance at home; even the Dumplin family we saw but for two short morning calls at our lodgings; Sir David, indeed, muttered something about our eating a bit of mutton with him; but Lady Dumplin said she was sorry to say that that would be very *ill-convenient* at their present house, which they were just about changing for one in *Bedford-square*, where she hoped for the honour of our company at her first rout, which was to be held the 5th of Jan. next. They told us the town was quite empty at the season when we were there; but I am sure there was noise and bustle enough of all conscience; carts rumbling, coaches rattling, criers bawling, and bells ringing, from morning to night, and sometimes, as my poor head felt, all night too. My wife, however, luckily found it very dull, otherwise we should not probably have left it so soon as we did, though not before it had cost us some hundreds of guineas to find out that there

there was nothing in it worth seeing. Colonel O'Shannon carried us to some sights such as they were; he shewed us the Tower, St. Paul's, Bedlam, and the three Bridges; took us to the city Pantheon, the Dog and Duck, and the Swearing-house at Highgate. As for genteel company, he regretted exceedingly that almost all his acquaintance were in the country; but promised that when we came again he would introduce us to a Director of the Bank, a Lord of the Treasury, and the Master-general of the Ordnance, which last, he assured us, had a very particular friendship for him; but, in his absence, he made us acquainted with a young gentleman, who, he said, was one of that great man's first favourites, and a secretary in his office; an appointment which the Colonel had procured for him. My wife was very solicitous to cultivate Mr. *M'Phelim*'s acquaintance, on account of two nephews of hers who are in the army, to whom the Colonel and he have promised their interest; and we have the greater reason to rely on their friendship, as the Colonel and his friend did us the honour of accepting a loan of 200 l. from me (which Mr. M'Phelim wanted to make up a sum in the absence of the Master-general of the Ordnance) on their joint security.

Not long after this transaction we left London, and I found it some comfort, after all my distresses

and

and disturbances, to find myself again safe and sound in my native country. Not that I am free of the disquiet of my journey; it rings in my ears still in the narration of my wife, who has such talents for description, that, if I had not witnessed the circumstances, I should have supposed Sir D. Dumplin to be a Knight of the Garter, Colonel O'Shannon a Lieutenant-general, and his friend Mr. M'Phelim a Privy-counsellor. She makes all our acquaintance take notice how much better I am for Harrowgate, though, in fact, I never drank a drop of the water, and, except the company of Mrs. Rasp, took no sort of drug whatever. I must confess, however, that I am no worse on the whole, and am not near so much afraid of dying as before I was married. I am, &c.

JEREMIAH DY-SOON.

N° 46. SATURDAY, *December* 17, 1785.

MY Readers may have obſerved that the office of the Lounger has of late been almoſt a ſinecure, his correſpondents having ſaved him the trouble of compoſition. The paper of to-day is alſo a communication, which, from the ſex and accompliſhments of the author, as well as the flattering manner in which ſhe expreſſes herſelf, gratifies my vanity as much as my indolence.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

THE genteel but pointed irony with which you mention the follies of our ſex, and the pains you take, in your admired Eſſays, for our inſtruction and improvement, will, I make no doubt, have ſome influence on the minds of thoſe who are thoughtleſs, but not diſſipated; and who, though hurried down the ſtream of pleaſure, are not yet enough hardened to diſregard the admonitions of virtue.

Among young people of this deſcription, many ladies may be led to the attainment of mental accompliſh-

accompliſhments, in hopes of recommending themſelves to the notice of the other ſex; who, from their ſuperior education and more ſolid judgment, would, one might preſume, be more guided by the dictates of good ſenſe, than led by the blind caprices of Faſhion. But methinks, Sir, it would not be altogether fair to miſlead your inexperienced female readers with ſuch fallacious hopes. Tell them as much as you pleaſe of the internal rewards that belong to virtue: that to embelliſh, in early life, their minds with taſte, and to enlighten their underſtandings with ſome degree of knowledge, will prove to them an inexhauſtible ſource of delight in the lonely hours of ſolitude, and procure veneration and reſpect to their declining years. But let them know, that, on the fine fellows who, in our days, deign to mingle in the female world, ſuch accompliſhments will have as much influence, as the harmonious compoſition of Handel on the deaf pupils of Mr. *Braidwood*.

To be diſtinguiſhed by your ſex, is more or leſs the wiſh of every female heart. To ſolicit that diſtinction, Fancy is put to the torture to dreſs out the votaries of Faſhion; and, to deſerve it, the more judicious endeavour to adorn their minds with knowledge, taſte, and ſentiment. Which of theſe moſt frequently attain their end, you, Sir, who frequent the circles of the

the great and gay, can be at no loſs to determine.

As I was early taught to mark the characters, and make reflections on the events that paſſed before me in life, ſhort as that life has been, and few and ſimple as have been its tranquil ſcenes, perhaps a ſketch of it may not be altogether unworthy your peruſal.

I am the daughter of a clergyman, whoſe virtues adorn humanity, and whoſe character, in every reſpect, does honour to his profeſſion. A long attachment had ſubſiſted between him and my mother, before the pride of her relations (who piqued themſelves on their high deſcent) would conſent to her being made happy for ever by an union with one whom thoſe relations conſidered as her inferior: but the conſtancy of their affection at length ſubdued every obſtacle; and their life has ever ſince been one continued ſcene of domeſtic felicity. As I was their only child, my education was the prime object of their attention. To procure me the more elegant accompliſhments, they appropriated the ſavings of their œconomy; while, with the tendereſt ſolicitude, they themſelves endeavoured to form my manners, to cultivate my underſtanding, and to cheriſh the virtues of my heart.

The friendly terms on which we lived with the patron of our pariſh, whoſe lady took a particular liking

liking to me, gave me frequent opportunities of mixing with polite company. The natural gaiety of my temper, and ſteady ſincerity of my heart, gained me the good-will of all my companions; with ſome of whom I early contracted the moſt tender friendſhip,—a friendſhip which has increaſed with our increaſing years, and received ſtrength from every incident of pain or pleaſure that has befallen us in life.

By the gentlemen, I found myſelf almoſt invariably treated according to their ideas of my rank and conſequence. Of all the numbers who came to Caſtle ———, excepting an old naval officer, many traits of whoſe character, though caſt in ſomewhat of a rougher mould, bore a ſtrong reſemblance to that of your worthy friend Colonel Cauſtic, I do not remember to have met with one who thought it poſſible the daughter of a country parſon could be as well informed upon any ſubject as the heireſs of a Baronet; and after I have, by Lady ———'s deſire, played on her ſorte-piano, ſome of the fineſt concertos of Bach and Abel to an unliſtening audience, I have heard the ſame gentlemen applaud, with every mark of rapture, the faſhionable Miſs Fanny Flirter rattling over ſome inſipid fragment of a new opera tune.

At the earneſt ſolicitation of a ſiſter of my father's, married to a reſpectable merchant in the capital,

capital, I one winter ſpent a few months with her in town. I had here a more ample opportunity of obſerving that univerſal paſſion for what is called *ſtyle* in life, than I had hitherto met with. The notice taken of me by our patroneſs Lady ———, who always paſſed the winter in the metropolis, and to whoſe parties, either at home or at public places, I had a general invitation, made me eſteemed quite the *ton* by the ſet of men who viſited my uncle. I was often diſtreſſed by their civilities, and put out of countenance by their eagerneſs to ſhew me attention; while by the gentlemen in her Ladyſhip's ſuite I was conſidered of no more importance than any other piece of furniture in the drawing-room: but, like yourſelf, Sir, though ſilent, I was not always idle; and, while unthought of, and unſpoke to, made ſuch remarks on the ſcene before me, as I hope will be of ſervice to me through life.

From Edinburgh, at the requeſt of my mother's relations, I went to the county of ——. Theſe great relations had taken no notice of her ſince her marriage, but now received me in the moſt cordial manner. I was immediately introduced by them to their acquaintances in a genteel and populous neighbourhood, and was every where received with the reſpect due to the ally, and, what

what is more, the very probable heireſs of an ancient and wealthy family. Wherever I appeared, I was loaded with careſſes. A gentleman of the firſt diſtinction engaged me for his partner at an election ball, which happened ſoon after my arrival in the country; and the attention paid me by him, and a few others of equal rank, ſoon brought me completely into faſhion. I was now diſcovered to poſſeſs qualifications which no one before had ever thought of imputing to me. My former friends had indeed ſometimes complimented me with the appellation of a lively ſenſible-enough ſort of girl; but now, to all the charms of elegance in manner, I added thoſe of the moſt brilliant wit; and though it was allowed I could not, ſtrictly ſpeaking, be termed handſome, yet my features ſpoke ſuch animation, and my eyes beamed with ſo much ſenſibility, that Beauty herſelf would have had but little chance beſide me. Was it any wonder, that every latent ſpark of vanity in my heart ſhould have been kindled, on thus finding myſelf a diſtinguiſhed figure in a ſcene of higher life than any I had yet witneſſed? I was, alas! but too ſoon intoxicated with the adulation I received; and with the moſt poignant regret I took leave of people, who I thought had diſcovered ſuch juſt diſcernment of merit, although it was to return to the fond arms of my beloved parents.

The flattering ſcenes I left had made too deep an impreſſion to be eaſily eraſed. I found the amuſements of my former life had become inſipid, its employments irkſome and fatiguing; and, as our great neighbours were now in London, I had little opportunity of diverting my chagrin by any change of company. It was even with difficulty I was prevailed on to accompany my moſt intimate friend to the county-aſſembly, as I knew I ſhould there find myſelf in a very different ſituation to that in which I figured at the balls in ——. But what was my delight, on ſoon ſeeing enter the aſſembly-room, along with a family of the firſt rank, two of my moſt intimate acquaintances in that loved county! As both the gentlemen had *there* honoured me with their particular attention, my heart beat with rapture at the idea of what delight they muſt receive from this unexpected interview. But I ſoon found theſe gentlemen wiſely conſidered that I now moved in a different ſphere. They avoided ſeeming to obſerve me as long as poſſible; and when at length obliged to do it, paſſed their compliments with a certain careleſs air, which may not improperly be ſtyled a well-bred ſort of incivility. A moment's reflection on this little ſtriking incident reſtored me to my ſenſes; and I returned home with the moſt cheerful alacrity, as to the certain aſylum of happineſs and tranquillity.

In a little time after I had thus recovered from the delirium of flattery and folly, our ſociety received a conſiderable acquiſition in our acquaintance with *Dorilas*. This gentleman, who had lately come to the country in purſuit of health and rural amuſements, was firſt noticed by my father for his regular attendance at church; and, by the politeneſs of his manners, and ſolidity of his converſation, ſoon recommended himſelf to his particular regard. He appeared to be one of thoſe favourites of Nature, whom ſhe has endowed with her beſt gifts, a good underſtanding, and a benevolent heart. His mind ſeemed enlightened by ſcience, enlarged by a knowledge of the world, and, we were told, had been ſoftened by the correcting hand of misfortune. He came frequently to the parſonage-houſe, to which he had at all times a general invitation, and where he was ever welcomed by the unaffected kindneſs of plain, but genuine hoſpitality. As Dorilas ſeemed to pique himſelf on his retirement from the more diſſipated ſcenes of life, he always appeared pleaſed with our rural ſimplicity; but no ſooner did Dorilas get intimately acquainted with the families of higher rank, and found himſelf eſtabliſhed in a circle of greater *ſtyle*, than he omitted his viſits at the parſonage-houſe, and even mentioned its inhabitants with that ſort of contemptuous ridicule, which, though it may be a

very fashionable *maniere de parler*, gives a deeper wound to the feelings than the envenomed sting of calumny can inflict. We were all hurt at being thus disappointed in a character of which we had formed so high an idea; and when on a visit to my friend at the county-town, I accidentally met with Dorilas, I found it impossible to conceal the resentment with which his conduct had inspired me. But when I saw his surprise at the apparent coldness of my manner, I began to reflect, that, should we be mistaken, or misinformed, I might, by my seeming caprice, have done an injury to feelings, perhaps no less delicately susceptible of it than my own. I therefore resolved to acquaint him with what we had heard, and frankly to tell him our opinion of his behaviour; but in the only opportunity that ever after offered, I was so embarrassed by the stately distance of his manner, and the difficulty of introducing the subject with becoming delicacy and spirit, that I found it impossible to fulfil my intention. The little conversation that passed only served him with a pretence to put an entire end to our acquaintance; and, in six months after, Dorilas set out on a gay party to the German Spa, without deigning to inquire even for my father.

Such is the incense offered at the shrine of Fashion! not only by the vain and giddy, but even

even by the ſentimental and judicious! and ſuch the attentions people who ſhine not in that brilliant ſphere may expect to meet with in the world! But happy! thrice happy they! according to the wiſe maxims of my venerable parent, who are endowed with that true greatneſs of mind, which can look down with equal indifference on the ſoothing praiſe of flattery, or the ſcornful ſneer of pride; who, independent of the favour of the fickle, and the regards of the inconſtant, derive a happineſs from the humble conſciouſneſs of ſuperior virtue, that infinitely tranſcends all which the world can beſtow.

Afraid of having already too long treſpaſſed on your patience, I now haſten to conclude, with aſſuring you how much I am,

Your admiring reader,

ALMERIA.

N° 47. SATURDAY, *December* 24, 1785.

HERODOTUS tells us, that Amasis king of Egypt established a law, commanding, that every Egyptian should annually declare, before the governor of the province, by what means he maintained himself; which if he omitted to do, or if, on such examination, he gave not a satisfactory account of his way of living, he should be punished with death.

Happening to meet with this passage one night lately, it suggested some ideas as to the wisdom of such an institution, and I amused myself for half an hour before I went to bed with reflecting on the effects it might have, if introduced into this island. These thoughts recurred in my sleep, and produced a dream, of which I shall endeavour to give some account, after premising that, when I awaked in the morning, it was some time before I could with certainty determine whether my imagination had transported me to Egypt, or if the objects it had presented to my view in my sleep were the consequence of the promulgation of a similar law in our country.

Upon

Upon the appointed day, I fancied that I accompanied the whole inhabitants of the province to the palace of the governor. On our arrival we were ſhewn into a hall of vaſt extent, at one end of which, on ſomething like a throne, ſat the governor, ſurrounded by clerks, whoſe buſineſs it was to take down the account which every perſon in his turn ſhould give. Silence being proclaimed, we were directed to approach the throne one by one, in a certain order, to give an account of our way of *living*, and to ſay by what means each of us maintained himſelf. This ſummons appeared the more awful, that the law of Amaſis, like many other good inſtitutions, had been allowed to go into diſuſe, and, after being neglected for ages, was now revived on account of ſome recent enormities, which called forth the attention of government. I fancied too, that the law was ſo far altered, that, inſtead of death in all caſes, the governor was authoriſed to inflict ſuch puniſhment upon delinquents as their offences ſhould ſeem to merit.

The firſt whoſe lot it was to anſwer the awful queſtion, was a handſome young man clothed in a garment of bright ſcarlet embroidered with gold. He approached the throne with an aſſured countenance, and, with a look of ſelf-approbation, informed

formed the governor, that he lived by the moſt honourable of all profeſſions; that his ſole buſineſs was to kill and deſtroy his own ſpecies, to butcher men who had never injured him, whom perhaps he had never ſeen before, or for whom he entertained the higheſt eſteem and regard. For doing this, ſaid he, my country gives me a daily allowance, on which I live with eaſe and comfort.

At this account I obſerved a momentary bluſh to croſs the face of the governor. He diſmiſſed the young man with a look in which I could diſcern marks of diſſatisfaction, not with the individual before his eyes, but with thoſe abſurd and unjuſt meaſures of government which were ſuppoſed to make ſuch inſtitutions neceſſary.

The officer was ſucceeded by a young man ſtill more gaily dreſſed. As he approached the throne, I could perceive in his countenance marks of anxiety and apprehenſion, which he ſeemed deſirous to conceal by an appearance of eaſe and indifference. When the uſual queſtions were put to him, he heſitated for ſome time; but at length was obliged to declare, that he was the ſon of an honeſt and induſtrious tradeſman; that, deſpiſing the occupation of his father, he left his houſe, and removed to *Memphis*, where, by the ſplendour of his appearance, he contrived to get into

into the ſociety of perſons of high diſtinction; and that he ſupported the expence of this mode of life by playing with thoſe perſons for large ſums of money at games, in which, by much labour and conſtant attention, he had attained a ſuperior degree of excellence. The governor having heard him to an end, ſentenced the unfortunate youth to be ſent back to the houſe of his father, to aſſiſt him in his labour. The father, who was preſent in the hall at the ſame time received orders to keep his ſon in cloſe confinement, till he had acquired a habit of application, and a ſufficient degree of ſkill in the buſineſs to which he was now to apply himſelf.

He was followed by a perſon not unlike him in manner and appearance, though ſomewhat more advanced in years. The account this perſon gave of himſelf was nearly in theſe words: "I was born to an independent fortune, to which I ſucceeded at the age of eighteen by the death of my father. From that moment, my ſole object was the enjoyment of my fortune, of which I thought I ſhould never be able to ſee an end. I joined in every party of pleaſure, and indulged in every ſpecies of expenſive diſſipation. At the end of ſeven years, I found my fortune gone, and the only comfort that remained for me was, that I had ſpent it in a manner ſuitable to my rank, and in the ſociety of the firſt and no-

bleſt perſons in Egypt. Happily for me, thoſe great perſons conceived that it would be unbecoming to expoſe one who had paſſed ſo many hours in their company, to poverty and want; at the ſame time they juſtly conſidered, that it might degrade a perſon who could boaſt of once having been their equal and companion, to ſubſiſt on the bounty of private individuals. They therefore humbly beſought our mighty ſovereign, to beſtow upon me an office at once honourable and lucrative. To this requeſt he was pleaſed to lend a favourable ear. The emoluments of my office are conſiderable; but I am obliged to give a portion of them to a creature who performs the duties of it, and upon the remainder I can ſtill afford to live in luxury not much inferior to that of my former opulence."—Upon hearing this account, the governor inquired into the character of the deputy, and finding he was a worthy and reſpectable citizen, who had long done the buſineſs of a laborious and an important office for the ſmall pittance allowed him by the gentleman before him, he pronounced a ſentence which to me appeared highly equitable. He ordered, that the deputy ſhould in future draw the whole emoluments, paying only to the principal the ſame allowance which formerly the deputy had received.

The

The next person who approached the throne, addressed the governor with an unembarrassed and a steady countenance, in the following words: "By some fortunate circumstances," said he, "I was early in life introduced into the society of many persons of the first distinction. At their tables I acquired a taste for good living, which I came to consider as the first of all enjoyments; but possessing no fortune, this passion might have proved a curse instead of a blessing, had I not happily discovered a method of gratifying it, at once easy and agreeable. By my intercourse with the great, I soon discovered that it was in my power to give, in return for the dainties of their table, something which to them was more precious, while it cost me nothing. At the board of *Sethos*, I harangue in praise of learning and learned men, well knowing that, amidst all his opulence and splendour, the chief ambition of *Sethos* is to be considered as a man of letters. At the elegant repasts of *Osoroth*, I join him in declaiming against the luxury of modern times; while each of his company, with equal solicitude, looks around for some new delicacy to provoke a satiated appetite. At the house of the rich *Susennes*, whose vanity lies in the splendour of his entertainments, and in the excellence of his table, I openly praise every dish that is served up, and tell

Sufennes, that his wine of Perſia is the fineſt in the world, and that his gardens produce fruits of unrivalled excellence. In this vocation or calling of mine, as it may be termed, there is one circumſtance which, it muſt be confeſſed, is ſometimes a little unpleaſant. When at the table of one great friend I happen to deliver ſentiments and opinions diametrically oppoſite to thoſe I had ſupported the day before at another place, a pert viſitor may be ſo rude as to remark this ſudden change, or by a broad grin to ſhow that it has not paſſed unobſerved. But nevertheleſs," continued he, "I contrive to live happily, and to enjoy all the advantages of a great fortune, without the trouble and embarraſſment of it."—"Live then," ſaid the governor, with a look of ineffable contempt, "if you can ſubmit to live on ſuch terms."

Upon the removal of this gentleman, there appeared a tall, thin, meagre figure, which ſtalked up with wonderful dignity to the preſence of the governor, and thus addreſſed him: "I am the repreſentative of the nobleſt and moſt ancient family in Egypt. My forefathers were the companions of the victories of Seſoſtris and Semiramis. It is true, that owing to the princely generoſity of my great anceſtors, I am at preſent obliged to honour ſome wealthy inhabitants of this province, ſo far as to receive from them

them the means of ſubſiſtence. Emboldened, perhaps, by this circumſtance, one of thoſe perſons lately preſumed to aſk my daughter in marriage, telling me that their hearts had long been united by every tie of the moſt tender affection. But I drove the vile plebeian from my preſence; and, had I not been prevented, would have ſacrificed him to my juſt indignation."

At the cloſe of this narrative, the governor heſitated for a moment, and then ordered the guards to conduct this noble perſonage to the hoſpital ſet apart for the reception of lunatics.

A gentleman, whoſe train and whoſe appearance beſpoke his conſequence, now approached the throne, with a look and manner poliſhed at the ſame time and aſſured. "I preſume," ſaid he to the governor, "you are not unacquainted with the name of *Zoroes*. In that council which the wiſdom of our ſovereign has eſtabliſhed for the government of his Ethiopian dominions, I hold a diſtinguiſhed place; a ſituation which I owe to my own talents, having neither the influence of hereditary wealth, nor the pride of illuſtrious anceſtry, to ſupport me. But in the college of the prieſts at Memphis, I was early taught qualities by which to compenſate the want of thoſe advantages; penetration to diſcover the weakneſſes, and pliancy to conciliate the affections,

affections, of men. In that seminary likewise I acquired a power of eloquence to lead the passions, a subtlety of argument to confound the judgment. Endowed with such accomplishments, I obtained a seat in that council, which by the superiority of my talents I have since been enabled to guide. Amidst the divisions with which that council has been agitated, amidst the factions with which our province has been torn, the art of Zoroes has drawn from those divisions and those factions his power and his emoluments: he has wielded to his purposes the furious zeal of the multitude, and the jarring interests of their leaders; and has risen, by his command over the fluctuating opinions of mankind, to rank, to office, and to wealth."—The governor looked sternly at him, and his face reddened with indignation: "I am not indeed," said he, "a stranger to the name of Zoroes; I have heard of such a man, who lives on the mischiefs of faction, who foments divisions that he may increase his own consequence, and creates parties that he may guide them in the blindness of their course; who sows public contention that he may reap private advantage, and thrives amidst the storms that wreck the peace of his country." He gave the signal to the guards, who hurried Zoroes to his fate. His punishment was cruel, but somewhat

what analogous to his character and his crimes. He was expoſed in an iſland of the Nile to the crocodiles that inhabit it.

After witneſſing this diſagreeable exerciſe of juſtice, it was with pleaſure I beheld a beautiful female, dreſſed with equal elegance and ſplendour, tripping towards the throne, and ſeemingly pleaſed with the admiration of the ſurrounding multitude. In a ſweet accent, though with a manner rather infantine, ſhe informed the governor, that ſome months ago ſhe had married a man of fourſcore, who had nothing to recommend him but his immenſe wealth, of which ſhe previouſly ſtipulated, that ſhe ſhould have the abſolute diſpoſal. "You ſee," ſaid ſhe, "the uſe I make of it. Theſe jewels are eſteemed the fineſt in the province; and I hope ſoon to poſſeſs a ſet ſtill more precious." The governor, without hearing more of her prattle, pronounced a ſentence which I confeſs I thought ſomewhat ſevere. He ordered her to be ſtript of all her coſtly ornaments, and to be ſent home in a plain garment to the houſe of her huſband, with inſtructions, that, during the remainder of his days, ſhe ſhould be conſtrained to live conſtantly with him, and permitted to ſee no other company whatever.

While I was commiſerating the hard fate of the fair unfortunate, the crier pronounced my own

own name, in a deep and hollow tone of voice. This alarmed me so much, that I awaked in no small consternation, and was very well pleased to find myself quietly in my own bed in the good town of Edinburgh. Of all men living, a Lounger must ever be the most puzzled to give an account of his life, conversation, and mode of living; and therefore, however wise the law of Amasis may be, I fairly own that I was happy to find I was not subject to it.

N° 48. SATURDAY, *December* 31, 1785.

Diſcipulus eſt prioris poſterior dies. SEN.

THE Lounger having now "rounded one revolving year," may conſider himſelf as an acquaintance of ſome ſtanding with his readers, and, at this period of gratulations, may venture to pay them the compliments of the ſeaſon with the freedom of intimacy and the cordiality of friendſhip. In the life of a periodical Eſſayiſt, a twelvemonth is a conſiderable age. That part of the world in which his ſubject lies, he has then had an opportunity of viewing in all its different ſituations; he has ſeen it in the hurry of buſineſs, in the heyday of amuſement, in the quiet of the country; and he now attends it in its courſe of Chriſtmas feſtivity and holiday merriment.

Yet I know not how it is, that amidſt the gratulations and feſtivity of this returning ſeaſon, I am ſometimes diſpoſed to hear the one, and partake the other, with a certain ſerioufneſs of mind not well ſuited to the vacancy of the time; to look on the jollity around me with an eye of thought,

and

and to impreſs, in my imagination, a tone of melancholy on the voices that wiſh me many happy years.

As men advance in life, the great diviſions of time may indeed furniſh matter for ſerious reflection, as he who counts the money he has ſpent, naturally thinks of how much a ſmaller ſum he has left behind. Yet, for my own part, it is leſs from anxiety about what remains of time, than from the remembrance of that which is gone, that I am led into this "mood of penſiveneſs." In my hours of thoughtful indolence, I am not apt to conjure up phantoms of the future; 'tis with a milder ſort of melancholy that I ſometimes indulge in recalling the ſhades of the paſt. To this perhaps the Lounger's manner and habits of life naturally incline him. To him leiſure gives frequent occaſion to review his time, and to compare his thoughts. By the Lounger a few ideas, natural and congenial to his mind, are traced through all their connections; while the man of profeſſional induſtry and active purſuit has many that preſs upon him in ſucceſſion, and are quickly diſmiſſed. He who lives in a crowd gains an extenſive acquaintance, but little intimacy; the man who poſſeſſes but a few friends, enjoys them much, and thinks of them often.

Time mellows ideas as it mellows wine.—— Things in themſelves indifferent acquire a certain

tain tenderneſs in recollection; and the ſcenes of our youth, though remarkable neither for elegance or feeling, riſe up to our memory dignified at the ſame time and endeared. As countrymen in a diſtant land acknowledge one another as friends; ſo objects, to which when preſent we give but little attention, are nouriſhed in diſtant remembrance with a cordial regard. If in their own nature of a tender kind, the ties which they had on the heart are drawn ſtill cloſer, and we recal them with an enthuſiaſm of feeling which the ſame objects of the immediate time are unable to excite. The ghoſts of our departed affections are ſeen through that ſoftening medium, which, though it dims their brightneſs, does not impair their attraction; like the ſhade of *Dido* appearing to *Æneas*,

" Agnovitque per umbram
" Obſcuram; qualem primo qui ſurgere menſe
" Aut videt, aut vidiſſe putat, per nubila lunam;
" Demiſit lacrymas, dulcique affatus amore eſt."

The hum of a little tune, to which in our infancy we have often liſtened; the courſe of a brook which in our childhood we have frequently traced; the ruins of an ancient building which we remember almoſt entire;—theſe remembrances ſweep over the mind with an enchanting power of

of tenderneſs and melancholy, at whoſe bidding the pleaſures, the buſineſs, the ambition of the preſent moment fade and diſappear.

Our finer feelings are generally not more grateful to the fancy than moral to the mind. Of this tender power which remembrance has over us, ſeveral uſes might be made; this divinity of memory, did we worſhip it aright, might lend its aid to our happineſs as well as to our virtue.

An amiable and ingenious philoſopher has remarked, that in *caſtle-building* no man is a villain *. In like manner it may perhaps be pronounced that every man is virtuous in recollection; he reſts with peculiar ſatisfaction on the remembrance of ſuch actions as are moſt congenial to the better parts of his nature, on ſuch pleaſures as were innocent, on ſuch deſigns as were laudable. It were well if, amidſt the ardour of purſuit, or the hopes of gratification, we ſometimes conſidered that the preſent will be future, as well as that the future will be preſent, that we anticipated reflection as well as enjoyment. Not only in thoſe greater and more important concerns, which are what Shakeſpear calls "Stuff o' the conſcience," but in the leſſer and more trivial offices of life, we ſhould be more apt to conduct ourſelves aright, did we think that we

* Dr. Reid, in his "Eſſays on the Intellectual Powers of Man."

were

were one day to read the drama in which we now perform, and that of ourſelves, and the other perſonages of the ſcene, we were to judge with a critical ſeverity.

This indulgence of memory, this review of time, would blunt the angry and diſcordant paſſions that often prey on our own quiet as well as on the peace of others. Scarce any man is ſo hard of heart as to feel himſelf an enemy over the grave of his foe; and the remembrance of conteſts, however juſt, with thoſe who are now no more, comes acroſs an ingenuous mind with a ſort of ſelf-accuſation. The progreſs of time, though it may not have ſwept our adverſaries from the earth, will probably have placed both them and us in circumſtances ſuch as to allay, if not to extinguiſh, our reſentment. Proſperity to us, or misfortunes to them, may have ſoothed our anger into quiet, or ſoftened it to pity. The leſſons of Time may have taught us, what Wiſdom or Prudence once preached to us in vain, that the object of our contention was not worth the ſtruggle of the conteſt, that we miſtook the value of the prize, or did injuſtice to the motives of our competitors; or perhaps we have altered thoſe ſentiments in which we were formerly ſo warm, and forſaken thoſe tenets we were once ſo poſitive to maintain. The hand of Time, imperceptible in its touch, ſteals the colour from our

our opinions; and, like thoſe who look on faded pictures, we wonder at having formerly been ſtruck with their force.

Though it is wiſely ordered by Providence, that we ſhould not pauſe in the purſuits of life to think of its ſhortneſs, or undervalue every attainment from the uncertainty of its duration when attained; yet ſuch a conſideration may fairly enough mitigate a blameable eagerneſs in the chace, or a blameable depreſſion from its diſappointment. I was very well pleaſed with the philoſophy of an old ſoldier, whom I once met with in the environs of London, leaning on a crutch, and rather accepting than ſoliciting the aid of the charitable. He told me, not without ſome importunity on my part, the hardſhips and the dangers he had encountered; the number of his campaigns, the obſtinacy of his engagements, the length of his ſieges; "yet I failed in getting Chelſea," ſaid he, "becauſe I was rendered incapable of the ſervice in conſequence of a rheumatiſm contracted in a winter encampment; and, more than all that, becauſe my wife, ſomehow or other, had diſobliged my commanding officer. But I forget and forgive, as the ſaying is; and, thanks to ſuch as your Honour, I can make ſhift to live. It is true, I have ſeen others get halberts, ay, and commiſſions too, that were not better men than myſelf;—but that don't ſignify.

ſignify. *It will be all the ſame an hundred years hence.*" Without all the happy Stoiciſm of the ſoldier, we may often ſooth the pangs of envy, and the pinings of diſcontent, by the conſideration of that period, when they ſhall ceaſe to diſquiet, when time ſhall have unplumed the pageantry of grandeur, narrowed the domains of wealth, and withered the arm of power.

Nor will this philoſophy of time convey a leſs important leſſon to the ſucceſsful than to the unfortunate. It will moderate the luxurious indulgence of the rich, and reſtrain the wanton or uſeleſs exertions of the powerful. Every one who can look back on a moderately long life, will remember a ſucceſſion of envied poſſeſſors of wealth and influence, whoſe luxury a thouſand flatterers were wiſhing to ſhare, whoſe favour a crowd of dependents were ſtriving to obtain. Let thoſe who now occupy their place attend to the effects of that wealth enjoyed, of thoſe favours beſtowed. Let them caſt up the ſum of pleaſure which was produced by the one, of gratitude or ſelf-ſatisfaction procured by the other. If there are any whom elevation has made giddy, or power rendered inſolent, let them think how long that elevation can endure, how far that power can extend: let them conſider in how ſhort a ſpace the influence of their predeceſſors has ceaſed to be felt, how ſoon their appointments have

have made room for the appointments of others; how few of their dependents and favourites ſurvive, and of thoſe few how very ſmall a part acknowledge their benefactor. If ſome of the actions of ſuch eminent perſons there are which the world ſtill remembers with approbation, and individuals own with gratitude; they are probably ſuch as, in this review of the paſt, it will be uſeful for their ſucceſſors to obſerve and to imitate. Thoſe have obtained a victory over time, which is the nobleſt excitement and animation to virtue; that honeſt fame of which the conſciouſneſs gives its higheſt enjoyment to the preſent, which the future can neither reproach nor overcome.

N° 49. SATURDAY, *January* 7, 1786.

NO ſubject tends to throw more light on the hiſtory of mankind, or their progreſs in the different ſituations of ſociety, than their public amuſements, or the ſtate of thoſe arts which contribute to their entertainment.

Comedy, which conſiſts in the dramatic repreſentation of human characters in a ridiculous point of view, makes a diſtinguiſhed figure among the amuſements of mankind. The following reflections are thrown together on the hiſtory of Comedy, as they may afford ſome uſeful obſervations on the progreſs of manners and of arts, as well as introduce a continuation of the remarks I formerly made on the moral effects of the drama.

The firſt and original method in which Ridicule exerciſed itſelf in dramatic repreſentation appears to have conſiſted, not ſo much in giving a view of the character of the perſon to be exhibited on the ſtage, as in repreſenting a particular individual in a ludicrous ſituation. To point out the feelings of the character,—to repreſent the turn of mind,—to diſplay the humour or inter-

nal features of the man, was not so much the object, as to bring the person himself on the stage, and to raise ridicule in the audience by making him commit some action, absurd, droll, out of place, or inconsistent. A man respected for dignity, and in a reputable situation, is brought upon the stage, not to exhibit his dignity as false and affected, not to represent the real or internal feelings of his mind, or to point out those features by which his assumed character may be exposed, but merely with a view to make him commit some absurd or mean action, inconsistent with the gravity and respectable tenor of his usual conduct.

Such is the exhibition of Aristophanes' Socrates. No history of human character is given, no display of the character of Socrates in particular; nor is any principle or feature of his mind represented. The author confines himself singly to making Socrates do things upon the stage unworthy of himself, or of his character; and the audience is entertained with the contrast, is amused with this performance of mean or little actions by a man of a grave and serious deportment. The ridicule in this case does not give a view of the character, but is confined to the joke arising from the action performed, compared with that of the man who performs it. Socrates

is

is not made ridiculous by doing what is like, but what is unlike himself.

This observation needs not be confined to the *Clouds* of Aristophanes, but may be farther extended and appears indeed to comprehend the general characteristic of all early Comedies, written or represented before people have arrived at a great degree of refinement.

It is not difficult to assign the reason for this being the general characteristic of early Comedies.

Men in an early age are not reasoners.—— The bulk of the people at least are not accustomed to make general conclusions and reflections on human character. They would not therefore be amused by general exhibitions of character, by comedies which represented actions as displaying only the internal features and original causes of human conduct. Such an exhibition would not be adapted to their taste, or the state of their minds. The rude representation of a particular person who does actions absurd in themselves, or absurd in him to perform, is the only thing which can produce their laughter, or afford them a comic entertainment.

Men in an early age, who have not made much progress in refinement, will receive a peculiar pleasure in seeing the character of an individual, of a person known to themselves, exhibited on the stage; whereas, when men advance

in refinement, they will come to feel uneasy at this representation of real characters; their delicacy will be shocked at the exhibition of so coarse an entertainment, and something of a purer kind will be substituted in its room. Hence what was called the *middle Comedy* was substituted among the Greeks in place of the *old*. The *middle Comedy* was less coarse than the *old*, because the *old* represented real persons on the stage, under their real names; in the *middle*, feigned names were given to the real persons; but this improvement soon gave way to a much higher one, the *new Comedy*, where both real names and real living persons were banished from the stage.

Should it be said, that at the time Aristophanes wrote, the Greeks were in a state of great advancement, were a learned and intelligent people; and that therefore Aristophanes should not be given as an example of a comic author in an early and unrefined period; it may be observed, that though the Greeks were certainly in the time of Aristophanes a very wise people, and possessed of the most eloquent and philosophical writers, yet at that time the Athenians were remarkably deficient in delicacy and politeness. Perhaps in so violent and turbulent a democracy as that of Athens, the people, amidst the acrimony of debate and rude contests of ambition, remain long in a state of barbarism as to manners.

This

This has been observed, and endeavoured to be accounted for by several ingenious authors; one* of whom indeed cites, as an instance of it, this very circumstance of the amusement which the Athenians found in the lowest species of comedy. "They were so little judges," says he, "of propriety in wit and humour, as to relish the low ribaldry of an Aristophanes, at a period when they were entertained with the sublime eloquence of a Demosthenes, with the pathetic compositions of an Euripides or a Sophocles."

As the body of the people, however, advance in refinement or delicacy, this ancient species of Comedy, as it did among the Greeks, will come to give disgust instead of entertainment.

Comic authors will then betake themselves to a different species of writing; and the next step seems to be, instead of the exhibition of a particular person, to give the history of some general passion, affection, or principle of the human mind. The bulk of men who frequent public places of amusement, have then attained such a degree of improvement, by experience and reflection, as to relish a general representation of the history of the human heart in trying and interesting scenes; and hence views of characters in those situations will be relished and understood.

* Millar on the Origin of the Distinction of Ranks.

When this ſpecies of writing, however, firſt begins, the repreſentations of character that are given will be confined to the more general views of the human mind, acting under the influence of ſome one leading principle. The nice features of that principle, the ſmall deviations to which it is ſubject, its various combinations with other principles, or its diſcriminations ariſing from peculiar circumſtances of ſituation or of habit, will not be attended to or held out to view. Before men go into particulars, they muſt be well acquainted with what is general; before they conſider the nice, they muſt be intimate with the groſs features.

Hence our early but improved writers, not only of Comedy, but of every ſpecies of writing which repreſents characters, give only general repreſentations. The ambitious, the envious, the avaricious man, is repreſented under the dominion of his guiding principle, but the nicer features of the principle are not delineated.—— *Theophraſtus* wrote at a period of leſs delicacy, and when minute proprieties were leſs attended to, than *La Bruyere*; the characters therefore of the firſt are more general and leſs nice than of the latter.

Of all writers, indeed, the French ſeem to have paid moſt attention to the ſmall and minute views of character, and to the different properties of life

life and manners. Living in an age of refinement and politeneſs, under a monarchical government, where the *agreeable* are the qualities which conduce to advancement, the elegant and recommendatory virtues are chiefly cultivated. A new ſpecies of morals, unknown and unattended to among the ancients, the term for which, *petites morales*, cannot even be tranſlated into our language, has been introduced and has become a principal object both in conduct and philoſophy Hence the nice perception which French authors have of all the delicate diſcriminations of character; hence their obſervance of all the deviations from what is becoming; and hence their talent of deſcribing and repreſenting all the proprieties and improprieties of human conduct. The Engliſh writers in general may be poſſeſſed of more metaphyſical profoundneſs; but they have not the ſame lively talent at deſcribing manners, nor the ſame delicate obſervation of the different tints and colourings in which they appear.

At the ſame time it may be obſerved, that even in Britain, ſome authors have appeared, who have excelled in giving minute pictures of manners, and of the nice features of character. Of theſe, *Addiſon* and *Sterne* may be mentioned as holding a diſtinguiſhed place.

This is the laſt improvement which ariſes in the repreſentation of human characters; when

not only their general features, under certain great classes, are exhibited, but when writers descend to, and are able at the same time to point out the smaller discriminations into which those general classes subdivide themselves, and appear in different men. When characters are represented in this manner, the writing of Comedy is at its perfection; and as the moderns seem to have possessed more of this talent than the ancients, so the comedies of the former seem to excel those of the latter. The ancient comedies contain only the general characters of men and manners, young rakes, old men, parasites, lovers, slaves: but every old man is the same, every young rake is like every other rake; their pursuits are without distinction; and their slaves have no other discrimination, than that the one half of them are old, faithful, trusty servants, and the other half lying, plotting, witty rascals.

It may, however, be observed, that this species of writing, in which the moderns have so greatly excelled, is much exposed to corruption and abuse. While the ancient manner of drawing characters is defective, by being too general, there is danger lest this other species become faulty, by being too particular. Men attentive to represent the minute lines, may neglect the more important, and, instead of representing a character which belongs to human kind, they may come

to

to repreſent only thoſe particular characters which diſtinguiſh individuals. Inſtead of comedies of nature, they may give comedies of manners, fleeting, volatile, uncertain, and as impoſſible to be reduced to rule as the flimſy modes of faſhion. Thus, according to the phraſe, that *extremes always agree*, it may happen that the laſt improvement in Comedy may degenerate into that very abuſe for which the rudeſt and moſt ancient may be cenſured. Particular perſons may come to be repreſented on the ſtage inſtead of general characters. Something of this kind was ſome time ago introduced on the Engliſh ſtage; though it may be obſerved, that this mode of writing owed its ſucceſs more to the mimic qualities of its author, than to its being approved of by the taſte of the audience.

But this is not the only thing to be feared from men's giving minute attention to the ſmaller parts of character; there is alſo a danger of its having an improper effect on their own character and conduct. When their attention is chiefly beſtowed on the little parts of conduct, they may come to neglect or overlook the greater. Manner may be put in the place of ſubſtance; and what is frivolous, may be preferred to what is manly. As this ſpecies of corruption may be conſidered as the greateſt in literary compoſition, ſo it is moſt certainly the greateſt in morals.

When what is trifling is only regarded, there never can be any ſplendid exertions of genius, there never can be any real greatneſs of character. All ſublime and manly efforts will be at an end; all noble exertions in the field, and all genuine eloquence in the ſenate, will be extinguiſhed. Our battles will be bloodleſs, and in our ſpeeches prettineſs will be preferred to ſimplicity and force. 'Tis the leading object, in a late ſeries of Letters on Education, to repreſent the manner of doing a thing as preferable to the thing itſelf; to point out the frivolous and exterior accompliſhments, the *graces*, as a ſurer road to advancement, than truth, integrity, or a ſpirit of independence, than the poſſeſſion of the greateſt knowledge, or the exertion of the moſt illuſtrious talents.

N° 50. SATURDAY, *January* 14, 1786.

"TRAGEDY (according to the ancient definition quoted in a former paper) purges the paſſions by exciting them." *Comedy* wiſhes to purge vices and follies by Ridicule. In a corrupt age, reaſon is ſo weak as to be obliged to call in ſuch allies to her aſſiſtance: let her beware that they do not, like the *Saxon* auxiliaries of our anceſtors, uſurp the government which they were called to defend.

In the earlieſt periods of life, ridicule is naturally employed againſt reaſon and propriety.—— The child who obeys its mother, who is afraid of its governeſs, who will not be concerned in little plots to deceive both, is laughed at by its bolder and leſs ſcrupulous companions. At every age, reaſon and duty are grave and ſerious things, in which ridicule finds a contraſt that renders her attack more eaſy, and her ſallies more poignant.

The refinement of poliſhed times, as was obſerved in the foregoing Number, does not allow them to find amuſement in that groſs ridicule which provokes the laughter of a ruder people.

But from this very source their subjects of Comedy are often of a dangerous kind. They trench upon sacred ground; I mean not as to religion, but in morals; they paint those nicer shades of ridicule which are of an equivocal sort between virtue and vice, and often give the spectator leave to laugh, according to his own humour, either at the first or the latter.

In the *Ecole des Femmes*, (and I shall hardly, be reckoned unfair when I make the reference to *Moliere*,) most of the maxims which *Arnolphe* makes *Agnes* read, are really good moral precepts, which a prudent wife would do well to follow, for her own sake as well as her husband's. There is just as much prudery and suspicion thrown into them, as to allow those who would wish to be less guarded than a good wife ought to be, to hold them in derision.

The *George Dandin* of the same author has been already criticised in this moral view by a very able writer. But he has not attended, say its defenders, to the proper moral of the piece; which is to correct a very common sort of weakness as well as of injustice, in old men of low birth and great wealth, who purchase alliance with decayed nobility, and are vain enough to imagine, that a wife, bought from her necessities, or from the necessities of her family, is to love and respect the husband who has purchased

her. But besides that this corrective is applied to the party who may be the weakest, but is certainly the least wicked of the two, such examples, conveyed through the medium of Comedy, are always more readily applied to those whom they may mislead, than to those whom they may reform. The images which Comedy presents, and the ridicule it excites, being almost always exaggerated, their resemblance to real life is only acknowledged by those whose weaknesses they flatter, whose passions they excuse. They who use the example of the scene for an apology, can easily twist it into that form; they who wish to escape its correction, easily discover the difference between the scenic situation and theirs. The *George Dandin*, and the *Cocu Imaginaire* of real life, neither meet with *Lubins* nor *Pictures* to abuse them; but the girl who thinks herself entitled to be the *Angelique* of the piece, will find no difficulty in discovering her good man to be a *Dandin;* she who wishes her husband to be blind, will never forget the prudent advice of *Sganarelle;*

"Quand vous verriez tout, ne croyez jamais rien."

Harpagon is held up to detestation by Moliere, for the correction of the old, the avaricious, the usurer, whom the world proscribes, whom his children must hate for his criminal parsimony. Alas!

Alas! misers and usurers neither read nor see comedies; but the young and the thoughtless are taught to call prudence and œconomy covetousness and avarice, to be dissipated and extravagant out of pure virtue.

In the *Cheats of Scapin*, the audience is always on the side of the rogue against the poor deluded and abused old man. It is so in all comic scenes of the kind, from the slaves of Terence down to the valets of *Moliere* and *Regnard*. Ask any wise and discreet mother of a family, if she would allow her children to associate with the parti-coloured gentlemen below stairs; she will tell you that it is of all things what she is at pains to avoid; because in their society her children would learn low manners, habits of cunning, of trick, and of falsehood. Yet you bring them into such company in the Comedies of the virtuous Moliere, where, if the valets are more clever and witty than those of ordinary life, they are only the more expert and agreeable rogues. We do not bring them into such society, you say; we only exhibit it to their view. But you shew them people of equal rank with themselves mixed with that society, profiting by those rogueries, applauding the invention which gives them birth. If the drama is to have any effect at all, its operation in this case must be unfavourable to truth and to virtue.

In

In Tragedy, this effect does not require exhibition to give it force; on the contrary, it is perhaps in the reading that it faſtens moſt ſtrongly on young and ſuſceptible minds. The ſofter feelings, to which it addreſſes itſelf, are more acceſſible in ſolitude and ſilence than in ſociety. It is otherwiſe with Comedy, ridicule operating more powerfully in company and in a crowd. There is beſides no hero of a player equal to the hero of a Tragedy; but the handſome figure, the ſhewy garb, the aſſured countenance, the unembarraſſed addreſs, the eaſy negligence, of many a comedian, is fully equal to the character he is to repreſent. The fine gentleman of real life is a ſort of comic actor. When we conſider how much imitation, how much art, how much affectation, go to make up his part, we ſhall not wonder, if even thoſe who have often ſeen ſuch exhibitions, ſhould ſometimes miſtake the player who perſonates for the character perſonated; but the young and the unexperienced naturally transfer the brilliancy of the character to his mimic repreſentative. This gives a double force to the dialogue of the piece, and affords, in the perſon of a pretty fellow of a player, a very winning apology for whatever is exceptionable in the character he performs.

In the obſervations I formerly made on the moral effects of Tragedy, I took notice of the con-

consequences resulting from the almost uniform introduction of love, as the ruling motive of tragic action. To this objection Comedy is equally liable; but there is an additional circumstance in which it is still more objectionable than the other department of the drama. As love is the principal action, marriage is the constant end of Comedy. But the marriage of Comedy is generally of that sort which holds forth the worst example to the young; not an union the result of tried attachment, of sober preference, sanctified by virtue and by prudence. These are the matches which Comedy ridicules. Her marriages are the frolics of the moment, made on the acquaintance of a day, or of some casual encounter. In many comedies, amidst the difficulties of accomplishing the marriage on which the intrigue of the piece turns, and in the course of which its incidents are displayed, the restraints of parents and guardians are introduced only to be despised and outwitted; age, wisdom, experience, every thing which a well-educated young person should respect and venerate, is made a jest of; pertness, impudence, falsehood, and dishonesty, triumph and laugh; the audience triumphs and laughs along with them; and it is not till within a few sentences of the conclusion, that the voice of morality is uttered, not heard. The interest of the play is then over, the company is arranging its departure;

departure; and if any one liſtens, 'tis but to obſerve how dull and common-place theſe reflections are. Virtue is thus doubly degraded, both when ſhe ſpeaks and when ſhe is ſilent.

The purity of the Britiſh Comedy, in modern times, has been often contraſted with the drama of our forefathers, in thoſe days of licentiouſneſs and immorality when Wycherly and Congreve wrote for the rakes and libertines of a profligate court. I forbear to cite in contradiction to this, the ribaldry with which for ſome time paſt, our ſtage has been infeſted, in the form of *Comic Operas* and *Burlettas*, by which the laugh and the applauſe of *Sadler's Wells* and *Bartholomew Fair* have been drawn from the audiences of Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane. But I muſt obſerve, that in this comparative eſtimate no account has been taken of a kind of licentiouſneſs in which ſome of our lateſt comedies have indulged, ſtill more dangerous than the indelicacy of the laſt century: thoſe ſometimes violated decency, but theſe attack principle; thoſe might put modeſty to the bluſh, or contaminate the purity of innocence: but theſe ſhake the very foundations of morality, and would harden the mind againſt the ſenſe of virtue.

It is ſomewhat remarkable, that the French ſtage, formerly ſo proud of its *bienſeance*, ſhould have, nearly at the ſame period with that of England,

land, assumed the like pernicious licentiousness. *Figaro*, though a less witty, is as immoral a play as the *School for Scandal*.

Dramas of this pernicious sort arose upon the fashionable ridicule against what was called *Sentimental Comedy*, which it had become customary to decry, as subverting the very intention of that department of the stage, and usurping a name, from which the gravity of its precepts, and the seriousness of its incidents should have excluded it. This judgment, however, seems to be founded neither on the critical definition of Comedy, nor on the practice of its writers in those periods when it had attained its highest reputation. *Menander* and *Terence* wrote Comedies of Sentiment; nor does it seem easy to represent even follies naturally, without sometimes bringing before us the serious evils which they may produce, and the reflections which arise on their consequences.—Morality may no doubt be trite, and sentiment dull, in the hands of authors of little genius; but profligacy and libertinism will as often be silly as wicked, though, in the impudence with which they unfold themselves, there is frequently an air of smartness which passes for wit, and of assurance which looks like vivacity. The counterfeits, however, are not always detected at that time of life which is less afraid of being thought dissipated than dull, and by that rank which holds regularity

rity and ſobriety among the plebeian virtues. The people, indeed, are always true to virtue, and open to the impreſſions of virtuous ſentiment. With the people, the comedies in which theſe are developed ſtill remain favourites; and Corruption muſt have ſtretched its empire far indeed, when the applauſes ſhall ceaſe with which they are received.

V

N° 51. SATURDAY, *January* 21, 1786.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

I WAS much pleaſed with one of your late papers, publiſhed on the laſt day of laſt year, in which you ſuggeſted ſeveral uſes that might be made of a recollection of paſt events and of a proper conſideration of the power of *Time*.

The neglect of the improvement of Time is an evil of which every moraliſt has complained, on which therefore it were preſumption in me to attempt to enlarge. But without repeating what has been ſo often and ſo well ſaid on its waſte or its abuſe, permit me to take notice of that forgetfulneſs of its progreſs, which affects the conduct and deportment of ſo many in the different relations of life. In matters of ſerious concern, we cannot violate the rights of Time without rendering ourſelves unhappy; in objects of ſmaller importance, we cannot withdraw from its juriſdiction without making ourſelves ridiculous. Its progreſs, however, is unfortunately very apt to be unnoticed by ourſelves, to whom its daily motion

tion is gradual and imperceptible; but by others it will hardly fail to be marked, and they will expect a behaviour suitable to the character it should stamp upon us.

How often do the old forget the period at which they are arrived, and keep up a behaviour suitable, or perhaps only excusable in that which they have long ago passed? We see every day sexagenary beaux, and grey-haired rakes, who mix with the gay and the dissipated of the present time, and pride themselves on the want of that thought and seriousness which years alone, if not wisdom, should have taught them. This is the pitiful ambition of the weak and the profligate, who, unable to attain the respect due to virtue, or the credit of usefulness, wish to shew the vigour of their minds, and the soundness of their constitutions, at a late period of life, by supporting a character of folly or licentiousness. But they should be told, that they generally fail in their object, contemptible as it is; the world only allows them credit for an attempt at follies, for an affectation of vice. "What a fine wicked old dog your father is!" said a young fellow, in my hearing, at the door of a tavern, a few nights ago. "Why, yes," replied his companion, with a tone of *sang froid*, "he would if he could."

In the other sex, I confess I feel myself more inclined to make allowance for those rebels against Time,

Time, who wish to extend the period of youth beyond its natural duration. The empire of beauty is a distinction so flattering, and its resignation makes so mortifying a change in the state of its possessor, that I am not much surprised if she who has once enjoyed it, tries every art to prolong her reign. This indulgence, however, is only due to those who have no other part to perform, no other character to support. She who is a wife or a mother, has other objects to which her attention may be turned, from which her respectability may be drawn. I cannot therefore easily pardon those whom we see at public places, the rivals of their daughters, with the airy gait, the flaunting dress, and the playful giggle of fifteen. As to those elderly ladies who continue to haunt the scenes of their early amusements, who sometimes exhibit themselves there in all the gay colours of youth and fashion, like those unnatural fruit-trees that blossom in December, I am disposed rather to pity than to blame them. In thus attending the triumphs of beauty, they may be of the same use with the monitor who followed the Roman heroes in their triumphal processions, to put them in mind, amidst the shouts of the people, and the parade of conquest, that, for all their glory, they were still but men.

But the progress of time is as often anticipated as it is forgotten, and youth usurps the privileges of

of age, as frequently as age would retain the privileges of youth. At no period, perhaps, was this prematurity of behaviour more conſpicuous than at preſent. We have boys diſcourſing politics, arguing metaphyſics, and ſupporting infidelity, at an age little beyond that when they uſed to be playing at taw and leap-frog. Nor are theſe the moſt hurtful of their pretenſions. In vice, as in ſelf-importance, they contrive to get beyond "the ignorant preſent time;" and, at the years of boyiſhneſs, to be perfect men in licentiouſneſs and debauchery. It is much the ſame with the young people of the female world. Girls, who formerly uſed to be found in the nurſery, are now brought forward to all the prerogatives of womanhood. To figure at public places, to be gallanted at public walks, to laugh and talk loud at both, to have all the airs, and all the eaſe of a fine lady are now the acquirements of miſſes who, in my younger days, Mr. Lounger, were working their ſamplers, learning white ſeam, or were allowed to ſpoil a mince-pie, by way of an exerciſe in paſtry: and it is no uncommon thing, now-a-days, to ſee in the corner of a ball-room at midnight, leaning on the arm of her partner, and now and then anſwering ſome of his ſpeeches with a rap of her fan, the ſame ungrown girl, who, not a great many years ago, would have curtſey'd to the company, kiſſed Papa and

and Mamma, and gone to bed ſupperleſs between eight and nine in the evening. In both ſexes, the "ingenuus pudor," the becoming modeſty and reſerve, which were formerly the moſt pleaſing characteriſtics of youth, ſeem now to be exploded: they have forgot to bluſh; and the preſent rule of manners, is ſuch, that their parents do not bluſh for them. I confeſs, Sir, it is not without ſome indignation that I frequently ſee fathers and mothers ſmiling with complacency and pride on their children, for ſaying and doing things for which, in my time, they would have been turned out of the room.—But I am an old man, apt, perhaps, to complain and be peeviſh. That I may not incur the other charge of the poet, the garrulity of age, I beg leave to conclude, by aſſuring you that I am, Sir, your admirer and humble ſervant,

SENEX.

After the ſeverity of *Senex*'s reprehenſion of the preſent times, on which he certainly has not looked with a favourable eye, it may be a relief to my readers, to read a letter of a lighter ſort, received from another correſpondent, from whom the ſame paper to which *Senex* refers has drawn the following propoſal.

To

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

I HAD the honour of reading your paper for the *New-Year*, ſetting forth the natural reflections to which that returning period ſhould give riſe, and the moral uſes of the recollection of paſt events. I am one, Sir, not much given to ſerious reflections, yet I acknowledge the uſe of remembrance, provided it does not go back an unreaſonable time, and takes in only a certain ſet of events. I have long been an attendant and admirer of the faſhionable world; and do not indeed think it worth my while to carry my philoſophy down to the lower orders of the people. Of the faſhionable world, I preſume I need not inform you, Sir, that the New-year does not begin at the 1ſt of January; it uſed to be computed from the 18th; but this year, from ſome particular incidents, it is not, I believe, intended that it ſhould begin ſo early. About the beginning of February, people will think of dating the commencement of the New-year, and may perhaps indulge the propenſity you ſuppoſe, to recollect the events of the old. Of this, perſons of faſhion

have the greater need, that their years ſuffer an interruption unknown to the natural; they exiſt merely, in a ſtate of oblivion, in the country, for five or ſix months of ſummer and autumn, and may therefore be very well ſuppoſed to forget the tranſactions of the laſt year, which ended ſo long a while before the preſent began. I would propoſe, Sir, to help their memories by a ſort of moral *Memorandum-book*, which, I doubt not, as you are a philoſopher and moraliſt, will meet with your approbation. My memorandum-book, however, will conſiſt chiefly of things which they muſt remember to forget. I ſubjoin a few of the propoſed *Memoranda*, by which you may judge of the utility of the whole.

In the firſt place, then, people of faſhion will pleaſe to

—— forget *Nature* as much as poſſible.

Such of them as have not had the advantage of keeping in practice the rules of a polite education, during the ſummer months, at ſome of the watering-places, will have been apt to let the ruſticity of nature creep upon them. They may have learned ſeveral bad habits, which they muſt now by all means forget; ſuch as, laughing at a merry, or crying at a moving tale; being themſelves happy with happineſs, or ſad with ſorrow; being pleaſed with the attentions of others, or pleaſing others

others by their attentions; in short, a great many *sincerities* which might do well enough in the country, but which, like other natural productions, the winter always kills, among people of fashion, in a town.

They will, secondly, remember to

—— forget their Country-acquaintance.

They may have received or bestowed many rural civilities, which it would be very improper to recollect here, and may meet with bows and curtesies from very odd or very good sort of people (for the terms are nearly synonymous), which they are to return only with a broad stare of surprise at the freedom used with them. If they have been so rusticated as not to find courage for that, the thing may be accomplished by *forgetting* their *eye-sight*; for which purpose they may resume their opera-glasses, which it is probable have lain quietly in their drawers since their departure from town.

It is a memorandum similar to the above, to put them in mind that married persons of both sexes are to

—— forget their Husbands, Wives, and Children.

There is a manifest indecorum, or rather perhaps indecency, in the remembrance of such

connections, of which no truly polite person will ever be guilty.

A direction somewhat akin to this is that of

——forgetting their Fortunes,

of which the remembrance, when it interferes with the demands of pleasure, or of gaiety, is one of the most vulgar and mechanical things in the world. It will, at any rate, be time enough to indulge it at the end of the season, when they may possibly be put in mind of it by other people. As they are, indeed, uniformly to shun all plebeian qualities, it is indispensable for them to

—— forget their Modesty.

A proper confidence in ourselves is one of the truest marks of having lived among persons of condition. Neither knowledge, genius, valour, nor virtue can bestow it; 'tis so purely the gift of fashion and fashionable society, that the want of it is an absolute disqualification for the privileges which attend them.

Under this head of mental endowments, I may suggest the propriety of

—— forgetting their Religion.

It is possible that in the country they may have given way to some vulgar prejudices, which it were highly improper to retain in town. It may not

not be amiſs, however, to inform them, in this place, what they might otherwiſe have ſcrupled to believe, that the Church has of late become a place of faſhionable reſort in Edinburgh; and, what is ſtill more odd, that fine people actually attend to the ſermon. The eloquence of ſome of our preachers, like the dagger of *Macbeth*, has "murder'd ſleep" there; for which reaſon, it will not be ſo convenient as formerly, to go thither after a late ſupper, or a long party at whiſt, the night before.

In point of external qualities, the ladies are to

—— forget their Complexions.

In the morning they are to be much paler, and in the evening much more blooming than they were in the country. If other people remember them from the one period to the other, there is no help for it;—as things go now, it does not much ſignify. *Very fine* ladies may ſometimes forget to dreſs at all; it will ſhow eaſe, and a certain contempt for their company, to which people of high faſhion are entitled.

On the ſubject of Dreſs, I may add, by way of caution, that the ladies would do well

—— not to forget themſelves.

I don't mean this in the common acceptation of the phraſe, which it may be ſometimes very proper and convenient to do. What I mean is ſim-

ply to put them in mind, that a lady in town, in the modern dreſs, takes up ſo much more room than ſhe does in the country, that very ſerious conſequences might enſue from her not attending to the ſpace which ſhe neceſſarily occupies. An acquaintance of mine, who is ſomewhat of an antiquarian, obſerved to me, what an opinion our great-grandchildren might be led to form of the ſize of the ladies' heads towards the cloſe of the 18th century, if any of the faſhionable *Hats* ſhould happen to be preſerved in the cabinets of the curious. But, in reply, I deſired him to take notice, that they would be ſet right as to the dimenſions of the race by examining the *Walking-ſticks* of the men, which are juſt as much below the medium ſtandard, as the hats of the other ſex are beyond it. By the Hats they might conjecture us to be bred of *Patagonians*; by the Sticks, they would conclude us to be a generation of *Laplanders*.

But I find I am wandering from my ſubject. I muſt put myſelf in mind, that it is time to conclude this haſty ſcrawl, by having the honour to ſubſcribe myſelf, with all poſſible conſideration and reſpect, SIR,

Your moſt obedient and
moſt devoted humble Servant,
MEMORY MODISH.

N° 52. SATURDAY, *Jan.* 28, 1786.

On peut ebaucher un portrait en peu des mots; mais le detailler exactement, c'eſt un ouvrage ſans fin.

MARIVAUX.

"MOST women have no characters at all." So ſays a poet of great good ſenſe, and of much obſervation on human character. I own, however, that I am not very willing to acknowledge the truth of the propoſition. I admit that there is a certain fameneſs in the ſituation of our women, which is apt to give a ſimilarity to their manner and turn of mind; but I am perſuaded there is a foundation of diverſity in the characters of women as ſtrong as in thoſe of men. The features of the firſt, indeed, are more delicate, leſs ſtrongly marked, and on that account more difficult to be diſtinguiſhed; but ſtill the difference equally exiſts. In their faces, the features of men are ſtronger than thoſe of women; but the difference of one woman's face from another is not therefore the leſs real. So it is, in my opinion, with their minds.

I have been lately more than ever disposed to deny the truth of Mr. *Pope*'s observation, from an acquaintance with two ladies, who, in situations nearly alike, without that difference which vicissitudes of fortune, or uncommon incidents in life, might produce, are in character perfectly dissimilar. I never indeed knew two characters more pointedly different than those of Mrs. *Williams* and Mrs. *Hambden*. Mrs. *Williams* is a woman of plain good sense, and of great justness of conduct. She was early married to a man of good understanding, and in a respectable situation of life. He married her, because he wished for a wife who could be a useful as well as an agreeable companion to him, and would make a good mother to his children. She married him, because she thought him a worthy man, with whom she could be happy. Neither the husband nor the wife are remarkable for taste or refinement; but they have both such a stock of sense, as prevents their ever falling into any impropriety. Mrs. Williams conducts the affairs of her family with the greatest regularity and exactness; and she never feels herself above giving attention to any particular of domestic œconomy. The education of her sons she leaves almost entirely to her husband; that of the daughters she considers as peculiarly belonging to her. Believing the great truths, and attentive to the great doctrines of

of religion, she never troubled herself with its intricacies; and following, in morality, the plain path of right, she never speculated on points of delicate embarrassment. To her daughters, in like manner, she never taught mystery in religion, nor casuistry in morals; but she instills into them the most obvious and useful principles in both. She allows them to mix with the world to a certain degree, and to associate with companions of their own age and rank; but she guards against every thing which might give them a romantic turn. Having little imagination herself, she removes from her daughters every thing by which theirs might be warmed: novels that melt, and dramas that agitate the mind, she is at pains to prevent their getting a taste for. Even a relish for music she seems to wish to discourage.

Mrs. Williams is in every thing candour itself. Indeed, she never feels any thing which she would wish to conceal. Her good sense makes her always fix on her plan of conduct with firmness; and as she is not perplexed with any difficulties, nor encumbered with any doubts about its being right, she always takes the direct road to accomplish the end she has in view. Upon the whole, Mrs. Williams is more respectable than many who seem formed to command more respect, and happier than many who seem to have more avenues for happiness.

Mrs. *Hambden* poſſeſſes a mind of a much ſuperior order to that of Mrs. Williams. She is, indeed, one of the moſt accompliſhed women I ever knew. With an uncommon portion of acuteneſs and diſcernment, ſhe poſſeſſes the higheſt degree of taſte and refinement. Her converſation is ever animated, and ever improving; and a delicate ſenſe of virtue, as well as a warmth of ſenſibility, which runs through every thing ſhe ſays, creates an attachment to her, and gives to her diſcourſe (to uſe an expreſſion of Sir *William Temple*'s) that *race*, without which, diſcourſe as well as wine is inſipid. Intimately acquainted with human nature, ſhe poſſeſſes the quickeſt diſcernment and the trueſt knowledge of every character that comes within her obſervation; and yet, from a native generoſity of mind, ſhe is ever willing to make allowance for the weakneſſes or follies of others. With ſuch accompliſhments, and ſo much worth, it is natural to ſuppoſe that Mrs. Hambden will exhibit, in every part of her conduct, a pattern of perfection; and yet, from the very poſſeſſion of thoſe endowments, ſhe ſeems to fail in thoſe parts of conduct in which Mrs. Williams, with much inferior talents and accompliſhments, appears to ſucceed. Mrs. Hambden's ſuperior acuteneſs and penetration, far from enabling her to fix upon a certain, ſteady, uniform line of conduct, frequently produce only doubt, uncer-

uncertainty, and hesitation. To whichever side she turns, she sees difficulties; difficulties which her discernment enables her to perceive, and her imagination tends to magnify. When resolved, she is but half-resolved; she begins to doubt that she has determined wrong; thinks of varying her plan, and becomes more and more uncertain how to proceed. Even after she is completely fixed as to the object, she wavers as to the means of obtaining it, and obstacles are constantly starting up in her idea which she knows not how to surmount. This not only produces a vacillancy in her conduct, but at times gives her the appearance of a want of fairness; she wishes to disguise her own perplexity to herself, and this leads her to assume somewhat of disguise to others. Uncertain of the justness and expediency of her own conduct, afraid of the light in which it may appear, she but half communicates resolutions of which she doubts the propriety, and half conceals intentions which she is afraid to fulfil.

Mrs. Hambden was left, not long after her marriage, a widow, with one son and one daughter, and, since her husband's death, her whole care has centered in these children. From her anxiety with regard to her son, she has taken the management of his education upon herself. From her eager wish to conduct him in the paths of virtue, and to secure him from the snares of vice,

ſhe has kept him almoſt conſtantly under her own eye; ſhe has prevented him from going to a public ſchool, and has hardly allowed him any companions. The boy is now about fifteen, with wonderful learning and knowledge for his years, and poſſeſſed of the fineſt and moſt amiable diſpoſitions; but, from his mode of education, he is awkward, timid, and perfectly ignorant of the world. With the world however he muſt ſoon mix; and what change this may produce in his character is uncertain. It is much to be feared, that that very purity and refinement of mind, of which he is poſſeſſed, and which certainly has been preſerved by his ſeclusion from the world, may produce very fatal conſequences to him on his entrance into life. If he retains this extreme purity and refinement untainted, there is danger leſt he become diſguſted with and unfit for a world, many of the maxims and practices of which he will find very different from the leſſons he has received from too fond a mother. But the danger is ſtill greater that his purity and refinement may leave him; being introduced into the world, not gradually, but all at once; not being taught by degrees to ſtruggle with and reſiſt the corruptions around him, he may fall into the very oppoſite extreme from that in which he has been led, and deſert, from the refinement and ſeverity of virtue, to the groſſneſs and licentiouſneſs of vice.

vice. He will meet with vice in colours that often dazzle rather than ſhock inexperience like his, and his weakneſs may ſometimes yield where his inclination may not be ſeduced. The boldneſs of confident folly may overthrow his wiſeſt reſolutions, and the laugh of ſhallow ridicule triumph over his beſt-founded principles.

Mrs. Hambden's daughter is at this moment the moſt amiable girl I ever knew. Here I am at a loſs whether to find fault with the education her mother has given her or not: Mrs. Hambden's object has been to beſtow upon her every accompliſhment which can adorn the female character: muſic and drawing, the French and Italian languages, ſhe is miſtreſs of; her reading is extenſive, her taſte exquiſite, her judgment delicate: and yet, I confeſs, I am not leſs afraid than I am intereſted about this girl's fate. Her ſoul is too refined for the common, but uſeful and neceſſary departments in life; and that imagination which ſhe has enlivened and cultivated, may be to her the ſource of infinite diſtreſs.—While her mother lives, even her ſupport may not always protect her daughter, nor inſure that peace of mind, which feeling may betray, or fancy miſlead. But what a change in her ſituation muſt that parent's death produce! If ſhe remains unmarried, I fear ſhe will be little able to ſtruggle with the harſh difficulties of a ſingle ſtate; for

for reading and refinement, far from enabling the female mind to grapple with its ſituation, have rather a tendency to ſoften and enfeeble it. Should ſhe marry, and I am perſuaded ſhe never will, unleſs ſhe finds a man whom ſhe thinks worthy of her moſt ardent affection, in that ſtate alſo ſhe is not leſs expoſed to unhappineſs. Even ſuppoſing ſhe ſhould meet with a huſband (and there are few ſuch) every way worthy of her, it is to be feared that her extreme delicacy may give her many uneaſineſſes, and create an anxiety which it will not be eaſy to cure. If from that ignorance of the characters of the men, to which every woman is expoſed, ſhe ſhould be unlucky in her choice, her danger is dreadful.

But I have wandered ſomewhat from my purpoſe, which was to illuſtrate the difference between the two ladies in queſtion; and to ſhew, againſt the too deciſive apophthegm of the Poet, the poſſible diſcrimination of female character. Yet, in tracing thoſe different perſons through the different plans of education for their children, I am not ſure if I have not ſtumbled upon ſomething intimately as well as uſefully connected with my ſubject. If there are very diſtinguiſhing features in female as well as in male characters, it is for mothers to mark their features, to watch betimes their different propenſities. Education can do much to confirm goodneſs, to cor-

rect depravity of temper and of diſpoſition: and in characters more common than either of thoſe extremes, education can give exertion to indolence, refinement to inſenſibility, ſtrength to the weak, and ſupport to the too ſuſceptible mind,—can call forth talents into uſefulneſs, and beſtow happineſs upon virtue.

N° 53. SATURDAY, *Feb.* 4, 1786.

Minima contentos nocte Britannos. JUV.

IN a late paper, I laid before my readers a letter from a correſpondent, ſubſcribing himſelf *Senex*, on the little attention which is now-a-days paid to the rights and juriſdiction of Time. Since the publication of that paper, I received the following application from a perſonage who claims my attention and regard, by deſiring me to obſerve, that ſhe is ſtill older than Senex, and has had more opportunities of witneſſing that corruption of modern manners, of which he ſo warmly complains.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF NIGHT

Sheweth,

THAT from the remoteſt antiquity your Petitioner was acknowledged and underſtood to have right to the undiſturbed poſſeſſion of ſilence and

and quiet, and, in company with her relation *Darkneſs*, was inveſted with the power of ſtaying the works and labours of men, and of conſigning them to the dominion of your Petitioner's ancient and approved ally *Sleep*. Sleep in his turn yielded them to the renewed power of *Day*, to whom was committed the charge of their active employments. That this regular diſtribution of Time was agreeable to the laws of Nature, and highly conducive to the intereſts of ſociety and the welfare of individuals.

That, this notwithſtanding, your Petitioner has to complain, that for a conſiderable time paſt, in civilized and polite nations, there have been many violent and unjuſt inroads made into that province, which, in the order of nature, has been aſſigned her. That in the metropolis of the Britiſh empire, in particular, the diſtinguiſhing privileges above ſet forth, to which the Petitioner conceives herſelf well intitled, have been violenly infringed, inſomuch that the hours over which ſhe and her aſſociates above named ought to have had command and control, have been almoſt entirely appropriated to action, buſtle, and diſquiet, to the great diſturbance of your ſaid Petitioner and her friends before mentioned.

That certain perſons, aſſuming to themſelves the ſtyle and title of Men of Pleaſure, had long ſince a licence of acting in their ſeveral occupations

tions in defpite of your Petitioner's excluſive privileges herein before recited; and being confederated with the powers of Wine, Play, and other diſorderly aſſociates, had made forcible entries into the territories of your Petitioner, and ſubjected her faithful vaſſals to much vexation and annoyance. But as thoſe men of pleaſure were in ſome ſort acknowledged to be independent of Reaſon and Nature, from whom your Petitioner holds in fief, ſhe was contented to paſs over their enormities for the preſent; being aſſured, from very great and reſpectable authority, that moſt of thoſe perſons would, at a future period, be particularly conſigned to her power and dominion.

But of late your Petitioner has obſerved, with the greateſt alarm, that perſons of buſineſs, and even thoſe from whoſe high ſanction ſuch irregular proceedings will be moſt apt to come into example and precedent, have made very unwarrantable encroachments on her moſt acknowledged and determinate boundaries. Such perſons, in order to conceal the injuries done by them to your Petitioner, have added the crime of falſehood and forgery to their other offences; and have marked their proceedings, as if carried on under the ſanction of Day, with the Latin words, "Die Martis,"—"Die Jovis,"—and ſo forth; though it is an undoubted fact, and can be proved by the moſt indiſputable authority, that

theſe

theſe were tranſacted within the juriſdiction and precincts of your Petitioner. Some of the perſons, indeed, chiefly and principally concerned in ſuch tranſactions, were frequently obſerved to have in ſome ſort allowed the authority of your Petitioner, by ſubmitting to the control and dominion of Sleep, her well-known and faithful aſſociate above mentioned.

That your Petitioner, amidſt all thoſe injuries which ſhe ſuffered, had yet the conſolation of thinking that they were chiefly confined to the city of London and liberties of Weſtminſter; but that in the country, and the metropolis of this ancient kingdom of Scotland, her proper and juſt rights were more acknowledged and attended to; and that there, aſſociations both of buſineſs and amuſement generally preſerved a certain degree of reſpect for her dominion, and did not wantonly and violently encroach upon her boundaries. But within theſe few years ſhe has ſeen, with equal ſurpriſe and regret, a remarkable alteration in this matter; and that in particular the laſt mentioned perſons, the partiſans and followers of amuſement in this city, never begin their courſe of action till that period arrives, which, by the original charter of your Petitioner, was granted to her and her fellow proprietors herein before particularly enumerated.

That

That your Petitioner is not hardy enough to imagine, that ſhe can prevail on thoſe perſons to relinquiſh the encroachments herein complained of. She is willing, therefore, for the ſake of peace, to which ſhe has always had a ſtrong propenſity, to give up ſuch a portion of her territory and domain, as to accommodate them in their avocations and employments, provided ſhe ſhall be aſcertained in certain limits, to be henceforward obſerved without infringement; and ſhe ſubmits to you, on behalf of herſelf and her ſiſter *Day*, the under-written propoſitions on the ſubject. They contain a new Table of Time, to be obſerved by the polite and faſhionable claſſes only, reſerving to the good folks in the country, and the lower orders of mankind, their ancient and accuſtomed reckoning.

It is propoſed then,

1ſt, That the year in Edinburgh ſhall commence from the 18th day of January, and ſhall end and determine the 18th of April. The leſſer diviſions of time, called months and weeks, to be nowiſe affected or affectable by ſuch abridged computation of the year or ſeaſon; except that, among the higher ranks and orders of the people, for whom this new computation is intended, the ſpace commonly known by the title of *Honey-Moon*, ſhall be ſhortened in proportion to the comparative durations of this newly-computed

puted year, and of that formerly eſtabliſhed and obſerved.

2*d*, That the day ſhall begin at the hour of two in what is now called the Afternoon, and end at ſix in what is vulgarly called the Morning; the ſpace between the latter hour and the former to appertain and belong to your Petitioner.

3*d*, Day agrees to cede to your Petitioner the Sun, and its various appendages; your Petitioner, on her part, guarantees to her ſiſter Day the Moon, with all its properties and appurtenances whatſoever.

4*th*, Day agrees, that notwithſtanding the ceſſion contained in the immediately preceding article, your Petitioner may continue her amneſty to all thoſe little irregularities which were formerly covered by her ſhade, and which ſhe may in this period now ſettled happen to witneſs; becauſe the faſhionable circle, to which only this new kalendar applies, is above being aſhamed of ſuch practices, and can let the Sun look on them without bluſhing.

5*th*, During the period of this newly-ſettled year, which is too ſhort to allow any interruption in its courſe, your Petitioner's ally Reſt gives up her ancient claim to every ſeventh day: on which ſeventh day, therefore, every faſhionable employment, buſineſs, or diverſion, may be carried on as uſual; any ſuch ancient, claim, law,

or

or commandment, in any wife notwithſtanding: Proviſo, That ſuch conceſſion ſhall not bar people from ſleeping in church on that day.

Your Petitioner humbly requeſts, That you will be pleaſed to take the premiſes into your conſideration; and, on behalf of her and her ſiſter Day, accede to the propoſals above ſet forth, as well as publiſh them for the conſent and concurrence of the polite world in this part of the kingdom.

NIGHT.

Z

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

THOUGH I hate writing, yet I am ſo very unhappy, that I am at laſt reſolved to apply to you. Indeed I have no other means of relief; for telling my diſtreſſes to any body that knows me, would be worſe than death itſelf. I muſt give you all my hiſtory, or you can have no idea of my misfortunes. I was eldeſt daughter to a gentleman of 700*l.* a year, who had four ſons and

two

two daughters. My sister and I were remarkably well educated; besides being three years at a boarding-school, we had a governess at home who had once been in France, and who understood thorough-bass perfectly. We had an excellent drawing-master, and were nine years at the dancing-school. Though nobody of taste thought the youngest near so handsome as her sister, yet, good heavens! only think how lucky she was!—married to a Baronet with a fine fortune and a charming place:——To be sure he is old and very ill-tempered, and she cries sometimes, and wishes she had never seen him; but I know that must be all affectation; for she has the loveliest carriage and the smartest liveries ever you saw! But why should I think of her? for it is just thinking of her that vexes me often;—yet I once despised her.——Well, Mr. Lounger, I was once happy myself, at least much happier than I am now. We lived in town always, except a month or two in the summer, and even then I did not tire so much as you would suppose; for we visited all our neighbours, and my brothers brought out their companions, and we had dances and parties of pleasure. But when winter came, how charming it was!——To be sure one had vexations now and then. To see other people better dressed, or have better partners, or more *tonish* matrons, is horrible; but then, if one takes pains,

pains, and goes every where, they may ſoon be faſhionable. Well, I went about conſtantly, and flirted, and danced, and played and ſung, and every mortal ſaid I was ſo handſome, and ſo lively, and ſo accompliſhed, and ſo much the thing—Oh! why do people ever grow older?—Then, as for lovers, I had I don't know how many. All the ſmart men uſed to dance with me by turns, invite me to private balls, and tell me how much they adored me; and though they did not juſt aſk me to marry them, yet I thought that queſtion muſt follow; that there was no hurry, I might divert myſelf, and perhaps get a better huſband than any I had ſeen yet. It is but fair to ſay I was not the leaſt romantic. My mother warned me againſt that, and I had ſenſe enough to be convinced, that if I got a faſhionable man and a man of fortune, every thing elſe was nonſenſe. I made but one reſolution; ſince my ſiſter had married a baronet, I would have nothing lower, and perhaps inſiſt upon a peer—Good heavens! to think I have got nobody!—Now, Mr. Lounger, read what follows, and pity me: For ſome years I was the moſt contented ſoul alive; but alas! misfortunes at laſt began to come upon me. Silly baby-faced girls turned faſhionable, and were taken notice of before me. Many of my companions were married, and could talk of *their* houſe, and *their* ſervants, and *their* carriage;

riage:—the fine men turned ill-bred fools. In ſhort, I grew every day leſs comfortable, when, to add to all, my father died and left me juſt 1000*l.* Then began miſery indeed. My eldeſt brother married,—the reſt were diſperſed; my mother and I were forced to live alone: we have no carriage, no country houſe, no large parties;——was ever any creature ſo unfortunate! I find myſelf more unhappy every day. Aſſemblies are deteſtable; I may ſit there two hours before any mortal aſks me to dance; and then ſome brute of a married man ſays, If I can do no better, he'll be happy to have the honour. The play-houſe is a degree more tolerable, though the horror of thinking who will hand one out, prevents one from being diverted. In company, I ſee every body more attended to than myſelf. At home, I am miſerable. What can I do? People talk of friends; one may get plenty of them:—but unleſs they are faſhionable, what the better are you? Beſides, if one has no lovers to talk about, except to repeat ſcandal, and that one can always get, I don't ſee the uſe of them; for my part, I have tried a great many, but though we were always monſtrouſly fond at firſt, we very ſoon tired of one another.

Now, Sir, if you have the leaſt compaſſion, tell me what to do: Is there any ſcheme on earth by which I might be married? To ſay the truth, I plot for every man I ſee, but my plots never

ſucceed. If you could aſſiſt me, I would be the moſt grateful creature on earth. No matter who he is, if he is but genteel and decently rich. If I were married, I might ſoon make myſelf *toniſh*, which is all I wiſh in the world. Never talk to me of giving up the rage for being ſo, or of ſettling my mind, and amuſing myſelf with working and reading. I tell you they don't amuſe me. I have worked purſes, and painted trimmings for hours, without being the leaſt diverted. And as for reading, what can I read? Hiſtory I know perfectly; for we read an hour with the governeſs every day; and as for novels, though I get all the new ones, and they are the only books I like, yet, after all, they are a provoking ſort of reading: they always talk of youth and beauty and lovers; and the men now are ſo different from what they ſhould be, or what theſe books repreſent them, I cannot bear it. Now do, Sir, take pity on me and help me; but pray convey the advice, ſo that nobody but myſelf can profit by it: for if the multitude in the ſame ſituation were all provided for, the world would grow intolerably good-natured, and I would have none to exult over. At preſent, I cry bitterly whenever I hear of a good marriage; it would be divine to think that two hundred were doing ſo at mine.——— Farewel, my dear Sir; forgive this trouble, and believe me your ſincere friend, and I hope ſoon, grateful ſervant,

JESSAMINA.

N° 54. SATURDAY, *February* 11, 1786.

Ils ne tardent pas a obeir a cette maladie generale qui precipite toute la jeuneſſe de province vers l'abîme de corruption. TABLEAU DE PARIS.

TO the hiſtorian and the antiquary it is matter of curious inveſtigation, to trace the progreſs of expence and luxury through the different ſtages of increaſing wealth and advancing refinement in a country, and to obſerve the war which for ſome time is carried on between the reſtraining powers of grave and virtuous legiſlators, and the diſſipated inclinations of a rich and luxurious people. In this conteſt, indeed, the inequality of the parties is eaſily diſcernible, and the effects of that inequality readily foreſeen. The firſt ſumptuary law that is paſſed is the ſignal of that growing opulence which is ſoon to overturn it; and the weak barriers of ſucceſſive reſtraints and regulations are in vain oppoſed to a force, which the progreſs of time and of manners daily renders more irreſiſtible. Luxury, like a river, is harmleſs amidſt the barren mountains where it firſt begins to riſe; but in the fruitful valleys of its after-courſe, its ſize is enlarged, and

its power increaſed, in proportion to the miſchief it may cauſe; and the mounds which were oppoſed to its encroachments, only ſerve to mark the deſolation it has made.

Great cities are the natural ſtages for luxury and diſſipation of every ſort. Againſt great cities, therefore, the lawgiver ſometimes, as well as the moraliſt, has exerted his authority, and endeavoured to hinder people from crowding together, to waſte their means, and to corrupt their principles, in that circle of extravagance, of vanity, and of vice, to which a town gives ſcope and encouragement. In Scotland, at a very early period, attempts were made to control this abuſe, as it was thought, by law. More than three centuries ago, it was "ſtatute and ordained, That the Lords ſhould dwell in their caſtles and manours, and expend the fruit of their lands in the countrie where their lands lay."—And King James I. of England, when tranſplanted into the richer ſoil of our ſiſter kingdom, had not forgotten the wholeſome reſtrictions of his anceſtors. In his ſpeech in the Star-chamber, *anno* 1616, he inveighs againſt the overgrown ſize of London, which he declares was become a nuiſance to the whole kingdom. After enumerating many pernicious conſequences of which this was the cauſe, and aſcribing the evil in terms rather ungallant as well as coarſe, to the influence

influence of the Ladies*, he goes so far as to say, that he would have the new buildings pulled down, and the builders committed to prison.

In these days of liberty and enlarged ideas, the restraints of law, or the recommendations of royalty, are not employed to check abuses of that sort, which do not violate the great bonds of society, or openly disturb the good order and government of the state. The law is contented to punish public crimes; private vices and private follies it leaves to the cognizance and the censure of the preacher and the moralist, or to the lighter correction of the satirist or the comedian. These reformers are of that milder class who are satisfied if they can circumscribe, though they do not extirpate the mischief. Indeed it is to be doubted if they desire to extirpate it; or whether they do not, like good sportsmen with foxes, only wish to run down part of the game, and leave a breed, for their own amusement, behind.

* "One of the greatest causes of all gentlemen's desire that have no calling or errand to dwell in London, is apparently the pride of the women; for if they bee wives, then their husbands; and if they bee maydes, then their fathers, must bring them up to London, becausse the new fashion is to be had no where but in London, and here, if they bee unmarried, they marr their marriages; and if they bee married, they lose their reputations, and rob their husbands' purses."

Works of K. James in folio, p. 567, 568.

Of these hunters of folly and of dissipation, great cities have not failed to attract the notice, and awaken the censure. *Rome*, *Paris*, and *London*, have found *Juvenals*, *Boileaus*, and *Johnsons*, to attack them. But on this subject in general, I know nobody who has hit on a better idea for exposing them than the author of *Tristram Shandy*, who, in some passage of that eccentric and witty performance, makes one of his personages propose, that judges should be appointed at the avenues of every metropolis, where each person, when he arrives from the country, should be obliged to give an account of the business which brings him to town. Unfortunately, he has only started, without pursuing the thought; and the imagination is left to suppose the general effect of the inquiry, without being led to any particular examination of individuals.

I was mentioning this the other day to a brother Lounger of mine, whom I have for some time remarked as the humourist of his circle in the coffee-house where we occasionally meet. He catched the idea immediately; and having smiled some moments to himself as if inwardly enjoying it, "What a precious catalogue of fools," said he, "might one have had even here, if such an examination had taken place of those who resort to Edinburgh for the winter! But for this season I can in some degree supply the omission: you

you muſt know I am ſworn brother, as *Prince Hal* ſays, to ſome of the moſt intelligent waiters at one or two of the hotels here in the neigbourhood; and theſe raſcals, who are as *ſmoky* as the devil, entertain me now and then with an account of *arrivals*, as they call it, not only in their own houſes, but in thoſe around them; for they have all a hawk's eye for a poſt-chaiſe or a travelling coach, and mark thoſe who go paſt as well as thoſe who ſtop at their doors. I have actually taken down ſome memoranda of their intelligence; but I have not the pocket-book here at preſent: put me in mind, and I will ſhew it you to-morrow."—I did not fail to require the fulfilment of the promiſe; and next day my acquaintance, being in a hurry, gave me the book home with me, from which I made ſome extracts, which I ſhall take the liberty of laying before my readers, along with the notes which the gentleman ſeemed to have ſet down as a ſort of commonplace on the facts he had collected. They were entered under ſeveral leaves, on the firſt of which was this motto:

——— They run,
Some to undo, and ſome to be undone.

December 20. A coach with eight inſides, beſides two boys and their governor in the Dilly, came to town for the education of their chil-

dren;—a large family; could not afford to keep them in the country; therefore taken a houſe in town at ſixteen guineas a month, next door to *Lady Rumpus*.—The two eldeſt Miſſes went ſtraight to the milliner's over the way.—Mamma called for the Aſſembly ſubſcription-book.—Lady Rumpus had been ſo obliging as to ſet down her name; ſhe added Miſs Eliza's and Miſs Sophia's:—"They muſt not," ſhe ſaid, "be foundered in their education,"—The two young Ladies returned from Mrs. *Robertſon*'s with new *Hats* on their heads, new *Boſoms*, and new *Behinds* in a band-box.—(Note. *Verification of the cant vulgariſm about a band-box.*)—Miſs Sophia tore her hat in getting in at the parlour door.

January 2. Another family with three tall young Ladies—come to town for huſbands,—'ſquired by a gentleman in a hunting uniform on a handſome bay gelding. The houſekeeper, who came ſome time after, mounted on a pad behind one of the footmen, ſaid the gentleman on the bay gelding was an admirer of the eldeſt of the three young ladies; that they hoped it would have been a match before now, but people were ſo ſhy in the country; they would be better acquainted in town. The young gentleman's valet beſpoke a room for his maſter next door to his ſweetheart's.

In

In the afternoon, two Ladies in mourning, in an old-fashioned chariot, drove by a fat coachman in jack-boots, and attended by a plough-boy on a rat-tailed coach-horse. Humphrey called for a tankard of porter, and told all about the Ladies, in the kitchen. The young one an heiress, who has lately buried her brother, and taken possession of his estate, and is come to town to learn how to make a figure. The elder, a widow, a relation, who has been with her young kinswoman ever since her brother's death; a wise lady, who is to teach her young friend fashion and sentiment. Their carriage was stopped on the street by a drove of cattle, and one of them gored the rat-tailed horse behind. The widow scolded, and asked if they knew whose chariot it was they incommoded.

(Note. *A parallel between the widow and the grazier; but he came to town to sell his* own *cattle.*)

January 3. Two young gentlemen and a pointer in a chaise and four, splashed to the eyes. The youngest called by his companion Sir John. Sir John pulled out his watch at the door—— "Run it in an hour and seventeen minutes, damme."—Gave the post-boys a crown. His companion ordered their beds, and every thing in the house for supper. Sent the boot-ketch to

Hart's for a pair of Spaniſh boots; to *Bruce*'s for patent ſpurs, a bludgeon ſtick, a pair of buckles, and a tobacco-box. Called for a bottle of gin, a caraff of water, and a pack of cards, to take a hand at *brag* till ſupper-time.

(Note. *The young fellow in ſcarlet is at preſent a* Natural; *his companion will turn him into a* Maker.)

Same day. An elderly grave-looking gentleman, with a grey-haired ſervant in a pluſh-coat, and velvet-cap, riding after him, with a large portmanteau and a wax-cloth bag. An exciſe-officer, who was paſſing, talked of examining his baggage. John opened the portmanteau and bag, and ſhewed him what was within. Nothing but parchments and papers relating to a law-ſuit, about two roods of ground, which had laſted for ſix winter ſeſſions, between him and his neighbour Dr. *Teſty*.—A little ſquat man rode by him on a dun poney: John ſaid this was his maſter's country-lawyer, who had been of the greateſt uſe to him in his proceſs, and who indeed ſcarce did any thing elſe but attend to this gentleman's affairs.

January 5. A jolly, red-faced, middle-aged gentleman, with his ſervant in the chaiſe along with him, and a little medicine cheſt, as he called it, with ſquare bottles, and labels upon them written

written in *Dutch*. Came to town to consult about his gout; but his man told the chambermaid, he always left the country when a club broke up in a little town near him, of which he was the oldest member. John said he wished the winter were fairly over, and they were got safe out of Edinburgh again; because it was hard living in this town of ours. "In the country," said John, "we get drunk but once a-day, and are generally in bed by eleven."

January 6. In a return-chaise from the west, *Richard* III. and *Hamlet* Prince of Denmark.—Set down the Queen at the Tap-room. *Ophelia* and her three children to come by the caravan.

Mem. to the waiter, who is an old acquaintance of Richard's, to send to the waggon for the parcels: my legs and back to my own lodgings: *Falstaff*'s belly, and *Bardolph*'s nose, to *Hallion*'s.

January 8. Passed a coach with Ladies; two maid-servants, and an old butler, in a chaise behind, the gentleman and his son on horseback. Mr. —— from ——shire, gone to his own house, No. 7.—Send word to the poor widow who lost her husband last week.——

Here the journal stopped short, for that gentleman's good actions are not easily traced; but I could supply the blank, for No. 7. is the house of my excellent friend *Benevolus*. From the country, where he has encouraged industry, and

diffuſed happineſs all around him, he comes at this ſeaſon, like the ſun, to cheer and gladden the inhabitants of another hemiſphere. He comes to town to find a new ſcene for his own virtues, and to ſhew his children that world which is to profit by theirs. The ſociety which he enjoys, and into which he introduces his family, is chiefly of that ſort which is formed to inſtruct and to improve them. If ſometimes of a gayer or more thoughtleſs kind, it is however always untainted with vice and undebaſed by folly; for there are no ſocial moments, however much unbent or unreſtrained, on which a wiſe and good man does not ſtamp ſomewhat of the purity and dignity of his own nature. At *Benevolus*'s table, I have ſeen the ſame gueſts behave with the moſt perfect propriety and good manners, who but a few doors from him held a converſation and deportment equally repugnant to both. Nor does his benignity hold out leſs encouragement to the worthy, than his good ſenſe and virtue impoſe reverence on the unthinking. At his table, unaſſuming merit ſits always at her eaſe, and conſcious obligation feels perfect independence. Nobody ever cites his power or his rank, but to illuſtrate the nobleneſs of his mind; nor ſpeaks of his wealth, but as the inſtrument of his benevolence.

No 55. SATURDAY, *February* 18, 1786.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

"BUT indeed I have generally remarked, that people did ſo only becauſe they could not do better." So ſays Colonel Cauſtic of the manners of certain individuals in his own days, who ſometimes, as well as we, tranſgreſſed the bounds of ſtrict decorum, and tried to make rudeneſs paſs for raillery, or indecency for wit. I admit the fairneſs of his judgment in the caſes there ſpoken of; and I heartily wiſh they were the only inſtances where we indulge our foibles under falſe pretences, and abſurdly attempt to make a merit of our defects. But I am afraid there are few kinds of impoſition which we are more given to practiſe on the world, and even on ourſelves; and that too in particulars far more important than thoſe ſo offenſive to the Colonel, though in this I ſhould regret to be underſtood as meaning that the latter are of little moment.

I find, Sir, I am perſonally too much intereſted in this ſubject to ſpeak long of it in general terms. At the ſame time I have no intention, like

like ſome of your correſpondents, to give you a hiſtory of myſelf. Suffice it to know, that tho' by birth a gentlewoman, and educated to proſpects which I well remember were the envy of my young companions, I was long ago reduced, by the misfortunes of my family, to accept, and even to be thankful for a very humble ſtation; and have lived theſe many years as the attendant of a lady, who is indeed of the ſame blood with myſelf, but whom I now muſt needs call my ſuperior. It is with her, as a ſtriking example of the ſelf-deception mentioned, that I mean to bring you and your readers acquainted; in hope no doubt, at the ſame time, to meet with ſome ſympathy in my ſufferings under her dominion.

Not that I would repreſent my patroneſs as without her ſhare of merit neither; for good qualities ſhe certainly has. But what has marred the whole fruit and harveſt of them, this lady was born—with too *ſtrong feelings*, to uſe her phraſe for it,—or, to ſpeak my own ſenſe of the matter—with pretty violent paſſions. By proper means, employed at an early period of life, this vivacity of diſpoſition might, at leaſt to a certain degree, have been corrected. But while ſhe was a child, her parents were too fond of her to chaſtiſe her faults, or perhaps to diſcern that ſhe had any; and ſhe loſt theſe tutors before reaching the age when her behaviour to themſelves

ſelves might poſſibly have taught them the propriety of ſhowing leſs indulgence. She had beſides the misfortune, for ſuch I muſt account it, of being reckoned, when ſhe grew up, among the fineſt women of her time; a circumſtance which did not much contribute to reſtrain the ſallies of caprice, nor to engage her in the profitable but ungrateful labour of diſcovering her defects. Add to this, ſhe was introduced to the world while as yet a mere girl, and preciſely at that æra of faſhion, when, owing I believe to certain novels then recently publiſhed, and in the very height of their popularity, the ſtyle of converſation was wholly *ſentimental*; and the women univerſally vied one with another (in which they were imitated by ſome of the men) in making proof of the ſtrength and the delicacy of their *feeling*.

Miſs Nettletop was of the very frame and conſtitution to be caught with the prevailing malady. Fond of admiration to exceſs, and delighted with the generous ſyſtem that raiſed mere ſpeculative ſenſibility, of which ſhe had enough, to the very top of the liſt of virtues, ſhe quickly diſtinguiſhed herſelf among its declared votaries. The Goſpels of Sentiment (if ſo I may call the books in queſtion) were never out of her hands; ſhe had their texts and phraſeology at all times in her mouth; and thus, by perpetual indulgence in one melting

melting ſtrain, having in time perſuaded herſelf that ſhe was in truth one of the tendereſt and moſt refined of human beings, ſhe gave herſelf up at laſt entirely to the direction of her feelings as inſtinctive guides, far ſurer and more infallible than obſervation or reflection.

Had her deluſion ſtopped here, it would have been comparatively innocent, and more properly the ſubject of ridicule than of ſerious complaint. But, alas, Sir! what was a moſt unlucky overſight in learning to think thus favourably of her own heart, and to entertain this ſo profound reſpect for her emotions, ſhe omitted to take the neceſſary pains for diſtinguiſhing the different kinds of emotion one from another, nor ſeparated with perfect juſtice the amiable from the diſagreeable; but inadvertently, among the multitude of thoſe that had the ſufferings of her neighbour for their object, contracted a leaning alſo toward ſome few others, hidden under the former, I ſuppoſe which, tended purely to her own gratification.

The truth is, that Miſs Nettletop, perhaps without being conſcious of it, had not been the leſs ready to inliſt among the proſelytes of Sentiment, that ſhe found, or thought ſhe found, in their creed, the appearance of an apology for certain vivacities, which, as already hinted, it would have coſt her ſome trouble to get the better of;

and even ſaw a ſpecious pretence, in various inſtances, for holding them out as ſo many perfections. No wonder ſhe turned fond of a ſyſtem in which ſhe learned, that the quickneſs of her temper was not a vice, as ſome would have her to believe, but at worſt a pardonable, or rather amiable weakneſs, naturally attendant (as ſome mote of weakneſs will ever attend all human excellence) on a heart ſo much more alive than that of other people; and which often diſguiſed her anger or her ſpite, under the more pleaſing form of exceſſive delicacy; a delicacy more unfortunate for herſelf than for others, ſince it rendered this or t'other ſmall foible in her acquaintance inſufferable, and diſtreſſed her with circumſtances of minute offence, beyond the conception of vulgar and ordinary ſouls.

It was thus, Sir, that her eyes were early ſhut upon a part of her compoſition, which it much behoved her to guard againſt, and which is now the cauſe why, with ſeveral good qualities, and in ſpite of many good actions, ſhe is the plague of all who live with her, and has hardly one real friend in the world. So long indeed as ſhe was young and beautiful, and the world proſpered with her, theſe were circumſtances to keep her in good humour with herſelf, and to hinder the little feveriſh fits which ſhe was ſubject to from changing into a ſettled habit. But Miſs Nettle-

top

top has met with croſſes in life, as who is there that paſſes through life without them? She was married to a Mr. Tempeſt, a man of large fortune, but diſſolute manners. They lived but uncomfortably together, if the world may be believed; and he has now for ſome time reſided apart from her, and abroad. She never had a child; and ſhe was ſome years ago afflicted with a ſevere and tedious illneſs, which neither her health nor her looks are ever likely to recover. She is now, at any rate, of that time of life, when the love of admiration becomes rather a troubleſome companion to oneſelf, and ridiculous to others. In theſe circumſtances, it is obvious how faſt her irritable habit of mind muſt gain ſtrength, and how fatal it muſt prove, both to her own peace, and to that of all within her walls. One half her time is ſpent in bemoaning her misfortunes. They are literally her buſineſs and her entertainment: *She ruminates all day her dreadful fate*; nor is there any thing that would more mortally offend her than an attempt to depreciate her miſeries.—Hence, Sir, ſhe is quite over-run with melancholy, as ſhe calls it; or rather (to call things by their right names) with diſcontent and chagrin: for her affliction, whatever ſhe may think, is by no means of Viola's kind, that preys and conſumes in ſilence; on the contrary, from her original caſt of temper, her melancholy exerts itſelf full

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as much on those who are about her as on herself. She seems indeed convinced, that her unparalleled distresses should render her the object of universal interest (an expectation in which she is by no means always gratified), and that between these and her *strength of feeling*, which renders every thing a torture to her that is not pleasant, she has gained an unquestionable right to have her own way in all things and in all companies. The result of which is, that sore to the annoyance of all her dependents, and I am afraid not much to her own comfort, every whim and humour, and every suggestion of passion, are implicitly obeyed, under the name of Sensibility.

You will easily understand that it is among her domestics this forwardness of temper is most severely felt: I am sorry to add, I am myself the person that chiefly does penance under it. For though I sit at table with the mistress of the house, and am not called by my Christian name like the other servants, nor indeed receive like them any recompense for my services, I am, in truth, no other than a servant; and my peculiar department is understood to be, that of keeping Mrs. Tempest quiet, or easy, as it is called; a task far harder than falls to the lot of any other of the household. I strive all I can to please her: but alas! to what purpose, when I have hourly

the

the mortification to find, that I ſhock and d
compoſe ſome refined and ſublimated feelin
which I have not the leaſt conception of? Ho
to behave on theſe occaſions I know not. F
if I ſay nothing, I am ſullen: if I explain b
ever ſo gently, my violence is intolerable: and
I make acknowledgments, my ſubmiſſion
feigned; which I find, to a perſon of ſentimen
is of all things the moſt provoking.

I am afraid I grow tedious; but it is ſome r
lief to ſpeak of one's hardſhips. The publicatio
of them, if of no uſe to me, may poſſibly be
leſſon to ſome others; for I am afraid Mrs. Ten
peſt may not be the only lady who gives th
name of ſtrong feelings to her ſtrong paſſion
and lays claim to ſuperior tenderneſs, on th
ground of feeling more than common for her
ſelf. I remain, Sir, with all reſpect,

Yours, &c.

HANNAH WAITFORT

I HAVE taken the firſt opportunity of pub
liſhing Mrs. *Waitfort*'s letter, as I ſincerely com
paſſionate the unhappineſs of her ſituation. No
thin

ing is so provoking as this refined ill-humour, hich takes the merit of sensibility from selfish- ess, and feels for every distress but those which might cure.

Sentiment and feeling, however, had their day, it are now almost quite out of fashion. Mrs. *empest* may be told, that she might as well me to a modern assembly in the stiff brocade her youthful birth-day balls, as put on, in ese times, the affectation of sensibility for an nament. Our fashionable ladies have brought *Indifference* with their gauzes and feathers; th (in the words of my friend the milliner of *rince's-Street*) "light easy wear, and fit for all asons."

But not equally fit for all conditions. The ghest fashions must always properly belong to rtain orders of the people. This ease and in- ference, in their greatest extent, should only worn by privileged persons. It might not be ais, if, like the *rouge* of the French, they were t on by married women only, who may be posed to bestow all their feelings at home; by ladies of very high rank, who (as travel- s tell us of the calm that reigns on the sum- t of the *Alps*) have got into a superior region, disturbed by the emotions of ordinary life. mething too might be claimed by beauty,

to

to which coldneſs or indifference is perhaps a ſafe, and has long been an acknowledged attendant. All things conſidered, I think the young lady who ſat in one of the ſide-boxes t'other evening, who was ſo immoderately diverted with the diſtreſſes of the Tragedy, and preſerved ſuch an obſtinate gravity during the drolleries of the farce, carried her *no-feelings* a little too far.

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N° 56. SATURDAY, *February* 25, 1786.

Quæ virtus et quanta, boni, sit vivere parvo,
Discite, non inter lances mensasque nitentes. -
HOR.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

I Troubled you some time ago with a letter from the country; now that I am come to town, I use the freedom to write to you again. I find the same difficulty in being happy, with every thing to make me so, here as there. When I tell this to my country friends, they won't believe me. Lord! to see how the Miss *Homespuns* looked when they came to take leave of me the morning we set out for Edinburgh!—I had just put on my new riding-habit which my brother fetched me from London; and my hat, with two green and three white feathers; and Miss Jessy *Homespun* admired it so much! and when I let her put it on, she looked in the glass, and said with a sigh, how charming it was!—I had a sad headach with it all the morning, but I kept that to myself. "And do, my dear, (said she,) write some-

ſometimes to us, poor moping creatures, in the country. But you won't have leiſure to think of us; you will be ſo happy, and ſo much amuſed." At that moment my brother's poſt-coach rattled up to the door, and the poor *Homeſpuns* cried ſo when we parted! To be ſure, they thought that a town life, with my brother's fortune to procure all its amuſements, muſt be quite delightful.—— Now, Sir, to let you know how I have found it.

I was content to be lugged about by my ſiſter for the firſt week or two, as I knew that in a large town I ſhould be like a fiſh out of water, as the ſaying is. But my ſiſter-in-law was always putting me in mind of my ignorance: "and you country girls,—and we who have been in London,—and we who have been abroad."—However, between ourſelves, I don't find that ſhe knows quite ſo much as ſhe would make me believe; for it ſeems they can't learn many things in the Indies; and when ſhe went out, ſhe knew as little as myſelf; and as for London, ſhe was only a fortnight there on her way home.

So we have got maſters that come in to give us leſſons in French, and muſic, and dancing. The two firſt I can ſubmit to very well. I could always get my tongue readily enough about any thing; and I could play pretty well on the *virginals* at home, tho' my maſter ſays my *fingering* is not what it ſhould be. But the dancing is a terrible

terible buſineſs. My ſiſter-in-law and I are put into the ſtocks every morning to teach us the right poſition of our feet; and all the ſteps I was praiſed for in the country are now good for nothing, as the *cotillon* ſtep is the only thing fit for people of faſhion; and ſo we are twiſted and twirled till my joints ache again; and after all, we make, I believe, a very bad figure at it. Indeed I have not yet ventured to try my hand, my feet I mean, before any body. But my ſiſter-in-law, who is always praiſed for every thing ſhe does, would needs try her cotillon ſteps at the aſſembly; and her partner Captain Coupée, a conſtant viſitor at my brother's, told her what an admirable dancer ſhe was: but in truth ſhe was out of time every inſtant, and I heard the people tittering at her country fling, as they called it. And ſo in the ſame manner (which I do not think is at all fair, Mr. Lounger) the Captain one day at our houſe ſwore ſhe ſung like an angel (drinking her health in a bumper of my brother's champaign); and yet as I walked behind him next morning in Prince's-ſtreet, I overheard him ſaying to one of his companions, that Muſhroom's dinners were damn'd good things, if it were not for the *bore* of the ſinging; and that the little *Nabobina* ſqualled like a pea-hen.

But no doubt it is good manners to commend people to their faces, whatever one may ſay behind their backs. And I perceive they have got faſhionable words for praiſing things, which it is one of my ſiſter's leſſons and mine to have at our tongues ends, whether we think ſo or not. Such a thing, ſhe tells me (as ſhe has been taught by her great companion Miſs *Guſto*), muſt be *charming*, another *raviſhing*, (indeed, Mr. Lounger, that is the word,) and a third *divine*. As for me, I have yet got no farther than charming; I can only ſay raviſhing in a whiſper; and as for divine, I think there is ſomething Heatheniſh in it: though indeed I have been told, ſince I came here, that the Commandments were only meant for the country.

Here, as before, *comme il faut* (I can ſpell the words now that I am turned a French ſcholar) is ſtill held out as a law to us. We have beſides got another phraſe, which is perpetually dinned into my ears by my ſiſter-in-law, and that is the *Ton*. Such a perſon is a very good kind of a perſon, but ſuch another is more the *Ton*: ſuch a lady is handſomer, more witty, more polite, and more good-humoured than another; but that other is much more the *Ton*. I have often aſked my ſiſter, and even my French maſter, to explain the meaning of this word *Ton*; but they told me there

there was no tranſlation for it. I think, however, I have found it out to be a very convenient thing for ſome people. 'Tis like what my grandfather, who was a great admirer of *John Knox*, uſed to tell us of Popiſh indulgences: folks who are the *Ton* may do any thing they like, without being in the wrong; and every thing that is the *Ton* is right, let it be what it will.

Alas! Sir, if the *Ton* would let poor people alone who don't wiſh for diſtinction, there would be the leſs to complain of: but the misfortune is, that one muſt be in the *Ton* whether one's mind gives them to it or not; at leaſt I am told ſo. We have a French Friſeur, whom our Maitre d'Hotel *Sabot* recommended, who makes great uſe of this phraſe. He ſcrewed up my hair till I thought I ſhould have fainted with the pain, and I did not ſleep a wink all the night after, becauſe he ſaid that a hundred little curls were now become the *Ton*. He recommended a ſhoemaker, who, he ſaid, made for all the people of the *Ton*, who pinched my toes till I could hardly walk acroſs the room; becauſe little feet were the *Ton*. My ſtaymaker, another of the ſame ſet, brought me home a pair of ſtays that were but a few inches round at the waiſt: and my maid and *Sabot* broke three laces before they could get them to meet; becauſe ſmall waiſts were the *Ton*. I ſat at two dinners without being able

to eat a morſel; becauſe (I am aſhamed to tell it, Sir) my ſtays would not hold a bit. However, I would ſubmit to the *Ton* no longer in that article; and when I got home in the evening, I took out my ſciſſars in a paſſion, and cut a great ſlaſh in the ſides. I was reſolved I would not be ſqueezed to death for all the *Tons* in the world.

And moreover, the *Ton* is not ſatisfied with tearing the hair out of our heads, with pinching our feet, and ſqueezing the pit of our ſtomach, but we muſt have manners which, under favour, Sir, I think very odd, and which my grandmother (I was bred up at my grandmother's) would have whipped me for, that ſhe would, if I had ventured to ſhew them when I was with her. I am told, that none but a Ninny would look down in the ſheepiſh way I do; but that when I meet a gentleman in our walks, I muſt look as full at him as I can, to ſhew my eyes; and laugh, to ſhew my teeth (all our family have white teeth); and flouriſh my rattan, to ſhow my ſhapes. And though in a room I am to ſpeak as low and mumbling as I can, to look as if I did not care whether I was heard or not; yet in a public place, I am to talk as loud and as faſt as poſſible, and call the men by their plain ſurnames, and tell all about our laſt night's parties, and a great many other things, Mr. Lounger,

Lounger, which I can't do for the heart of me; but my ſiſter-in-law comes on amazingly, as Miſs *Guſto* ſays. But then ſhe has been in India, and ſhe was not brought up with my grandmother. I proteſt, though I would be aſhamed to let Miſs Guſto know it, that often, when I am wiſhing to practiſe ſome of her leſſons, I think I ſee my grandmother with her bunch of keys at her apron-ſtring, her amber-headed ſtick in one hand, and the *Ladies Calling* in the other, looking at me from under her ſpectacles, with ſuch a frown, Mr. Lounger!—it frightens the *Ton* quite out of my head.

After all, I am apt to believe, that the very great trouble, and the many inconveniences to which we put ourſelves to attain this diſtinction of the *Ton*, are in a great meaſure labour in vain; that our muſic, our dancing, and our good breeding, will perhaps be out of faſhion before we have come to any degree of perfection in all or any of theſe accompliſhments; for ſome of the fine ladies and fine gentlemen who viſit us, ſay, that the *Ton* here is no *Ton* at all, for that the true and genuine *Ton* (like the true and genuine *Milk of Roſes*) is only to be found in London. Nay, ſome of the fineſt of thoſe fine ladies and gentlemen go a ſtep farther, and inform us, that the *Ton* of London itſelf is mere *Twaddle*, and that the only right *Ton* is to be found in *Paris*.

I hope in goodneſs, however, that my ſiſter, if ſhe is determined, as ſhe ſometimes hints, to chaſe the *Ton* that length, will drop me by the way, or rather allow me to return again to the country. Old ſparrows (the proverb ſays, Mr. Lounger) are ill to tame.——Not that I am old neither; but I believe I am not quite young enough to learn to be happy in the ſort of life we lead here: and though I try all I can to think it a happy one, and am ſure to ſay ſo in every place to which we go, yet I can't help often ſecretly wiſhing I were back again at my father's, where I ſhould not be obliged to be happy whether I would or not.

Your afflicted (if I may venture to ſay ſo)
humble ſervant,
MARJORY MUSHROOM.

P.S. La! what do you think, Mr. Lounger? they tell me we are to go to a *maſked Ball*. My ſiſter-in-law is quite in raptures about it. "Mr. Dunn," ſhe ſays, "is to open his whole *Hotel*, bed-rooms and all, for the occaſion; and ſhe is to be a ſhepherdeſs, and Captain *Coupée* a ſhepherd; and they are to dance an *Allemande* together." And ſhe wants me to be a *Nun*, or, as Captain Coupée adviſes, a *Veſtal Virgin*; but I told them, I had no mind to be a Nun, nor a Veſtal Virgin neither, that I had not. But my

ſiſter

ſiſter ſays, it is only in ſport; and Captain Coupée declares it will be the fartheſt in the world from making people Nuns or Veſtals.—Well, I am half afraid, Mr. Lounger; and yet I think I ſhall go. Were my grandmother to lift up her head now! I will think no more of her till the maſked ball is over.

Z

N° 57. SATURDAY, *March* 4, 1786.

Fortunate Senex. VIRG.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

THERE is nothing in which mankind have differed more than in the repreſentations they have given of human life. One claſs of men deſcribes it as full of happineſs and enjoyment, as a path covered with flowers; another has preſented us with deſcriptions which ſhew nothing but diſappointment and vexation, which repreſent life as a path ſtrewed with thorns, as a vale of miſery and tears. Truth perhaps lies ſomewhere in the middle between thoſe two opinions: men were not born only to be miſerable; and yet complete happineſs is not the lot of any one on this ſide the grave. Life is a chequered thing, a building of Moſaic work, a road where flowers and thorns are both to be met with.

It

It has always, however, been my opinion, that as the giving amiable and fair pictures of life proceeds from a happier temperament of mind than the inclinations to delineate thoſe of a gloomy kind; ſo the indulging of ſuch views contributes much more to happineſs and virtue than the oppoſite impreſſions of a darker and more diſmal nature. To think well of, and have reſpect for ourſelves and the world around us, is one ſtep to virtue and benevolence; but this ſtep cannot be gained by a perſon who has been taught to conſider himſelf and every thing around him in a gloomy and an unfavourable light.

There is one period of life which authors have been at pains to picture differently, according as they have been accuſtomed to take favourable or unfavourable views of the world in general. Old age, that period at which all wiſh to arrive, and which it is the fate of few only to reach, has been deſcribed by one ſet of men, as of all ſituations the moſt comfortleſs and the moſt gloomy; as the laſt ſtage of human infirmity and helpleſſneſs, from which nothing but death can relieve; and the miſery of which is enhanced by the dread of that very death, the only cure for all its woe. Another claſs of men has repreſented old age as one of the brighteſt periods of human life; as that period in which we may be ſaid to enjoy life twice, having not only preſent comforts to en-

joy, but all thoſe of a life already paſt to reflect on.——"Fructus autem ſenectutis," ſays Tully, "eſt ante partorum bonorum memoria et copia."

The perſon who now addreſſes you is in this latter period; and though the caſe of one individual can be of little uſe in confirming a general opinion, yet I may perhaps be allowed to tell you, that I have never taſted more happineſs than I have done for the laſt years of my life.

I entered upon the world with a ſmall patrimony; but by cloſe attention to my profeſſion, I was ſoon rendered ſuperior to the fear of poverty; and have now retired from buſineſs with a fortune, though not large, yet fully adequate to all my wants, and which has been ſufficient to rear a numerous family. My profeſſion was ſuch as led me to direct my labours to the immediate uſe and advantage of my fellow-creatures; and I would not forfeit, for any conſideration, the pleaſure which, in my preſent advanced period of life, I receive from recalling to my mind the perſons to whom I think my labours have been of ſome advantage.

I married early a lady whoſe views of life were ſimilar to my own; and though the firſt rapture of love was quickly over, it was ſucceeded by a calmer and leſs tumultuous affection, more happy on the whole, and which has increaſed with our increaſing years. Our mutual habits, or mutual attach-

attachments, our fondneſs for our children, have made us for a long courſe of time more and more one, and every year rendered dearer that union ſo long ago formed. My eldeſt ſon is now cultivating that profeſſion from which his father has retired. With what joy do I ſee his talents ſucceſsful! with what ſatisfaction do I perceive him improving thoſe leſſons I have given him; and, with the moſt engaging modeſty, advancing much farther than his father's genius entitled him to advance! This is indeed living twice! With great ſincerity, and with hopes that they are prophetic of my ſituation, can I uſe thoſe words of Morni, in the Poems of Oſſian; "May the name of Morni be forgot among the people; may it only be ſaid, behold the father of Gaul!"

My youngeſt boy is leſs advanced, but of no leſs promiſing parts, nor leſs amiable diſpoſitions than his brother.

I have four daughters, and I cannot ſpeak of them but with emotions of gratitude. They are obliged to me, and to their excellent mother, for the education we have given them; but how amply have they repaid that obligation! My eldeſt daughter, now many years married, was before her marriage my companion, and the helpmate of her mother: we uſed then to call her our little houſekeeper. Her own merit, the good

education ſhe received, and the inducement of having for a wife the daughter of ſuch a mother as my *Hortenſia*, contributed to make her the wife of a very reſpectable man; and Hortenſia and I now, with enraptured hearts, ſee her eldeſt child, our grand-daughter, holding the ſame ſtation in her mother's family that her mother did in ours. After our eldeſt daughter's marriage, our ſecond ſucceeded to her place, and ſhe again, upon her marriage, was ſucceeded in her turn.—Our youngeſt, Maria, is the only one now left to us; and I think, I may ſay it without vanity, is in no reſpect inferior to any of the family. Her affection to me ſeems quickened in proportion to my advance in life; and if I feel any of the infirmities of age, they are much more than counterbalanced by her delicate attention: methinks I would not wiſh to be younger and ſtouter than I am, at the expence of loſing the aſſiſtances of my dear Maria.

It is our cuſtom every Saturday evening to have a general family-party. At tea I have all my grandchildren round me; and the variety of gratifications I receive from this little ſociety, it is impoſſible to deſcribe. At ſupper, my ſon, my daughters, and their huſbands, are with us; and my wife and I, I can aſſure you, make no unreſpectable figure, ſeated in our elbow chairs.

Had

Had I any grievances to complain of through the week, which indeed I have not, this night would fully compenſate them.

Amidſt the amuſements which this evening's party affords, I muſt mention one, the pleaſure which we receive from the peruſal of your *Lounger*. My wife gets it regularly delivered her every morning about nine; but no one is allowed then to read it. She herſelf carefully depoſits it in her ſcrutoire, and it is not produced till after ſupper. It is then brought upon the table, and is read by my Maria, who does it all juſtice in the reading. I am ſure it would give you much delight to hear the converſation it occaſions; the remarks which are made, without affectation, and with perfect candour, upon the compoſition, the ſcenes it deſcribes, the characters it repreſents, their ſimilarity to other papers of the kind, and the like. Many things are ſaid, which, I am perſuaded, if collected together, would afford matter for a number of papers. One thing I ſhall mention, which came from Maria laſt Saturday. She obſerved, that there were many of the papers which introduced unmarried men and women, and ſhe propoſed that we ſhould make up matches between them. This gave occaſion to a good deal of pleaſantry, moſt of which I have forgot; but I remember, that among other marriages, it was propoſed, that *Captain N.* ſhould be married

to

to *Miſs Cauſtic;* though Maria, graſping my hand, the tear half ſtarting in her eye, objected to it, becauſe it would be wrong to deprive the Colonel of his ſiſter. With regard to your correſpondent *Hortenſius*, the youngeſt of my married daughters, looking at her huſband with inexpreſſible good humour, ſaid, that if ſhe were not already tied, ſhe believed ſhe could have married him herſelf.

Another ſource of our entertainment in reading your papers, is a ſuſpicion which I ſee prevails in the company, that ſome of its members are your correſpondents, and have written in the Lounger. This ſuſpicion gives birth to many a joke; and it is diverting to ſee upon whom the conjecture of having written this or that paper falls, and the different devices which are thought of to diſcover where the truth lies. Little do they imagine that their old father is at this moment employed as your correſpondent.

But I muſt conclude: I am afraid ere this you will have thought, that I have one quality of an old man about me, that of being a great talker. I ſhall only add, that if you think this account of a happy family worth your inſertion, it will afford, on the evening of the Saturday on which it is publiſhed, a good deal of entertainment to the family-party I have deſcribed.

AURELIUS.

I know not whether it be from vanity, or from ſome better motive, that I have given this letter to the public. I muſt own, that I have felt myſelf very ſenſibly gratified by the manner in which my papers are received in the family of Aurelius. It is to perſons in the ordinary ſtations of life that the Lounger is addreſſed. The learned may perhaps think themſelves above it; the vulgar, thoſe who are employed in the ſervile offices of life, are below it. But as long as I can give one half-hour's amuſement, mixed perhaps with a little inſtruction, to ſuch a family as that of Aurelius, it ſhall neither be the indifference of the learned, nor the neglect of the multitude, which ſhall induce me to diſcontinue my labours.

N° 58. SATURDAY, *March* 11, 1786.

Inter ſylvas Academi quærere verum. HOR.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

AMONG the various complaints which I obſerve from your papers your correſpondents occaſionally make to you, you may not, perhaps, have met with any more whimſical, or which at firſt ſight will appear more unjuſt, than mine. I have, thank God, very few evils, either real or imaginary, in my lot; I am neither too rich nor too poor to be contented; I am neither ſo dull as not to be pleaſed with a good thing, nor ſo refined as to be proud of finding faults in it; I am neither nervous in my body, nor tremblingly alive in my mind: one thing only plagues and vexes me, and plagues and vexes the whole family in which I live. The evil of which I complain, Mr. Lounger, is, I am told, one of the "firſt of virtues"—the evil I complain of is *Truth*.

You muſt know I have a ſiſter married to a very good and a very learned gentleman, in whoſe

family, by his and his wife's preſſing invitation, I have lived ever ſince his marriage; and for ſeveral years no ſet of people could be happier. But of late my brother-in-law has become a philoſopher, and is perpetually hunting after Truth; and a pretty chace ſhe leads him! His poring over books in queſt of her would only weaken his own eyes, and break his own reſt; but his running after her wherever ſhe is to be found, at all times, and in all companies, breaks the reſt of every body around him. With my ſiſter and me he has but little play for his humour. His wife indeed is of ſo gentle and complying a temper, that ſhe never diſputes his propoſitions, as he calls them. I am not quite ſo yielding; and we have now and then little bouts at an argument: but with our gueſts and viſitors he is conſtantly at it; and I believe in my conſcience he often chuſes companies as your cheſs-players do, becauſe they are nearly matches at their favourite game; having obſerved that of late, ſince he took to this kind of ſport, he generally invites thoſe people oftenеſt who argue ſtouteſt with him when they come. For theſe ſame truth-hunters, Mr. Lounger, ſeem, like true ſportſmen, to find little pleaſure in the chace when it is ſoon run down, or when there are no hazards in the way. They like to leap hedges and ditches; to ſcramble amidſt briars and thorns; to ſplaſh through mire

and

and bog; to be a terrible long while before they come to the end of their labour; and at last, as I am told it often happens in the field, they sometimes find themselves just where they set out.

But, as the frogs in the fable say, "This is sport to them, but death to us."——You cannot imagine what mischiefs and inconveniences it produces in our family. Before this disease of disputation took hold of him, Mr. *Category* was attentive to his affairs, kind to his friends, polite to his acquaintance, and one of the best husbands and fathers in the world; but now he neglects his business, quarrels with his relations, is rude to every body about him, and minds his wife and children no more than if they were so many broomsticks. Indeed I begin to be of opinion, that my sister has lost a good deal of his affection, from that same meekness of spirit which I mentioned her to be possessed of; and I think he likes me much better since I grew tired of yielding every point, as I used to do for peace sake, and now and then wrangle a little with him.

It is not difficult to find an opportunity. Were it about important concerns alone, it would happen only now and then, and might be easily avoided or endured. But 'tis all one what the matter in dispute is, so it but affords a dispute. Every thing is fair game (to come back to the simile of the chace):—If we can't start a hare, a mole

a mole or a mouſe will ſerve our turn. 'Twas but yeſterday at dinner we had half a dozen battles between him and an odd ſort of an old man he has lately taken a great liking to, who I am told was a tutor at one of the univerſities, till he loſt all employment from this ſame crazy humour of truth-hunting. The ſoup was not half helped round when a queſtion aroſe as to the Spartan broth. The fiſh introduced a diſſertation about a mullet, I think it was, at ſome great ſupper in Rome; and the cloth was no ſooner taken away than a violent altercation aroſe about the favourite liquors of the ancients. My hair-dreſſer happening to call in the afternoon, ſet them off upon the head-dreſs of *Poppea*; and an old lady who drank tea with us, puzzling herſelf to trace the relation between our grandfathers, introduced an inquiry, which laſted till near ſupper-time, on the family of *Seſoſtris*.

Were he confined to thoſe old out-of-the-way topics, though the matter might never be exhauſted, the number of the diſputants would at leaſt be abridged, and we might find a quiet hour when there was no ſcholar in the houſe but himſelf. But he is as keen about aſcertaining modern facts as thoſe of ancient times. If he can get hold of any body who has travelled where few have travelled before, if it is but a lame ſeaman, whom he has found begging in the ſtreet,

there

there is no end of his queſtions. Not that he always acquieſces in what they tell him; on the contrary, he often diſputes with them about things which they have ſeen, which he ſays cannot be true, becauſe they are contrary to his philoſophy; but, on the other hand, he tells them many things which they might have ſeen in thoſe far countries, which they are obliged to confeſs they never either ſaw or heard of. Truth, he ſays, is not eaſily diſcernible by common eyes: truth, he ſays, according to the old proverb, lies in the bottom of a well. God forgive me, Mr. Lounger, I am ſometimes tempted to wiſh he were there along with her.

Not but that I have an affection for him too, for he has many good qualities, and that makes me the more vexed at this ſtrange humour he has got into, which beſides plaguing us all as it does, is often of real prejudice to himſelf and to his affairs. For he is not contented with this ſearch after truth in ſpeculation only, but often carries it into practice in the ordinary concerns of life; and there too he always looks for her in ſome place where nobody ever thought of her being to be found. He was, I don't know whether fortunately or not, left a ſufficiency by his father to enable him to live without a profeſſion; but during one half of the year, when we reſide in the country, he is a very keen farmer, planter, and gardener.

gardener. But his method of farming, planting, and gardening, is quite different from that of any body elſe, and as he tells us, the only *true* one in the country. It happens, however, that he has ſcantier crops, leſs thriving trees, and worſe flavoured fruit than any body around us; but that don't ſignify, he maintains the contrary, and has the pleaſure of finding a diſpute with every body that viſits his farm, his plantations, or his garden. Laſt ſeaſon he ſpoiled a whole crop of graſs by a new method of hay-making. He was poſitive that it was excellent hay notwithſtanding, and much more nouriſhing than if it had been made after the uſual method; but he could never perſuade his horſes to eat it.

He is rather more ſucceſsful in making experiments of a ſimilar kind on himſelf. He once took it into his head, having found, as he told us, the moſt inconteſtible evidence of its truth, that men could live very well without ſleep; and actually went the length of diſturbing the whole houſe for two nights together, by having himſelf pinched and buffeted about to keep him awake. On another occaſion, he took nearly the ſame fancy with regard to food, and lived three or four days on a few boiled potatoes and ſome water-gruel. This, however, was got the better of, by the warm fumes of a veniſon-paſty, which happens to be a favourite diſh of his. He inſiſted, how-

however, on the ſuperior healthfulneſs of th former diet; but owned, that in this, as in man other things, the wrong way was the pleaſanteſt

This rage of experiment, as well as of inquiry may lead to very ſerious conſequences, if in dulged as far as he ſometimes gives us reaſon t think him inclined to do. He told us t'othe morning, he was not at all ſurpriſed at the an cient philoſopher who leaped into *Etna*, to b ſatisfied about the causes of its burning; and w have received intelligence, that he has actuall been in treaty for a ſeat in a *balloon*, to reſolv ſome doubts he has entertained on the ſubject o that ſingular invention. Now, Mr. Lounger, as however troubleſome his doubts are to his family we by no means wiſh to have them cleared up quite ſo ſoon: it would be conferring a great fa vour on us all, if you, who are a philoſopher like himſelf, would try to perſuade Mr. *Categry* to be contented to take things a little more on credi than he is at preſent diſpoſed to do; particularly that he would neither think of burning himſelf alive, or breaking his neck, for the ſake of com ing at the truth all of a hurry, but ſubmit, for the ſake of his wife and children, to grope about a while longer in this world of errors. I am, &c.

MARY PLAIN.

P. S. Pray don't forget to put him in mind that there will be no diſputing in heaven.

N° 59. SATURDAY, *March* 18, 1786.

ONE of the pleaſures of which the idle are deprived, is that of relaxation from buſineſs. Thoſe whom intricate and weighty affairs embarraſs and fatigue, talk with envy of the leiſure of the unemployed, of the bliſs of retirement. But in their hours of occaſional amuſement, they know not the grievance of liſtleſs days, and months, and years of idleneſs; nor, when they pant for reſt from their labours, are they aware, that it is from labour alone that reſt acquires its name, and derives its enjoyment.

When, in the courſe of my uſual walk, I paſſed the other morning through the place where but a few days before I had met ſo many buſy faces, and been joſtled by ſo many hurried ſteps; when I ſaw the court-doors ſhut, and heard no hum within; I confeſs it ſtruck me with a melancholy ſort of feeling. But the firſt lawyer whom I encountered had a ſmile of ſatisfaction on his countenance, and congratulated himſelf on the ſuſpenſion of thoſe labours which laſt week he ſaid had lain ſo heavy on him. "You are free from that plague," ſaid he, "you have no *ſeſſion* or *term-*

term-time"—"But you forget, my friend, that I have no *vacation*."

I contrive, however, to get through the no-buſineſs of my life with tolerable ſatisfaction, and if at any time an hour hangs heavy on me, I do not carry my misfortune into the ſtreets, but like decent beggars keep my diſtreſſes at home, and am relieved by the private contributions of the humane and the charitable.

It is not ſo with every one who labours under the afflicting hand of time. When I had got a little further on my accuſtomed walk, I was catched in a ſhower, and took ſhelter in the houſe of an acquaintance in Prince's-ſtreet. As I paſſed the coffee-houſe and confectioner's ſhop, I was ſtruck with compaſſion at the ſight of the many vacant and melancholy faces which appeared at the doors and windows. It was but a little after mid-day, and conſequently the gentlemen to whom theſe faces belonged had a great while to look forward to the hour when they could with propriety pull off their boots, and dreſs for the buſineſs of the table. The weather did not permit of their getting rid of this interval by a gallop, which is one of the happieſt expedients for the purpoſe in the world, as it removes the headach of yeſterday's dinner, gets through the time till the dinner of to-day, and gives an appetite for enjoying that meal when it comes. But my poor

poor friends in Prince's-ſtreet had no hope of getting through the tedious interval in the ſociety of their horſes; they had before them the diſmal proſpect of ſpending three long hours in their own company, or in the company of their fellow-ſufferers; and after all, of ſitting down to dinner with muddy heads and ſqueamiſh ſtomachs.

"Mentem mortalia tangunt," ſays the Poet. The diſtreſſes incident to humanity are the great nouriſhers of moral ſpeculation. The mortals of Prince's-ſtreet touched my mind, and I could not think, without a great degree of commiſeration, of the difficulty they would find in paſſing the time till the arrival of that important æra in the hiſtory of the day—the hour of dinner. The more I reflected, the more I was diſtreſſed on their account: for I ſuſpect that it is not only when the morning is rainy that our gentlemen of faſhion find their time heavy. The languor and reſtleſſneſs, which are ſo frequently to be obſerved united in their looks and behaviour, are too evident ſymptoms of this quotidian diſorder, this malady of time, under which they have the misfortune to labour.

To ſay the truth, in ſpite of our complaints of the ſhortneſs of life, yet four-and-twenty hours returning every day are by far too much for perſons who have no other object but amuſement. It is almoſt impoſſible to continue longer

in bed than eleven hours; few people are able to lie more than eight or nine. Here, then, upon the moſt moderate calculation we have at leaſt thirteen hours to be filled up every day by people who have nothing to do but to be amuſed. Now, although a chace, a bottle of wine, a dance, and ſome other expedients to which theſe gentlemen have recourſe, may give occaſional fillips to their ſpirits, yet it is not in man, not even in a man of faſhion, to be both idle and comfortable for thirteen hours together day after day.

There ſeems to be here an incongruity which is not obſervable any where elſe in the works of Nature. All the other animals have their duration pretty well adjuſted to the purpoſes for which they ſeem to have been intended, or to their capacity for filling up the time allotted to them with tolerable ſatisfaction. The gay fluttering tribe of butterflies, who have no other buſineſs under the ſun but pleaſure, do not live long enough to have any languid intervals, or fits of the vapours. Geeſe, on the other hand, are very long-lived: but then it is to be obſerved, that geeſe undertake the important and laborious taſk of rearing a family every ſeaſon; they have likewiſe many enterpriſing excurſions to make both by land and water in ſearch of their food; and beſides, they can fill up their leiſure hours agreeably by means of two very fortunate circumſtances, their power

of

of commanding ſleep when they pleaſe, and their talent for converſation. By theſe means geeſe, when they are ſaved from the hand of the poulterer, are able to go on to a reſpectable old age without ever being at a loſs how to kill the time.

But men of faſhion are an anomaly in the creation. Indeed, to adjuſt matters, one of two things is neceſſary; either to abridge the duration of their life, or elſe to improve their means of enjoying it.

With regard to the firſt method of abridgement, I humbly conceive, that if, from the time when our men of faſhion break looſe from their parents and preceptors, with the full command of money or credit, they were to ſink quietly to reſt in the courſe of nature at the end of a twelvemonth, their life would be pretty nearly ſufficient for all they have to do. They would not fail within that ſpace to run round the whole circle of pleaſure again and again, which is evidently what they conſider as the chief end of man. At the ſame time they would be ſeaſonably delivered from the inſipidity of pleaſure when it becomes too familiar, from the unhappy devices which they fall upon to diverſify their amuſements, and to ſaunter away a tedious lifetime. Many of our young men of faſhion ſeem to be ſenſible of the juſtneſs of this obſervation; for they do what they can to get the better of their

conſtitution, and to abridge their life to a duration more ſuitable to the uſe which they make of it.

In this attempt, however, they are not always ſufficiently expeditious; and, at any rate, it is always extremely unpleaſant; moſt men of faſhion, like moſt other men, however diſagreeable or uſeleſs they may find their lives, not chooſing to die as long as they can eaſily avoid it. It would therefore be more acceptable, if it were poſſible to ſupply them with ſome means of paſſing more tolerably the thirteen or fourteen hours which they cannot loſe in ſleeping.

Here to be ſure a moraliſt might aſſume a high tone of declamation, and call on thoſe gentlemen to remember the duties which their country requires. He might tell them that the eyes of mankind were directed to their conduct, and expected, from their ſtation and fortune, examples of active and diſintereſted patriotiſm. He might tell them, that if they were unwilling to take a ſhare in the legiſlature, or if the happy ſeaſon of peace gave them no opportunity to diſplay their martial talents and gallantry in the field, yet they could not be at a loſs for occaſions to diſplay their activity and enterpriſe, by employing their wealth and influence to diffuſe civilization and comfort, induſtry and good morals, among all ranks of their fellow-citizens. He might tell them, that from

from such occupations they would derive the most honourable, heartfelt, and lasting pleasures, and be followed with the gratitude, the blessings of thousands. He might likewise entreat them to consider the opportunities which their riches and leisure afforded them of extending their researches into science, and encourage them with the prospect of utility and reputation united with the most interesting and endless amusement. He might also point out the delightful relaxation from their labours and solace to their cares which literature would afford them; he might tell them how much it would contribute at once to polish and elevate the character, and how admirably it would supersede those frivolous or pernicious entertainments in which they waste their hours.

But it would be cruel to harass the poor gentleman with these school-declamations. The employments here pointed out require not only temporary exertions, but also continued industry, which we can scarcely expect from them. All that can be attempted with any reasonable hope of success, is to find some occupations which are more innocent, but which require no greater labour than the bottle or the gaming table, than low profligacy, or treacherous intrigue.

Now, I have known several idle persons who contrived to amuse the vacant intervals between breakfast and dinner, and between dinner and

ſupper, in a very inoffenſive manner. According as the weather and ſeaſon permitted, they employed all the firſt part of the day either in angling, ſhooting, hunting, or ſkaiting. When they could not go abroad with comfort, they always contrived work at home; ſuch as weaving nets, plaiting lines, dreſſing fiſhing-flies, cleaning guns, looking after the horſes, and playing on the fiddle. In this manner, with the help of the newſpaper, dreſſing for dinner, and now and then a game at whiſt or back-gammon for a trifle in the evening, I have known ſome perſons of no great fortune, who ſpent their time in the country from year's end to year's end, without much extraordinary ſleeping, without much extraordinary yawning, without much extraordinary drinking, without doing any harm, and even without thinking on the amuſements of the town.

I ſhould therefore imagine that the men of faſhion, conſidering the accurate attention which it is proper for them to pay to their dreſs, and the ſuperior advantages which they enjoy from the amuſements of the town, excurſions to watering-places, and trips to the Continent, might contrive to occupy their time without hanging out their melancholy faces at coffee-houſe doors or confectioners' ſhops, without expoſing their own fortunes to be pilfered, or trying to pilfer others at the gaming-table, without weakening their conſti-

conſtitutions, or injuring their fellow-creatures. It is true, their occupations would frequently be rather more inſipid and leſs reſpectable than might be wiſhed. But ſince by ſome unaccountable irregularity in Nature, the lives of men of faſhion, although they have ſo much leſs to do than other men, are prolonged to fifty or ſixty years; they might unqueſtionably contrive, by a ſucceſſion of theſe little occupations, to paſs through this long term far leſs uncomfortably, than by dividing their time between downright idleneſs, intemperance, and vice.

N° 60. SATURDAY, *March* 25, 1786.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

AS far as I can judge of myself, I am a man well entitled to your protection. My mind has been so much employed in projecting schemes for the benefit of mankind, and especially of my fellow-subjects, that I have been totally indifferent to my own affairs. At present I am poor and studious, and yet content that a long life has not passed in altogether an useless manner. In the year one thousand seven hundred and forty-four, the year in which Dean Swift died, I had the honour to present to a great man a list, consisting of three hundred and nineteen new taxes, the greater part of which I perceive have been adopted. I have in manuscript a number of treatises, which might be a load to an ordinary-sized porter, written in a small character, on a variety of subjects, with abundance of ease and spirit. Having a great part of my life reflected that only three great Epic Poems have appeared in six thousand years, I employed the whole force of

of my mind to collect into one focus the entire ſpirit of criticiſm, which has been, for twenty years paſt, diſſipated and toſſed from one great writer to another, without the deſired ſucceſs. Had I been prevailed on to publiſh this, it would have made a volume of five ſhillings; and I am inclined to think, that, with no other aſſiſtance, a man of moderate genius could have compoſed an Epic Poem with as much ſpeed as a Romance.

Another performance of mine is an Eſſay deducing the degeneracy of preſent manners from electricity and the feudal ſyſtem. The one I conſider as the firſt or primary, the other as the promoting and aſſiſting cauſe. From the latter proceeds the ſubordination of ranks, and from the former that inundation of feeling which was formerly confined to children, and fine ladies like children, but has now deluged the army, the navy, miniſters of ſtate, ſhoe-blacks, and footmen. The next diſcourſe I call a ſcheme for reconciling all the ſectaries in Great Britain.

But I proceed to mention what at preſent employs all my thoughts, and what by your means I wiſh to announce to the public. My hopes of ſucceſs are founded on the wonderful avidity with which mankind receive weekly and monthly Miſcellanies. Theſe are generally good things tranſlated from the French, copied out of old authors, or altogether new and original, the pro-

duction of modern writers. My plan is entirely new. I wish to be director in a work of this kind, more adapted than any thing that has yet been published, for the improvement of the *fair sex*. On no account will I admit any but female subscribers; and, excepting in some of the departments wherein I must toil myself, I will admit of none but female writers: for I incline to have this work altogether perfect, classical, and feminine. I consider this as the winding up of a long life; and I shall certainly lie down in my grave in more peace, reflecting, that I have added to the republic of letters one half of the human species, whom our foolish prejudices have hitherto in a great measure excluded.

I will divide this work into several departments, keeping in mind, however, for whose use and reading it is only intended.

The first shall consist of Foreign Intelligence. And this I doubt not to manage to the satisfaction of my readers. For, having travelled in my youth, there is scarcely a court in Europe, wherein I cannot command a female correspondent to inform me of its gallantries and its fashions.—This will greatly enlarge the sphere of female knowledge; and make scandal, like Cayenne pepper in a high-seasoned dish, harmless by spreading it. The slips of a Marchioness abroad will be as familiar as an actress at home; and the

dreſſes of Ruſſia as much known as thoſe of a birth-day.

This will be occaſionally interſperſed with books of travels and voyages, in which particular and minute attention will be paid to the *marriage* ceremonies of diſtant countries, that being the part of ſuch books which I have generally obſerved to bear the ſtrongeſt marks of peruſal, when I have at any time had the honour of opening them in a Lady's library.

My next department will conſiſt of Sketches and Intereſting anecdotes of private characters, with the Tea-table Converſations, and the Faſhions of the principal towns in Great Britain.

I will give names at full length; both to ſerve as a neceſſary check on the diſſoluteneſs of manners, and to preclude an improper application. To my tea-table dialogues I will add a Dictionary of French phraſes and words of the lateſt introduction, to aſſiſt thoſe of my readers who have not as yet arrived at much perfection in that excellent part of education. But my great intention in this department is, to enable my fair readers to be in and out of the mode in all parts of Great Britain preciſely at the ſame time. And although in my own private judgment I think I ought to publiſh my Miſcellany only once a-month; yet if, from humour or taſte, or the quick ſucceſſion of cuſtoms and modes, this is not thought

ſufficient to anſwer the various purpoſes of my work, I will at all times cheerfully ſubmit to a reaſonable number of my ſubſcribers. That my publication may not be deficient in any embelliſhment or illuſtration which other works of the ſame kind furniſh to their readers, plates will be given, from drawings, by the beſt maſters and miſtreſſes, of the different articles of dreſs moſt approved in the faſhionable world. As in books of Architecture, there are elevations of *fronts* and *back-fronts*, ſections of *arches* and *abutments*, deſigns for *friezes*, *ſtucco-cornices*, and *pilaſters*; ſo, in my Miſcellany, ſimilar aſſiſtances will be given to the artiſts of the female figure, and the inventors of female decoration.

The third diviſion of my intended Miſcellany will be a ſection for Female Eſſayiſts; and I hope to make a proper, ſpirited, and entertaining choice. I will occaſionally admit little affecting hiſtories, to animate the female world to virtuous and worthy deeds. Nor will it be leſs neceſſary for this laudable purpoſe, ſometimes to record bad, as well as good actions, imprudences and levities, as well as wiſe and diſcreet conduct. In this, I muſt own, I ſhall only have the merit of following the example ſet me by ſeveral of thoſe works which are profeſſedly written for the inſtruction of the female world. And indeed, how can Ladies be inſtructed in morals, unleſs they know

know every ſide of the queſtion? or how be taught to avoid the ſnares and dangers of the world, unleſs they are let into the whole ſecret of their effects and operation?

A Critical Review of Books will be my fourth. But here I have not the moſt diſtant thought of intermeddling with the property of ſome worthy men whom I honour and eſteem. Books of Humour or of Philoſophy, Belles Lettres, and Hiſtory, if they be not the production of one who is, or may become my ſubſcriber, I will not criticiſe. God forbid that I ſhould preſume to think myſelf qualified to judge and decide concerning the merit of all ſorts of books. I will confine my remarks to Novels and Plays, reſerving to myſelf the liberty of dipping into the ſofteſt kind of Poetry; and even in this I will endeavour to avoid two things wherein my fellow-labourers in this harveſt have frequently erred. In the firſt place, I will on no account give the character of a book, unleſs it has had the approbation of the public for a dozen years at leaſt. Singular as this may appear to be, it was the practice of the beſt ancient critics. And beſides abridging my own labour, it will much abridge that of others: for I myſelf, led to think favourably of a book by a fair character in an old Review, have made a tedious and fruitleſs ſearch for it in both public and private libraries. Secondly, For the moſt

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part I will give my opinion in the way of ſpecimen and extract only. I reluctantly cenſure an aſſociation of men, who have ſo often, and ſo juſtly, deſerved well of mankind; but at all times I muſt ſpeak truth. And I am forced to ſay, that my brethren, in criticiſing various departments of Literature, have written ſuch good ſentences of their own, as frequently to lead both themſelves and their readers quite away from the book they were giving an account of. This, to be ſure, as *Pope* ſaid of his own Paſtorals, though it is not criticiſm, is ſomething better; but my modeſty will not allow me to attempt it.

As a little poetry is thought neceſſary in works of this kind, I ſhall reſerve my fifth department for the productions of the Female Muſe. In this article I am exceſſively nice and delicate. My ear is naturally good, and my underſtanding as yet undebauched. At the ſame time I muſt confeſs, that what we find in the multitude of Miſcellanies, which daily come abroad, is poetry highly ſeaſoned and refined; and were I well aſſured of the ſex of the authors, I would not heſitate to admit it into mine. But as this is doubtful, I ſhall only propoſe it as an excellent model to all my correſpondents.

My ſixth and laſt department I intend to make the largeſt, and my endeavours ſhall not be wanting to make it the moſt uſeful. It is wholly to conſiſt

consist of Freethinking. A thousand times have I been grieved to the soul, to think that that religion which emancipates the human mind from folly and prejudice, that religion which M. de Voltaire justly styles the mild, the benevolent, the unpersecuting, should in a great measure be confined to the most worthless of the human race, whose lives discredit their profession; of whom many, though they have not been persecuted for their opinions, have yet suffered for their crimes. Human laws, ever unmerciful, and I may add unjust to punish those for their actions, who have deserved rewards for the benevolence and freedom of their thoughts! In the sincerity of my heart, I hope none of the fair-sex will think rashly of my endeavours, since I wish to convert them to a new religion, merely that they may do honour to it. Lest I should be suspected of vanity, which of all weaknesses I hate the most, I shall say nothing more than that I intend to give to each number an engraving of some woman who has distinguished, or who may distinguish herself, either by her actions or her writings.

I am, SIR,

Your humble servant,

PROJECTOR LITERARIUS.

N° 61. Saturday, *April* 1, 1786.

IN treating of the moral duties which apply to different relations of life, men of humanity and feeling have not forgotten to mention those which are due from Masters to Servants. Nothing indeed can be more natural than the attachment and regard to which the faithful services of our domestics are entitled; the connection grows up, like all the other family-charities, in early life, and is only extinguished by those corruptions which blunt the others, by pride, by folly, by dissipation, or by vice.

I hold it indeed as the sure sign of a mind not poised as it ought to be, if it is insensible to the pleasures of home, to the little joys and endearments of a family, to the affection of relations, to the fidelity of domestics. Next to being well with his own conscience, the friendship and attachment of a man's family and dependents seems to me one of the most comfortable circumstances in his lot. His situation with regard to either forms that sort of bosom comfort or disquiet that sticks close to him at all times and seasons, and which, though he may now and then forget it amidst the bustle of public or the hurry of active life,

life, will resume its place in his thoughts, and its permanent effects on his happiness, at every pause of ambition or of business.

In situations and with dispositions such as mine, there is perhaps less merit in feeling the benevolent attachment to which I allude, than in those of persons of more bustling lives and more dissipated attentions. To the *Lounger*, the home which receives him from the indifference of the circles in which he sometimes loiters his time, is naturally felt as a place of comfort and protection; and an elderly man-servant, whom I think I govern quietly and gently, but who perhaps quietly and gently governs me, I naturally regard as a tried and valuable friend. Few people will perhaps perfectly understand the feeling I experience when I knock at my door, after any occasional absence, and hear the hurried step of *Peter* on the stairs; when I see the glad face with which he receives me, and the look of honest joy with which he pats Cæsar (a Pomeranian dog who attends me in all my excursions) on the head, as if to mark his kind reception of him too; when he tells me he knew my rap, makes his modest inquiries after my health, opens the door of my room which he has arranged for my reception, places my slippers before the fire, and draws my elbow-chair to its usual stand; I confess I sit down in it with a self-complacency which

which I am vain enough to think a bad man would be incapable of feeling.

It appears to me a very pernicious miſtake, which I have ſometimes ſeen parents guilty of in the education of their children, to encourage and incite in them a haughty and deſpotic behaviour to their ſervants; to teach them an early conceit of the difference of their conditions; to accuſtom them to conſider the ſervices of their attendants as perfectly compenſated by the wages they receive, and as unworthy of any return of kindneſs, attention, or complacency. Something of this kind muſt indeed neceſſarily happen in the great and fluctuating eſtabliſhments of faſhionable life; but I am ſorry to ſee it of late gaining ground in the country of Scotland, where, from particular circumſtances, the virtues and fidelity of a great man's houſehold were wont to be conſpicuous, and exertions of friendſhip and magnanimity in the cauſe of a maſter uſed to be cited among the traditional *memorabilia* of moſt old families.

When I was laſt autumn at my friend Colonel *Cauſtic*'s in the country, I ſaw there, on a viſit to Miſs Cauſtic, a young gentlemen and his ſiſter, children of a neighbour of the Colonel's, with whoſe appearance and manner I was peculiarly pleaſed.—"The hiſtory of their parents," ſaid my friend, "is ſomewhat particular, and I love to tell it, as I do every thing that is to the honour

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of our nature. Man is so poor a thing taken in the gross, that when I meet with an instance of nobleness in detail, I am fain to rest upon it long, and to recal it often; as, in coming hither over our barren hills, you would look with double delight on a spot of cultivation or of beauty.

"The father of those young folks, whose looks you were struck with, was a gentleman of considerable domains and extensive influence on the northern frontier of our county. In his youth he lived, as it was then more the fashion than it is now, at the seat of his ancestors, surrounded with Gothic grandeur, and compassed with feudal followers and dependents, all of whom could trace their connection, at a period more or less remote, with the family of their chief. Every domestic in his house bore the family name, and looked on himself as in a certain degree partaking its dignity and sharing its fortunes. Of these, one was in a particular manner the favourite of his master. *Albert Bane* (the surname, you know, is generally lost in a name descriptive of the individual) had been his companion from his infancy. Of an age so much more advanced as to enable him to be a sort of tutor to his youthful lord, Albert had early taught him the rural exercises and rural amusements, in which himself was eminently skilful; he had attended him in the course of his education at home, of his travels abroad, and was still

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the conſtant companion of his excurſions and the aſſociate of his ſports.

"On one of thoſe latter occaſions, a favourite dog of Albert's, whom he had trained himſelf, and of whoſe qualities he was proud, happened to mar the ſport which his maſter expected, who, irritated at the diſappointment, and having his gun ready cocked in his hand, fired at the animal, which, however, in the hurry of his reſentment, he miſſed. Albert, to whom *Oſcar* was as a child, remonſtrated againſt the raſhneſs of the deed, in a manner rather too warm for his maſter, ruffled as he was with accident, and conſcious of being in the wrong, to bear. In his paſſion he ſtruck his faithful attendant; who ſuffered the indignity in ſilence, and retiring, rather in grief than in anger, left his native country that very night; and when he reached the neareſt town, enliſted with a recruiting party of a regiment then on foreign ſervice. It was in the beginning of the war with France which broke out in 1744, rendered remarkable for the rebellion which the policy of the French court excited, in which ſome of the firſt families of the Highlands were unfortunately engaged. Among thoſe who joined the ſtandard of *Charles*, was the maſter of Albert.

"After the battle of *Culloden*, ſo fatal to that party, this gentleman, along with others who had

had escaped the slaughter of the field, sheltered themselves from the rage of the unsparing soldiery, among the distant recesses of their country. To him his native mountains offered an asylum; and thither he naturally fled for protection. Acquainted, in the pursuits of the chace, with every secret path and unworn track, he lived for a considerable time like the deer of his forest, close hid all day, and only venturing down at the fall of evening, to obtain from some of his cottagers, whose fidelity he could trust, a scanty and precarious support. I have often heard him, for he is one of my oldest acquaintances, describe the scene of his hiding-place, at a later period, when he could recollect it in its sublimity, without its horror."—"At times," said he, "when I ventured to the edge of the wood, among some of those inaccessible crags which you remember a few miles from my house, I have heard in the pauses of the breeze which rolled solemn through the pines beneath me, the distant voices of the soldiers, shouting in answer to one another amidst their inhuman search. I have heard their shouts re-echoed from cliff to cliff, and seen reflected from the deep still lake below, the gleam of those fires which consumed the cottages of my people. Sometimes shame and indignation wellnigh overcame my fear, and I have prepared to rush down the steep, unarmed as I was, and to die

die at once by the swords of my enemies; but the instinctive love of life prevailed, and starting as the roe bounded by me, I have again shrunk back to the shelter I had left.

"One day," continued he, "the noise was nearer than usual; and, from the cave in which I lay, I heard the parties immediately below so close upon me, that I could distinguish the words they spoke. After some time of horrible suspense, the voices grew weaker and more distant; and at last I heard them die away at the farther end of the wood. I rose and stole to the mouth of the cave; when suddenly a dog met me, and gave that short quick bark by which they indicate their prey. Amidst the terror of the circumstance, I was yet master enough of myself to discover that the dog was *Oscar*; and I own to you I felt his appearance like the retribution of justice and of heaven.—Stand! cried a threatening voice, and a soldier pressed through the thicket, with his bayonet charged.—It was Albert! Shame, confusion, and remorse, stopped my utterance, and I stood motionless before him. "My master!" said he, with the stifled voice of wonder and of fear, and threw himself at my feet. I had recovered my recollection. "You are revenged," said I, "and I am your prisoner."—"Revenged! Alas! you have judged too hardly of me; I have not had one happy day since that

that fatal one on which I left my maſter; but I have lived, I hope, to ſave him. The party to which I belong are paſſed; for I lingered behind them among thoſe woods and rocks, which I remembered ſo well in happier days.—There is, however, no time to be loſt. In a few hours this wood will blaze, though they do not ſuſpect that it ſhelters you. Take my dreſs, which may help your eſcape, and I will endeavour to diſpoſe of yours. On the coaſt, to the weſtward, we have learned there is a ſmall party of your friends, which, by following the river's track till duſk, and then ſtriking over the ſhoulder of the hill, you may join without much danger of diſcovery."—I felt the diſgrace of owing ſo much to him I had injured, and remonſtrated againſt expoſing him to ſuch imminent danger of its being known that he had favoured my eſcape, which, from the temper of his commander, I knew would be inſtant death. Albert, in an agony of fear and diſtreſs, beſought me to think only of my own ſafety.—"Save us both," ſaid he, "for if you die, I cannot live. Perhaps we may meet again; but whatever becomes of Albert, may the bleſſing of God be with his maſter!"

Albert's prayer was heard. His maſter, by the exerciſe of talents, which, though he had always poſſeſſed, adverſity only taught him to uſe, acquired abroad a ſtation of equal honour and emolument;

lument; and when the proſcriptions of party had ceaſed, returned home to his own country, where he found Albert advanced to the rank of a lieutenant in the army, to which his valour and merit had raiſed him, married to a lady by whom he had got ſome little fortune, and the father of an only daughter, for whom nature had done much, and to whoſe native endowments it was the chief ſtudy and delight of her parents to add every thing that art could beſtow. The gratitude of the chief was only equalled by the happineſs of his follower, whoſe honeſt pride was not long after gratified by his daughter's becoming the wife of that maſter whom his generous fidelity had ſaved. That maſter, by the clemency of more indulgent and liberal times, was again reſtored to the domain of his anceſtors, and had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing the grandſon of Albert enjoy the hereditary birthright of his race. I accompanied Colonel Cauſtic on a viſit to this gentleman's houſe, and was delighted to obſerve his grateful attention to his father-in-law, as well as the unaſſuming happineſs of the good old man, conſcious of the perfect reward which his former fidelity had met with. Nor did it eſcape my notice, that the ſweet boy and girl, who had been our gueſts at the Colonel's, had a favourite brown and white ſpaniel, whom they careſſed much after dinner, whoſe name was *Oſcar*.

N° 62. SATURDAY, *April* 8, 1786.

Abſentem ruſticus urbem,
Tollis ad aſtra levis. HOR.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR, *Muſhroom-Hall, 1ſt April,* 1786.

THE indulgence which you ſhewed to my correſpondence when in town, emboldens me to hope for the ſame favourable reception of my letters from the country. Here, Mr. Lounger, I have much more time to write; but unfortunately I have much fewer ſubjects; and thoſe too none of the moſt enlivening. I think there is a ſort of fatality in it, that I am always in low ſpirits when I ſit down to write to you. Theſe conſtant eaſterly winds do affect one's nerves ſo!

I told you in my laſt, that my ſiſter-in-law talked of going to London, and perhaps to the Continent; and how unwilling I ſhould be to accompany her. She is actually gone ſome weeks ago, and I was not aſked to be of the party; but ſhe has taken her favourite Miſs *Guſto*, becauſe

ſhe can talk French a little more glibly, having been bred at a London boarding-ſchool; though my French maſter ſays it is execrable *patois*, and won't be underſtood by people of faſhion. Well! I don't deſire to detract from any body; but ſome people are ſingular in their favourites. But it don't ſignify; we can be very happy at home, though it was a little croſs to leave Edinburgh juſt when one had got into the humour of it; and when one began to know people a little, and people began to know one, which takes ſome time, you know, Mr. Lounger, eſpecially with people who are not quite ſo forward as ſome people, who are greater favourites with ſome people than other people are.

You muſt know that our ſociety in Edinburgh had latterly become much more agreeable to me, from our intimacy with Mrs. *Rattle*, who came lately from *Spa*, where ſhe had gone for the recovery of her health, being vaſtly ſubject to low ſpirits whenever ſhe remains long in this climate. Mrs. Rattle was pleaſed to take very particular notice of me, being delighted, ſhe ſaid, with a certain *naïveté*, of which I was poſſeſſed; though Mrs. Muſhroom, who was jealous of her attention to me, ſaid it was only becauſe I was the beſt *hearer* of her acquaintance. Be that as it may, ſhe was always remarkably civil and obliging to me; declared ſhe looked upon me as her

her particular *protegée*; and that except one or two gentleman with whom she had been acquainted abroad, I was the only person to whom she gave the constant *entrée* to her *boudoir*. I was invited to most of her parties, which made the town appear quite a different thing to me from what it did when I wrote to you last. Unfortunately these pleasant days did not last long; my dear Mrs. Rattle was suddenly taken ill soon after her husband's arrival in Edinburgh, (for he did not come till some time after,) and was obliged to leave town without being able to see even me. My brother and Mrs. Mushroom, as I mentioned before, have set off for London with Miss Gusto; and so, Mr. Lounger, I am come back to the country again.

I had but a very disagreeable journey of it, tho' my maid (who was my sister-in-law till she got a gentlewoman of Miss Gusto's recommending) and a very good sort of a young man, to whom my brother has promised a church on an estate he has bought lately, took all possible care of me by the way. But the roads were miserably bad, and the post-chaises terribly jolting and uneasy.—— Though we talk so much of improvements, there must certainly be a great change to the worse in that article; for I remember travelling part of that road once before, along with my mother, in the diligence, which we found a very comfortable

eaſy ſort of machine; and the roads were then remarkably ſmooth and well made. Nor is the accommodation at the inns leſs fallen off from what it was at that time.

The weather has been dreadful ſince my arrival; and I have been perfectly ſtarved with cold ever ſince I reached my father's; yet they tell me it was ſtill colder ſome weeks before; tho' I am ſure it was not ſo with us in town. Except one night at the play, when it was a very thin houſe, moſt of the faſhionable company having gone to the *Dancing Dogs;* and one other time when I waited a great while in the lobby of the aſſembly-room for my ſiſter and another lady, who had dined at Mrs. *Midnight*'s, I don't recollect having felt it diſagreeably cold all the time I was in Edinburgh. On that laſt occaſion I caught a little cold, which, however, has been infinitely worſe ſince I removed to the country; tho' they ſay change of air is good for a cough, I have found mine much more troubleſome here than in Edinburgh. Indeed, one cannot ſtir out of doors without wetting one's feet; and I was t'other day over the ſhoes in dirt going to ſee my brother's Temple of Venus, which, one of his improving adviſers, Dr. ——, planned for him laſt autumn. Yet the Doctor was at no ſmall pains making a walk to it, which conſumed, as he told us, Lord knows how many waggon-loads of gravel;

gravel; but unfortunately one of the *twiſts* led into a bog; for it is ſo artfully twiſted, that I have heard the Doctor ſay, the Temple, which is ſcarce 200 yards from the houſe as the crow flies, is a good half mile off by the *ſerpentine*. I am ſure I thought it far enough when they would needs have me go and viſit it. Beſides, one meets cattle in this field, and dogs in that; and they are certainly grown much worſe-natured ſince I left the country.

I am glad, however, to take a long walk, tho' it ſhould be ſomewhat dirty and diſagreeable, to paſs off a while of the morning (afternoon they call it here) from one to three, as well as to get a little wearied, that I may be able to ſleep when we go to bed by eleven. My cough plagues me ſo all the night long, and then I hear ſome of the out-o'-door ſervants getting up when I have ſcarce ſlept a wink. It was but this very morning they broke off one of the charmingeſt dreams!—Methought I was at the Maſquerade, (what a croſs thing it was, Mr. Lounger, to give up the Maſquerade!) and there was my ſiſter-in-law, and Captain *Coupée*, and Miſs *Guſto*, and Lady *Rumpus*, and Mrs. *Rattle*, and goodneſs knows how many fine people beſides; and a Highlander in his plaid and philabeg followed me up and down, and I was told it was a Duke in diſguiſe; and methought I was juſt ſtanding up to

dance a *Strathſpey* with him—when I was waked by one of our brutes in the ſtable-yard bawling out ſomething about the firſt yoking with the brown mare.—I could have cried, Mr. Lounger, when I thought that it was but a dream! and I had nobody whom I could even tell it to here; for neither my mother nor ſiſters know any thing about a maſquerade, and they never ſaw Captain Coupée, nor Miſs Guſto, nor Lady Rumpus, nor Mrs. Rattle.

The *Homeſpuns*, indeed, are very good girls, and they come to me as often as their father will let them; and we have long converſations about Edinburgh, and what I ſaw and heard there; and they are ſo charmed with what I tell them, and ſo diſtracted to get thither! We ſometimes ſit up talking of it two or three hours after all the reſt of the family are quiet. My ſiſter-in-law, to ſay truth, has not been unmindful of us ſince ſhe has been gone, but has ſent us down, among other things, a parcel of new books and Magazines, which I now and then read to the Homeſpuns at thoſe ſittings-up of ours. I dare not lend them a reading of any, ſince their father took it into his head to burn one for having a new *tête à tête* in it.

To be ſure Mr. Homeſpun is a very odd ſort of a man, and if it were not for Mrs. Homeſpun, there would be no bearing of him; he is always railing

railing at fine gentlemen, and fine ladies, and new faſhions—he is certainly ten times more rude and diſagreeable than he was before I went to town; and he ſays, that ſince I came, I have infected his daughters with ridiculous ſmall waiſts and large heads; and yet their mother and they all agree how much better they look ſince I brought them their new ſtays and heads. The firſt day they walked over here to welcome me home, they looked ſo red and ſo blouzy, I thought I never ſaw two ſuch frights in my life; I could hardly believe they were the ſame girls I had left but four months before; and they were both aſtoniſhed at my improvement in ſo ſhort a time; only the eldeſt thought, as ſhe has confeſſed to me ſince, that my complexion was ſomewhat of the paleſt. Now, to tell you a ſecret, Mr. Lounger, I can mend that when I chooſe, though I never ventured to try but once, for diverſion's ſake, that I rubbed a very little out of Mrs. Rattle's French box on my cheeks, and every body obſerved how handſome I looked that day, and what a ſparkle my eyes had; but I did not let any body know how they came by it.

Indeed, if there is any ſin in't, I am ſure it is not worth the while here; for there is nobody to ſee one needs care how one looks for. I uſed to be joked about our neighbour young *Broadcaſt*, who is reckoned one of the beſt matches in our neigh-

bourhood, and my father brought him to see me the very day after my arrival. But he is grown so fat and so coarse since I left this, and talks and laughs so loud, and speaks of nothing but the value of land, and the laying out of farms! I received him very coldly, and he has not come back since: for my own part, I don't care if he should never come back.

There is, however, some pleasure in dressing one's self, to have the amusement of making the people stare and wonder as they do. It is very diverting to me to hear the observations of some of the good ladies, our neighbours, when I put on some of my town things, on purpose to provoke them. La! what a head!—Good gracious! what a neck!—and mercy upon us! what a bunch behind!—Sunday last, being the first opportunity for my appearing in public, I resolved to make a figure; and so I went to church with my head as well curled as my maid and I could make it, my newest-fashioned hat, and a round hoop Mrs. Mushroom had just sent me from London. Would you think it, Mr. Lounger, I had like to have been mobb'd in the coming out? and the people followed the carriage till it came to the church-way ford in our way home.

But this will only do now and then; and, on the whole, I find my time hang very heavy on

my hands; though I try all I can to coax away a great part of the day too. As I am a perſon of ſome conſequence ſince my late journey to town, they indulge me a good deal in the diſpoſal of my time, even though it ſometimes runs a little croſs to the regularity of theirs; only my father growls now and then; but we don't mind that much. I ſeldom riſe till near eleven, and generally breakfaſt in bed. I read the newſpapers my brother ſends down, all except the politics. I ſtroll out, as I told you before, between one and three; then, if I dreſs, or perhaps alter the ſit of my cap, or change my feathers before the glaſs, I am ſeldom ready till long paſt dinner-time: they put it back an hour ever ſince my brother came firſt home. In the evening I play the new minuets, teach my ſiſters cards, or we gueſs the riddles in the Lady's Magazine; and I think of the *Promenade* in *Prince's-Street*, and of *Dunn*'s rooms, and of being in Edinburgh next winter if I can.

I am told there is to be a ball in our county-town, when the Judges come this way on their circuit, in about a fortnight hence, which the *Homeſpuns* talk of with great glee. And they tell me there is a ſet of players who are to perform there at that time, and the *German tumbler* with his bear and dogs. But, for my part, I have very little inclination to go. After ſeeing *Lamaſh*, and *Wilſon*, and *Kippling*; not to mention

Woods and Mrs. *Crawford*.—But above all, to think of the German tumbler after *Richer* and *Dubois*; and his dogs forsooth, after the dear little dogs at the *Black Bull!*—Oh! Mr. Lounger, as *Macbeth* says,

What a falling off is there!

It will be really compassionate in you to give us a paper now and then about what is going on in town. And do, Mr. Lounger, let there be plenty of characters in it. I have told the Homespuns the owners of all the characters in your paper, from the very beginning, without missing one. For, believe me, I am, dear Mr. Lounger, whether in town or country, your constant reader and admirer,

MARJORY MUSHROOM.

N° 63. SATURDAY, *April* 15, 1786.

An is mihi liber cui mulier imperat? cui leges imponit præscribit, vetat quod videtur?

CICERO.

To the LOUNGER.

SIR,

I AM a middle-aged gentleman, poſſeſſed of a moderate income, ariſing chiefly from the profits of an office, of which the emolument is more than ſufficient to compenſate the degree of labour with which the diſcharge of its duties is attended. About my forty-fifth year I became tired of the bachelor-ſtate; and taking the hint from ſome little twinges of the gout, I began to think it was full time for me to look out for an agreeable help-mate. The laſt of the juvenile taſtes that forſakes a man is his admiration of youth and beauty; and I own I was ſo far from being inſenſible to theſe attractions, that I felt myſelf ſometimes tempted to play the fool, and marry for love. I had ſenſe enough, however, to

reſiſt this inclination, and, in my choice of a wife, to ſacrifice rapture and romance to the proſpect of eaſe and comfort. I wedded the daughter of a country gentleman of ſmall fortune, a lady much about my own time of life, who bore the character of a diſcreet prudent woman, who was a ſtranger to faſhionable folly and diſſipation of every kind, and whoſe higheſt merit was that of an excellent houſewife.

When I begin by telling you that I repent of my choice, you will naturally ſuppoſe, Mr. Lounger, (a very common caſe,) that I have been deceived in the idea I had formed of my wife's character. Not at all, Sir; I found it true to a tittle. She is a perfect paragon of prudence and diſcretion. Her moderation is exemplary in the higheſt degree; and as to œconomy, ſhe is all that I expected, and a great deal more too. You will aſk, then, of what it is that I complain? I ſhall lay my grievances before you without reſerve.

A man, Sir, who, with no bad diſpoſitions, and with ſome pretenſions to common ſenſe, has arrived at the age of five-and-forty, may be preſumed to have formed for himſelf a plan of life, which he will not care haſtily to relinquiſh, merely to gratify the caprices of another. I entered the matrimonial ſtate with a firm reſolution not to quarrel with my wife for trifles; but really,

Sir,

Sir, the ſacrifices daily exacted on my part, and the mortifications I have been forced to ſubmit to, are at length become ſo numerous and ſo intolerable, that I muſt either come to a downright rupture, or be hooted at for a ſilly fellow by all my acquaintance.

Before I married, having, as I already informed you, a decent income, I thought myſelf entitled to many of thoſe little indulgences to which a ſocial diſpoſition inclines a man who is poſſeſſed of the means of gratifying it. The neceſſary buſineſs in which my office engaged me occupying ſeveral hours of the day, it was the higheſt pleaſure to paſs the evenings with a few ſenſible friends, either at my own lodgings, at theirs, or in the tavern. I found myſelf likewiſe a very welcome gueſt in many reſpectable families, where, as the humour ſtruck me, I could go in at any hour, and take my part of a domeſtic meal without the formality of an invitation. I was a member too of a weekly club, which met on the Saturday evenings, moſt of them people of talents, and ſome of them not unknown in the world of letters. Here the entertainment was truly *Attic*. A ſingle bottle was the *modicum*, which no man was allowed to exceed. Wit and humour flowed without reſerve, where all were united by the bonds of intimacy; and learning loſt her gravity

over

over the enlivening glass. *O noctes cœnæque Deum!*

As my profession was a sedentary one, I kept, for the sake of exercise, a couple of good geldings, and at my leisure hours contrived frequently to indulge myself in a scamper of a dozen miles into the country. It was my pride to keep my horses in excellent order; and when debarred by business from riding them, I consoled myself with a visit to the stable. Shooting was likewise a favourite amusement; and, though I could not often indulge it, I had a brace of springing spaniels, and a couple of excellent pointers. In short, between my business and amusement, my time passed most delightfully; and I really believe I was one of the happiest bachelors in Great Britain.

Alas, Sir, how little do we know what is for our good! Like the poor gentleman who killed himself by taking physic when he was in health*, I wanted to be happier than I was, and I have made myself miserable.

My wife's ruling passion is, the care of futurity. We had not been married above a month before she found my system which was to enjoy the pre-

* Mr. Easy alludes to the Italian epitaph, "*Stava ben, ma per star meglio, sto qui.*

sent,

ſent, was totally inconſiſtent with thoſe provident plans ſhe had formed in the view of a variety of future contingencies, which, if but barely poſſible, ſhe looks upon as abſolutely certain. The proſpect of an increaſe to our family (though we have now lived five years together, without the ſmalleſt ſymptom of any ſuch accident) has been the cauſe of a total revolution of our domeſtic œconomy, and a relinquiſhment, on my part, of all the comforts of my life. The God of Health, we are informed, was gratified by the ſacrifice of a cock; but the God of Marriage, it would ſeem, is not ſo eaſily propitiated; for I have ſacrificed to him my horſes, dogs, and even my friends, without the ſmalleſt proſpect of ſecuring his favour.

In accompliſhing this œconomical reformation, my wife diſplayed no ſmall addreſs. Lord, Sir, what ways women have of working out their points! She began by giving me frequent hints of the neceſſity there was of cutting off all ſuperfluous expences; and frequently admoniſhed me, that it was better to ſave while our family was ſmall, than to retrench when it grew larger. When ſhe perceived that this argument had very little force, (as indeed it grew every day weaker,) and that there was nothing to be done by general admonition, ſhe found it neceſſary to come to particulars. She endeavoured to convince me, that

that I was cheated in every article of my family expenditure. It is a principle with her, that all ſervants are thieves. When they offer themſelves to be hired, if they demand what ſhe thinks high wages, ſhe cannot afford to pay at the rate of a Ducheſs; if their demand is moderate, ſhe is ſure they muſt make it up by ſtealing. To prove their honeſty, ſhe lays temptations in their way, and watches in a corner to catch them in the fact. In the firſt ſix months after our marriage, we had five ſearch-warrants in the houſe. My groom (as honeſt a fellow as ever handled a curry-comb) was indicted for embezzling oats; and, though the ſleek ſides of my geldings gave ſtrong teſtimony to his integrity, he was turned off at a day's warning. This I ſoon found was but a prelude to a more ſerious attack; and the battery was levelled at a quarter where I was but too vulnerable. I never went out to ride, but I found my poor ſpouſe in tears at my return. She had an uncle, it ſeems, who broke his collar-bone by a fall from a horſe. My pointers, ſtretched upon the hearth, were never beheld by her without uneaſineſs. They brought to mind a third couſin who loſt a finger by the burſting of a fowling-piece; and ſhe had a ſad preſentiment, that my paſſion for ſport might make her one day the moſt miſerable of women. "Sure, my dear," ſhe would ſay, "you

"you would not, for the sake of a trifling gratification to yourself, render your poor wife constantly unhappy! Yet I must be so while you keep those vicious horses and nasty curs." What could I do, Sir?——A man would not choose to pass for a barbarian.

It was a more difficult task to wean me from those social enjoyments I mentioned, and to cure me of a dangerous appetite I had for the company of my friends. If I passed the evening in a tavern, I was sure to have a sermon against intemperance, a warning of the too sensible decay of my constitution, and a most moving complaint of the heaviness of those solitary hours which she spent in my absence. Those hours indeed she attempted sometimes to shorten by sending my servant to acquaint me that she had gone to bed indisposed. This device, however, after two or three repetitions, being smoked by my companions, I was forced to vindicate my honour before them, by kicking the messenger down stairs.

Matters were yet worse with me, when I ventured to invite my old cronies to a friendly supper at my own house. In place of that ease and freedom which indicates a cordial reception, they found, on my wife's part, a cold and stiff formality which repressed all social enjoyment; and the nonsensical parade of a figure of empty show upon the table, which convinced them of the trouble

trouble their visit had occasioned. Under this impression, you may believe, there is no great danger of a debauch in my house. Indeed my wife commonly sits out the company. If it happens otherwise, we have a stated allowance of wine; and if more is called for, it is so long in coming, that my friends take the hint, and wish me a good night.

But, even were I more at liberty to indulge my social disposition than I unfortunately find myself, there are other reasons, no less powerful, which would prevent me from inviting my friends to my house. My wife, Sir, is absolutely unfit for any kind of rational conversation. Bred from her infancy under an old maiden aunt, who had the management of her father's household and country farm, she has no other ideas than what are accommodated to that station. Unluckily, her transplantation to town, by removing her from her calves, her pigs, and her poultry, has given her fewer opportunities of displaying the capital stock of her knowledge. She still finds, however, a tolerable variety of conversation, in the rise and fall of the markets, the qualities and prices of butcher-meat, the making of potatoe-starch, the comparative excellence of Leith and Kensington candles, and many other topics of equally amusing disquisition. Seriously, Sir, when alone, I can find refuge in my books; but when

when with her in company, she never opens her mouth, but I am in terror for what is to come out of it.

I should perhaps complain the less of being reduced to this state of involuntary domestication, if I saw any endeavours on her part to make my home somewhat comfortable to me. I am no epicure, Mr. Lounger; but I own to you I like a good dinner, and have somehow got the reputation of being a pretty good judge of wines. In this last article I piqued myself on having a critical palate; and this my friends know so well, that I was generally consulted when their cellars needed a supply, and was sure to be summoned to give my opinion at the opening of a new hogshead or the piercing of a butt. You may believe I took care that my own small stock of liquors should not discredit my reputation; and I have often with some exultation heard it remarked that there was no such claret in Edinburgh as Bob Easy's *yellow seal*.

Good claret, which I have long been accustomed to consider as a *panacea* for all disorders, my wife looks upon as little better than slow poison. She is convinced of its pernicious effects both on my purse and constitution, and recommends to me, for the sake of both, some brewed stuff of her own, which she dignifies with the name of wine, but which to me seems nothing but ill-

fermented

fermented vinegar. She tells, with much satisfaction, how she has passed her *currant wine* for *cape*, and her *gooseberry* for *champaigne*; but, for my part, I never taste them without feeling very disagreeable effects from it; and I once drank half a bottle of her *champaigne*, which gave me a colic for a week.

In the article of victuals, I am doomed to yet greater mortification. Here, Sir, my wife's frugality is displayed in a most remarkable manner. As every thing is to be bought when at the low-price, she lays in during the summer all her stores for the winter. For six months we live upon salt provisions, and the rest of the year on fly-blown lamb and stale mutton. If a joint is roasted the one day, it is served cold the next, and hashed on the day following. All poultry is contraband. Fish (unless salt herrings and dried ling, when got a bargain) I am never allowed to taste.

Thus mortified in my appetites, divorced as I am from my friends, having "lost all my mirth, and foregone all custom of my exercise," I am told that even my face and figure are totally changed: and, in place of the jolly careless air of a *bon vivant*, I have got the sneaking look and starved appearance of a poor wretch escaped from a spunging-house, and dreading a dun in every human being that accosts him.—That it should come

come to this!—But I am determined no longer to endure it. My wife ſhall read this letter in my preſence; and while ſhe contemplates her own picture, I ſhall take my meaſures according to the effect it produces on her. If ſhe takes it as ſhe ought, 'tis well;—if not, and a rupture is the conſequence, ſtill better—I ſhall be my own man again.

I am, SIR, yours, &c.

ROBERT EASY.

N° 64. SATURDAY, *April* 22, 1786.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

THAT diſtreſs finds ſome conſolation from revealing its misfortunes, is a trite obſervation, which perhaps is in no inſtance more ſtrongly felt, than where we have ourſelves to blame for our calamities. There is ſomething in making a confeſſion, though but on paper, (even if it ſhould never be communicated to any one,) which unloads the mind of a weight that bears it down in ſecret; and, though it cannot pluck the thorn from memory, has certainly the effect of blunting its poignancy.—Suffer me then, Sir, to tell you, or to write as if I were telling you, how unhappy I am, and by what means I have become ſo.

I was left by my father, at the age of thirteen, the eldeſt of two daughters, under the charge of one of the beſt and moſt indulgent of mothers. Our circumſtances were affluent, our ſociety reſpectable, and our education, from its very commencement,

mencement, had been attended to with care, and provided for with the utmoſt liberality. No inſtruction was neglected, no accompliſhment unattended to. In attaining theſe, my ſiſter was not quite ſo fortunate as I. Born, as I have been often told, with uncommon quickneſs of parts, I found no difficulty in maſtering the ſtudies that were taught me, or of acquiring the embelliſhments it was wiſhed I ſhould acquire. My ſiſter was often deficient in the one and awkward at the other. She poſſeſſed, however, a ſound, plain underſtanding, and an excellent temper. My ſuperiority never excited envy in her, and I think never vanity in me. We loved one another moſt ſincerely; and after ſome years had blunted the grief which my mother felt for her huſband's death, there were, I believe, few happier families than ours.

Though our affections were cordial, however, our diſpoſitions were very different. My ſiſter was contented to think as other people thought, and to feel as other people felt; ſhe rarely ventured to ſpeculate in opinion, or to ſoar in fancy. I was often tempted to reject, if not to deſpiſe, the common opinions of mankind, and to create to myſelf a warm and, I am afraid, a viſionary picture of happineſs, ariſing from a highly refined ſenſibility. My mother was at pains to combat theſe enthuſiaſtic ideas, and to repreſent the danger

ger of indulging in them. From a desire, perhaps, of overcoming that tendency towards them which she perceived in me, her discourse, when we were alone, almost constantly turned on this subject. As she always allowed us the liberty of argument with her, I stood up in these conversations the warm defender of my own maxims, in contradiction to those prudent ones which she recommended. Hers, I am persuaded, admitted of better reasoning; but my cause gave greater room for eloquence. All my little talents were exerted in the contest; and I have often since thought that my mother had from nature a bent to my side of the question, which all her wisdom and experience had not been able to overcome; that, though she constantly applauded the prudent system of my sister, she was in truth rather partial to mine, and vain of that ability with which I defended it. However that might be, I myself always rose from the dispute more and more convinced of the justness of my own opinions, and proud of that superiority which I thought they conferred on me.

We had not long attained a marriageable age, when we found ourselves surrounded with those whom the world terms admirers. Our mother's benevolence and sweetness of temper inclined her to society, and we were too innocent for prudery; we had therefore a number of visitors of the other sex,

ſex, many of whom were ſo particular in their attentions, that women who wiſhed to boaſt of conqueſts, would have called them lovers. With us they did not always aſſume that title; my ſiſter was too prudent, and I was too nice, eaſily to believe a man a lover.

Among thoſe, however, were two gentlemen, whoſe attachment was declared to me in terms too ſtrong to be miſunderſtood. *Florio*'s perſon was univerſally allowed to be handſome; many, of whom I was one, thought it elegant. With external accompliſhments his education had furniſhed him; his manner was eaſy and unembarraſſed; ſome called it aſſuming, I thought it natural. His converſation was full of the language of ſenſibility; in my idea it ſpoke a mind replete with ſenſibility itſelf. Other people ſometimes ſuſpected him of ſhallowneſs and affectation; I praiſed him for avoiding the pedantry of knowledge, and the ruſticity of men proud of its acquirements.

Alcander was the only ſon of a particular friend of my mother's, and therefore on a very intimate footing in our family. My mother, with whom he was a favourite, diſcovered in him a great fund of good ſenſe and of uſeful knowledge. I was ſtruck with the inelegance of his appearance and addreſs, and the want of refinement in his ſentiments and converſation. His

goodneſs and candour were often the topics of my mother's commendation; I remarked his want of diſcernment, and the coldneſs of his attachments and averſions. My mother often repeated her own eulogiums of Alcander, and the criticiſms of the world on Florio; I always heard her with a determined oppoſition of ſentiment, and therefore roſe from the converſation more averſe to the firſt and more attached to the latter. Alcander, after perſiſting for ſome time under a very marked diſinclination to him, gave up the purſuit; but as he ſtill continued his viſits to the family, particularly during any occaſional abſence of mine, he transferred by degrees his affections to my ſiſter. When he had ceaſed to be my lover, I was willing to be very much his friend: my mother had always ſhewn her partiality in his favour; my ſiſter was won by his virtues, and after ſome time became his wife.

Florio's ſuit to me was oppoſed by my mother with rather more vehemence than was natural to her. She often inſiſted on the infatuation, as ſhe called it, of that deception which I was under with regard to him, a deception which ſhe predicted I ſhould one day be convinced of. Her oppoſition, however, though it over-ruled my conduct, never overcame my attachment: I would not be his without the conſent of my mother; but my affection it was not in her power to ſhake.

ſhake. Her love for me overcame her reſolution; and at laſt ſhe gave, however unwillingly, my hand to Florio.

I was now the happieſt of women. The ſcenes I had often pictured of conjugal tenderneſs and domeſtic happineſs, I thought now realized in the poſſeſſion of a man who, I had taught myſelf to believe, was to love me for ever, and was himſelf every thing I ought to love; and I often looked with a degree of pity on the ſituation of my ſiſter, whoſe happineſs (for ſhe called it happineſs) with Alcander was of a kind ſo inferior to mine.

How long this laſted I cannot exactly ſay. I fear I begun to be unhappy long before I would allow myſelf to believe it. I have often wept alone at the coldneſs and neglect of Florio, when on meeting him, a few words of ſeeming tenderneſs and affection made me again reproach my doubts of his love, and think my own ſituation the moſt enviable of any. Alas! he at length drove me from this laſt ſtrong hold in which my affection for him had entrenched itſelf. It is now three years ſince he has treated me in ſuch a manner as to leave me no apology for his treatment. During the laſt, my mother's death has deprived me of one of the few comforts I had left. From my mother I carefully concealed my diſtreſs; but I believe in vain: ſhe lived to gueſs at my miſery; and I fear her ſenſe of it added to

the preſſure of that diſeaſe which brought her to her grave.

After the loſs of my huſband's love, it is little to talk of my diſappointment in his talents and accompliſhments. It was long, however, before I allowed myſelf to ſee defects which leſs penetration than I have been flattered with poſſeſſing, had long before diſcovered. My mother had often before our marriage expreſſed her ſurpriſe that one of my abilities ſhould be ſo deceived, as not to ſee his inferiority: I believe it is by theſe abilities that the deception is aided. They are able to form a picture to which more ordinary minds are unequal; and in the weakneſs of their raſh attachment, they find the likeneſs where they wiſh to find it.——

I was interrupted by my ſiſter. Why are her looks ſo ſerene? and why does ſhe tell me, how much mine are altered? I am too proud to allow a witneſs to my diſtreſſes; and from her, of all womankind, I would conceal them.—This diſſimulation is due to my pride, perhaps to my duty; yet if you knew, Sir, what it is to ſmile in public, to ſeem to be happy with ſuch feelings as mine;—to act contentment all day long, and to retire at night to my lonely pillow with the anguiſh my heart has treaſured up all the while! —But the ſubject overpowers me.—Farewel.

CONSTANTIA.

N°. 65. SATURDAY, *April* 29, 1786.

Malignitati falsa species Libertatis ineſt. TAC.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

SOME time ago a female correſpondent was obliged to enter a complaint with you againſt one of the Virtues, and ſet forth the hardſhips which a family endures from the circumſtances of its maſter's extreme cultivation of *Truth*. I am ſorry, Sir, to be obliged to enter a ſimilar complaint againſt another of the Virtues, of the ſame family with that of which the Lady complains; and to relate to you the effects which I happened lately to witneſs from the extreme cultivation of *Freedom*.

The word Freedom, Sir, till this late incident in my life, carried with it a ſound at once ſo ſacred and ſo animating, as I thought was entitled to my warmeſt love and veneration. Yet a young man, and full of the claſſic remembrances of Roman virtue, I connected with the love of Liberty every thing that dignifies and humanizes man; and I heard the cautions of ſome of my elder and

more experienced acquaintance with the ſecret triumph of a ſuperior mind, whoſe vigour was unſubdued by age, whoſe honeſt warmth was unextinguiſhed by intereſt or the world.

By one of thoſe adviſers I was lately carried on a viſit to the houſe of a common relation of ours, with whoſe perſon, as he reſided in a different part of the country, I was not at all acquainted; but whoſe character, having often heard him celebrated as a warm partiſan of Liberty, I had long learned to revere; and I was happy to find that I ſhould have now an opportunity of acquiring an intimate acquaintance with him, our viſit being propoſed to be as long as it was diſtant, and meant to laſt during the whole Eaſter Holidays, according to their longeſt computation.

When we arrived at the houſe, and I was introduced to my couſin, I was ſomewhat diſappointed with his aſpect and manner, neither of which poſſeſſed a great deal of that dignity which, from an aſſertor of Freedom, according to my claſſic notions of the character, I had taught myſelf to expect. I found Mr. *Wilfull* a thick ſquat figure, with an appearance of great ſtrength and freſhneſs for his age, with a perſon rather luſty, and ſomewhat of rubicundity in his face. His motions were more quick than graceful, his voice rough and ſtrong, which laſt, however, I was inclined, on the firſt hearing it, to call firm and manly.

manly. Theſe qualities I afterwards found employed to give force and emphaſis to a variety of oaths, of which the gentleman was very profuſe in the courſe of his converſation. He gave us a very cordial welcome, and inſiſted on our recruiting ourſelves after our journey with a glaſs of his cordial waters, which I found ſo ſtrong as to make my eyes water the firſt mouthful I ſwallowed; but Mr. Wilfull himſelf took off a bumper, without ſeeming to feel any ſuch inconvenience.

When dinner came, the ladies of the family appeared, who conſiſted of Mrs. Wilfull and two daughters, on whom our landlord beſtowed a hearty ſcold for making us wait, as he ſaid, a quarter of an hour for their damned hair-dreſſing. This reprimand the ladies bore with great ſubmiſſion. Mrs. Wilfull indeed made a ſilent ſort of reply, by pulling out her watch, by which I ſaw it wanted ſeveral minutes of four. But Mr. Wilfull ſwore another oath, that a woman's watch was like her judgment, very little to be depended on; and deſired her to take notice, that *his* watch was to be the only regulator in *his* houſe.

During the time of dinner, Mr. Wilfull made uſe of the ſame ſort of freedom to criticiſe ſeveral diſhes which were not quite dreſſed to his liking. On his lady making ſome attempts at explanation and apology, he told her he knew ſhe muſt always have her own way, but that he

could not help believing his own ſmell and taſte: on ſome further remonſtrance, though a very gentle one, he carried the liberty of his tongue a little farther; he ſwore at her, and curſed the cook.

The cloth had not been removed above a few minutes, when our landlord, by aſking the ladies toaſts one after another as faſt as they could be drank, gave them a hint that he expected they ſhould retire, and leave us to enjoy "that liberty he loved." As the firſt fruits of which, the door was ſcarce ſhut behind them, when he began to give us ſome toaſts which ſeemed to have been at his tongue's end all the time they ſtaid, and waited there impatient for utterance till they ſhould be gone. At the cloſe of theſe moral ſentiments, he gave us ſome political ſentiments, (for Mr. Wilfull is extremely ſentimental,) which tended to fix the creed of the company in patriotiſm, as the former ſet of healths had eſtabliſhed their principles in point of virtue and morality. The firſt of theſe, "Liberty and the Conſtitution," we were deſired to drink, not in the ordinary glaſſes of the table, but in an old-faſhioned rummer of a particular ſhape and magnitude, which had been in his family for ſeveral generations, and was marked with certain words and figures more emblematical of freedom than of taſte or politeneſs. This doſe of wine it was abſolutely

ſolutely incumbent on every gueſt to ſwallow at a draught; on ſomebody's venturing to remonſtrate, that his making himſelf ſick would tend neither to the increaſe of liberty, nor to the eſtabliſhment of the conſtitution his plea was immediately over-ruled in a very vociferous manner by our hoſt, from whoſe deciſion I found there was no appeal. He contrived to furniſh us with ſuch a variety of bumper-toaſts in favour of freedom, which none of us were at liberty to decline, that I was carried ſpeechleſs to bed, (as, I was afterwards told, were ſeveral other members of the company,) and waked next morning with ſo violent a headach, that had I not been informed of Mr. Wilfull's being that day engaged at a county meeting on ſome public meaſure, I believe I ſhould have hardly been prevailed on to riſe.

When he took his departure after breakfaſt, which he did with ſome apologies, extremely unneceſſary, for leaving us with his wife, I was very agreeably diſappointed to find Mrs. Wilfull and the young ladies not at all ſo much given to ſilence as from their deportment on the preceding day I had been led to imagine them. I found the one had learned and the other inherited ſome of Mr. Wilfull's love of liberty, which they were exceedingly fond of exerciſing in the abſence of that gentleman, and which ſhewed itſelf in a very free diſcuſſion of his temper, diſpoſition, and ma-

nagement of his family. In the courſe of this converſation, in which indeed I was a hearer only, I learned that Mr. Wilfull was perfectly the lord and maſter of his own houſe, in which he exerciſed the moſt dictatorial ſway, no doubt according to the old Roman maxim, "Ne quid detrimenti Reſpublica capiat," for the pure good of the family. Of this, however, the family, as perhaps was ſometimes the caſe with the ſtate, were not quite ſo ſenſible as they ſhould have been. Mrs. Wilfull complained that her huſband was a little particular in his temper. The daughters talked more plainly, and ſaid, that Papa was one of the ſtrangeſt out-of-the-wayeſt men in the world; that he would not allow them education like other girls in town, becauſe, he ſaid, in a town they would learn nothing but French dances and French faſhions, both which he hated, becauſe the French were ſlaves. His ſon, it ſeems, he alſo kept at home with a tutor he had provided for him, who was but very little of a ſcholar; his ſcholarſhip, Mrs. Wilfull ſaid, her huſband did not much mind, as he had never found Greek or Latin of any uſe to himſelf; but that this young man was a favourite with him becauſe of his ſtaunch political principles, and being what he called a *ſtrong-headed* fellow; but in what ſenſe the word was applied Mrs. Wilfull did not explain. She added, that neither her ſon

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or daughters had much opportunity of improvement from ſociety, as political quarrels had eſtranged the principal families in the neighbourhood from their houſe.

In domeſtic matters Mrs. Wilfull hinted the difficulties ſhe frequently laboured under to keep things tolerably quiet. The ſervants, ſhe ſaid, were frequently leaving them at ſhort warnings; and that they had ſeveral law-ſuits with diſcarded footmen about wages and board wages. Mr. Wilfull, ſhe ſaid, was in the main a very good ſort of man; but it muſt be confeſſed he liked his own way in every thing; and that he would not allow any body the liberty of giving him an anſwer.

From the parſon of Mr. Wilfull's pariſh, who happened to come in during this converſation, I learned that his patron's tenants had all very ſhort leaſes, as it was his principle, that a man's eſtate was not his own, if a low fellow had the uſe of it for twenty or thirty years. Afterwards, in the courſe of a walk with this ſame clergyman, I had an opportunity of ſeeing ſomewhat of the ſtate and culture of Mr. Wilfull's eſtate. The barn-yards were but thinly ſtored, and the farm-houſes but in indifferent repair. Several of the farms were in a ſtate of open uncultivated wildneſs, with here a patch of broom, there a corner of furze, and now and then a ridge or two of

ruſhes and thiſtles. A perſon of a ſportive imagination might have traced an analogy between Mr. Wilfull's principles and the ſtate of his grounds: *Xerxes* chained the Helleſpont, becauſe he was accuſtomed to govern ſlaves: Mr. Wilfull, one might ſay, left the very ſoil at liberty, and neither conſtrained it by culture, nor fettered it by incloſures.

This ſtate of his private property, however, my companion partly accounted for from Mr. Wilfull's attention having been for ſome time much occupied by ſome public and national concerns, in which his love of liberty had involved him. There was a little town in the neighbourhood of his eſtate, in which it ſeems he had, from patriotic motives, projected a thorough reformation. It was at preſent, according to the parſon's account, in the hands of about a dozen people, who Mr. Wilfull complained, had the entire diſpoſal of it. He wiſhed its government to be in the people at large; by which, however, the clergyman frankly confeſſed his patron meant, if poſſible, to get the management of it to himſelf. Meantime he had taught the inhabitants, every ſoul of them, proper ideas of freedom and independence; in cultivating theſe indeed they had loſt ſome others, which people who don't know the value of liberty might reckon as uſeful. There were formerly one or two thriving manufactures

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in the town; but they had of late been driven out of it as hoſtile to its freedom. I aſked the clergyman, what branches they now carried on there? "Oh! now, Sir," ſaid he, "they are all buſy in making—reforms."

In ſhort, Mr. Lounger, (for I am afraid of tiring you with my recital,) I found, from this day's information, as well as my own experience during another which I ſpent at Mr. Wilfull's, that this gentleman is ſo very fond of liberty, that he is inclined to monopolize it entirely to himſelf. Not caring either to ſuffer in ſilence or to quarrel with my kinſman by aſſerting my freedom, I contrived ſome apology for putting an end to my viſit on the morning of the fourth day; and I confeſs was very happy to leave this champion for independence, to return to the government of an elderly aunt, who keeps houſe for me; who, though of old-faſhioned Tory principles, is yet very fond of her nephew, very indulgent to the ſervants, and very hoſpitable to the neighbours; and who, though ſhe does not trouble herſelf about the good of her country, feeds the beſt fowls, makes the beſt mince-pies, and brews the beſt ale in the world. I am, &c.

LIBERCULUS.

N° 66. SATURDAY, *May* 6, 1786.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

NO complaints are more commonly made, or more readily liſtened to, than thoſe of genius neglected, of talents unrewarded, of merit overlooked. That theſe complaints ſhould often be made on ſlight pretences, may eaſily be accounted for from the effects of ſelf-love and of conceit; and that people ſhould attend to them with indulgence will not be wondered at when we reflect that we are naturally inclined to favour thoſe whoſe circumſtances do not awaken our envy, eſpecially if they furniſh us with the means of decrying others whoſe ſituation excites it.

But even where genius is actually found to languiſh in obſcurity, or to pine in indigence, the world is not always to be blamed for its neglect. Genius is often too proud to aſk favours which the world is too proud to offer; or too baſhful to diſplay abilities which others are too buſy to

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ſeek out. Beſides that the ſplendid qualities of which it boaſts are often leſs fitted for the province it has choſen than much more moderate abilities, it ſometimes allows them to be mixed with failings, which render their poſſeſſor leſs eaſily made happy, and thoſe around him leſs diſpoſed to contribute to his happineſs. Temper, moderation, and humility, a toleration of folly, and an attention to trifles, are endowments neceſſary in the commerce with mankind; often as uſeful, and generally more attractive, than wiſdom, learning, eloquence, or wit, when attended with arrogance, ill-nature, an ungracious manner, or a forbidding addreſs.

It will likewiſe be conſidered, that, in general, thoſe inferior minds, whom genius and talents are apt to deſpiſe, are much more eaſily made happy than thoſe who occupy the rank above them. The meaſure of our deſires is commonly enlarged in proportion to the comprehenſiveneſs of our minds, and the catalogue of our evils frequently increaſed in proportion to the range of our imaginations. In many occurrences of life, genius and fancy diſcover evils which dulneſs and inſenſibility would eſcape, and delicacy of feeling mars that pleaſure which thoughtleſs vivacity would perfectly enjoy.

You gave, in one of your earlier papers, an account of two gentlemen, both fortunate in life, but

but very differently affected by their good fortune: one who was above the enjoyment of any ordinary good; the other, on whom every attainment conferred happineſs, who had no eye for deformity, and no feeling for uneaſineſs. Allow me to illuſtrate the ſame power of a conſtitutional difference of temper upon the oppoſite ſituation, from the example of two perſons, whoſe characters ſome late incidents gave me a particular opportunity of tracing.

Tom Sanguine and *Ned Proſpect*, like your friends *Clitander* and *Eudocius*, were ſchool-fellows. *Sanguine* was the firſt boy in the ſchool in point of learning, and very often its leader in every thing. The latter diſtinction it coſt him many a black eye to maintain, as he generally had a battle with every lad who diſputed his pre-eminence, or who objected to any project he had laid down for his companions. Sometimes he was thrown entirely out of his command, and would be whole days in a ſtate of proſcription from his fellows, attended only by one or two little boys, whom he either awed or bribed to continue of his party.

Proſpect had a certain influence too, but it was acquired by different means. He had no pretenſions to learning, and almoſt conſtantly neglected or failed in the taſks that were ſet him; yet he was a favourite with his maſters, from a certain

certain livelineſs which looked like genius, and a certain attention to them which looked like application; and with the boys, he was always ready to join any plan which the forward could deviſe or the bold could execute. He was in friendſhip with every one, and did not care with whom he was in friendſhip; of jealouſy or rivalſhip he was perfectly devoid, and often returned the aſſiſtance which *Sanguine* afforded him at their exerciſes, by conciliatory endeavours to accommodate differences between him and ſome of their companions. As for himſelf, he never remembered quarrels or reſented affronts; diſappointments of every kind he forgot; indeed, if a ſchool alluſion may be allowed, there was ſcarce a paſt tenſe in his ideas; they always looked to the future.

When they roſe into manhood and life, the two young gentlemen retained the ſame characteriſtic difference as when at ſchool. *Sanguine* was ſoon remarked for his abilities, and eaſily flattered himſelf that every advancement would be open to them. He looked to the goal in buſineſs or ambition, without troubling himſelf to examine the ground between. Full of that pride and ſelf-importance to which he thought his talents entitled him, he would not degrade them by an application to the ordinary means by which inferior men attain ſucceſs. He would not ſtoop to ſolicit what he thought his merit gave him a

right

right to expect: to conciliate the great, he called ſervility; to be obliged to his equals, he termed dependence. In argument, he was warm and dogmatical; in oppoſition, haughty and contemptuous; he was proud to ſhew the fallacy of reputed wiſdom, and ſought for opportunities of treating folly with diſdain. His inferiors he loved to awe into ſilence; and in company with thoſe above him, he often retired into a proud indignant ſilence himſelf. To be eaſily pleaſed or amuſed, he thought the mark of a light and frivolous mind; and, as few people cared to be at the expence, he ſeldom received either pleaſure or amuſement. When he might have beſtowed theſe on others, he often did not think it worth his while to beſtow them. For his learning, his knowledge, or his wit, he demanded ſuch an audience as he rarely could find; and among men of middling capacity, of whom the bulk of ſociety is formed, one half of *Sanguine*'s acquaintance dreaded his talents, and the other half denied them. In his friendſhips he was warm and violent; but they were generally connections in which he was rather to give than to find ſupport, rather to confer than to receive obligation.

With ſuch a caſt of mind and diſpoſition, *Sanguine*, notwithſtanding all his natural and all his acquired abilities, has ſucceeded very ill in life. Of thoſe (and they were but few) by whom he

he was neither hated nor feared, ſcarce any one was intereſted to promote his ſucceſs. There is always ſo much of ſelfiſhneſs in our exertions for others, as to claim a ſort of property in the good we do them; and him who, like *Sanguine*, does not allow that claim, we ſeldom wiſh to oblige a ſecond time. Nor were his genius and knowledge, great as they were allowed to be, better ſuited to the ordinary affairs of the world than thoſe of a much lower order. He often deſpiſed that mediocrity which was a fitter inſtrument for his purpoſe than all his boaſted excellence. He laboured to ſhine where he ſhould have been contented to convince; to aſtoniſh and to dazzle where it ought to have been his object to perſuade and to win.

The neglects of the world *Sanguine* reſented more than he endeavoured to overcome; and having long loſt all hopes of ſucceſs in it, now employs the powers of his fancy and of his eloquence, to degrade thoſe dignities which he has failed to reach, and to depreciate thoſe advantages he has been unable to attain. He ſaunters about in places of public reſort, like the evil genius of the time, ſickening at every proſperous, and enjoying every untoward event; ſuffering without compaſſion, and unfortunate without the dignity which a good mind allows to misfortune.

Proſpect,

Proſpect, whoſe abilities did not promiſe much eminence in any of the learned profeſſions, was bred a merchant. His maſter found him not very attentive to his buſineſs; but exceedingly ſerviceable to him and his family in every thing elſe. He frequently forgot to make the proper entries in the books; but of the little commiſſions of his maſter's wife and children he took particular care; and once excuſed himſelf for a miſtake with regard to a valuable cargo from the Weſt-Indies, by ſhewing how much he had been occupied about a parroquet and a monkey for the young ladies. To himſelf he made a ſort of apology for theſe neglects, from an idea, that in trade nothing was worth attending to but in the capital; and talked with great fluency, and an appearance of information, on the plans he had formed for entering upon a large ſcale of commerce in London. To London accordingly he went; but found there, that he was ſtill diſtant from the immediate ſcene of the trade he had chiefly ſtudied: and, after ſpending, in amuſement rather than in diſſipation, half the ſtock from which he was to have raiſed a princely fortune, he procured recommendations to a houſe in *Jamaica*, and embarked for that iſland with the full reſolution of being as rich as Alderman *Beckford* before he returned. He failed of being as rich,

rich, but he was fully as happy; and in the courſe of that happineſs ſpent all the remainder of his patrimony. He afterwards viſited ſeveral of the American provinces, without any increaſe of fortune or decreaſe of good-humour; and at laſt returned home with no money in his purſe, and but little information in his mind, but with that flow of animal ſpirits which no ill ſucceſs could overcome, and that ſort of buzzing idea of future good fortune, which no experience of diſappointment has ever been able to drive out of his head.

By the favour of a perſon of conſiderable intereſt, whom his officious civility had in ſome inſtance happened to oblige, he has obtained a ſmall penſion, on which he makes ſhift to live, and to get into very tolerable company, being admitted as a good-natured oddity, who never offends, and is never offended. He has now given up his plans for bettering his private fortune, except in ſo far as they are connected with the proſperity of his country, having turned his thoughts entirely to politics and to finance. I know not if it was an ill-natured amuſement which I received the other morning from ſeeing him attack his old acquaintance *Sanguine* in the coffee-houſe, and drive him from the fire-place to window, from the window to the door, and from the door out into the ſtreet, with a

paper of obſervations on Mr. Pitt's plan for reducing the national debt. *Sanguine* was dumb with vexation and contempt, which *Proſpect* (who was full of buſtle and of enjoyment from this new-ſprung ſcheme) very innocently conſtrued into the ſilence of attention, and concluded his purſuit, by thruſting the paper into the other's hand, telling him, that when next they met he ſhould be glad to have his ſentiments on the probability of the plan, and the juſtneſs of the calculations.

It would, I believe, Sir, conſiderably increaſe the ſtock of human happineſs, if you could perſuade men like Mr. *Sanguine*, that miſanthropy, comfortleſs as it is, is yet more an indulgence than a virtue; that a war with the world is generally founded on injuſtice; and that neither the yieldings of complacency, nor the ſportfulneſs of good-humour, are inconſiſtent with the dignity of wiſdom. I am, &c.

MODERATUS.

N° 67. SATURDAY, *May* 13, 1786.

Studiumque immane loquendi. OVID.

NOBODY will deny the ſuperiority of the modern over the ancient world in almoſt all the arts and ſciences. But perhaps that ſuperiority is not more obſervable when we think of the articles of modern acquirement in detail, than when we conſider the facility which the preſent times have introduced in the art of obtaining knowledge in general; or, when that idea is applied to the young, the highly improved ſyſtem of Education which we have invented, ſo much ſimpler and more conciſe than that which the ignorance of our forefathers led them to adopt. Were it not beneath the dignity of the ſubject, one might apply to our preſent ſyſtem of education, what ſome venders of little books of Arithmetic, Mathematics, and Aſtronomy, have advertiſed of their performances—it is Education "made eaſy to the meaneſt capacities."

The ancient ſyſtem for the acquiſition of knowledge, was by liſtening to the inſtructions of the wiſe

wife and experienced; and in ſome of the old ſchools a probationary ſilence for a very long period was inſiſted on for that purpoſe. In thoſe times, that might perhaps be ſuitable enough; but now when life, according to ſome philoſophers, is ſo much ſhortened, and there are ſo many more things to talk about, the ancient mode would ſurely be very prepoſterous. Indeed there is much reaſon to doubt if, even in ancient times, this method of liſtening was ſo much practiſed as has ſometimes been repreſented. *Pythagoras*, it is preſumed, like ſome philoſophers of our own days, choſe to talk for all the reſt of the company, and enjoined ſilence to his ſcholars, that he might have hearers; but *Socrates*, who had been taught better breeding by his wife, let them have more than word about with him. *Plutarch* indeed, another of their wiſe men, ſays, in a Treatiſe upon Education, that "man has two powers, which give him the pre-eminence over all other animals, underſtanding and ſpeech; that the firſt is made to command, and the latter to obey; that underſtanding or mind is ſuperior to accident or fortune, that ſickneſs or diſeaſe has no power over it, and that the wrinkles of age do not diminiſh its beauty; that time, which conquers all things, has no effect on it, but, by a privilege peculiar to itſelf, it maintains its youth in old age." This Plutarch, however, was himſelf

one

one of the moſt talkative fellows in the world, and delighted in ſtory-telling beyond any man of his time; and the deſcription he has given as above, of underſtanding or intelligence, applies equally to the other faculty he meant to ſet it over, to wit, that of ſpeech. We have every day examples to convince us, that neither loſs of fortune, bad health, or old age, has any power over the tongue; to it indeed the circumſtance of its ſuperior vigour, when old, applies ſo ſtrikingly, that one would almoſt ſuppoſe an error in the text, and that there was here a miſtake, which thoſe Greeks had a hard word to expreſs, but which ſignified, that one had put firſt what ſhould have been laſt: on this ſuppoſition, what the author really meant to ſay is, that it is the buſineſs of the tongue to command, and the part of the underſtanding to obey.

Now this, when ſo corrected, is pretty nearly the modern idea, which is, that knowledge is to be acquired fully as much, or rather more, by ſpeaking than by hearing; and this rule, like the other rules of education, is to be attended to from the earlieſt years. Mothers, who, according to the ableſt opinions on the head, are the beſt inſtructors of early youth, have particularly an excellent method of inculcating this doctrine on their pupils. As they grow up, thoſe pupils are to be confirmed in the practice of it. When

brought into company, they are to be particularly cautioned againſt that antique baſhfulneſs which uſed to diſqualify young people from this attainment; as far indeed as youth might be uſed by way of argument for ſilence, they are to forget altogether their being young, and to talk, with the authority of experience and the loquacity of age, in all places, public and private. Neither the Church nor the Playhouſe is to be excepted; and in public exhibitions of greater moment, if a young man, for example, happens to get into the Houſe of Commons, and gives himſelf any trouble about what is going on there, it is wonderful how much he may learn merely by ſpeaking, as the daily examples of Orators, who get up without knowing any thing of what they are to talk about, evince.

There is one part of the courſe of modern education, which might at firſt view be ſuppoſed unfavourable to this mode of acquiring knowledge—and that is, the article of travelling; becauſe it often happens, that, from a want of the languages of thoſe countries through which he is to paſs, a young traveller cannot ſpeak ſo much as is proper for the purpoſe. But this may be almoſt entirely remedied in *Paris*, and other capitals of every foreign country, by converſing with Engliſh only, or with ſuch of the natives as already underſtand a little of the Engliſh tongue, and

and are very willing to learn more of it, as *Friſeurs, Tailors, Valets de Place*, &c. From ſuch companions, one not only may obtain a very competent knowledge of the manners and cuſtoms of ſuch foreign countries; but one has alſo a favourable opportunity of communicating to them the manners and cuſtoms of one's own, which can be done with much more freedom and truth to ſuch hearers than to others. In this manner travel, inſtead of a hindrance, will be of very great uſe in promoting this new and improved mode of education; it will promote ſpeaking, and inſure an audience, both while a young man remains abroad, and after he comes home; while abroad he will ſpeak of nothing but his own country, which will enable him to ſpeak of nothing but foreign countries when he returns.

This general maxim, which I am here endeavouring to enforce, muſt however be underſtood to apply to people of a certain fortune only. With thoſe in leſs favoured circumſtances, hearing and receiving inſtruction are neceſſary, at leaſt in particular ſituations and ſocieties. In the company of the great or the rich, which they are at all times to ſeek after and frequent, they muſt liſten with as unlimited aſſent, though not quite ſo rigid a ſilence, as the diſciples of the Philoſopher we firſt mentioned; but, when they leave this ſociety, and get among their equals, they will

then have the privilege of communicating what knowledge they have received, and are entitled to impose silence on their auditory, by the decisive authority of those great and rich men, of whose school they are. This leads me to mention a method of acquiring knowledge, the most easy and compendious of any, which is, by growing rich or great one's self; a truth which I have seen many very wise and learned men confess, by the deference they paid to the opinions and information of one lately come to the possession of a fortune or a title, whom, before he attained that wealth or rank, they had been obliged to pronounce very ignorant and uninformed.

But as those who are poor may acquire knowledge instantaneously by growing rich, so those who are rich may in some cases acquire knowledge very rapidly by growing poor. Adversity, says some ancient sage, is the greatest of all teachers; in some of her schools, however, people learn slowly, which was the old method; in others she communicates knowledge with astonishing rapidity, which is the new mode; as, for instance, at that modern seminary of instruction, the Gaming-table. It is indeed surprising what universality of knowledge is there to be attained, as may be judged of from the manner in which many people in eminent stations, both civil and military, have acquitted themselves,

who had acquired the qualifications neceſſary for ſuch appointments at that fountain of knowledge alone.

Another method by which a young man may attain knowledge with very little trouble to himſelf, is by purchaſing a commiſſion in the army. There is ſomething in the bare putting on of a cockade which inſpires knowledge, or at leaſt the confidence of it, which anſwers moſt purpoſes as well, and which gives the title to ſpeak, ſo eſſential to this modern ſyſtem of education. Unless the courſe of his ſtudies be interrupted by actual ſervice, which is not often the caſe, there are many opportunities of improvement for a ſoldier, of which, in a civil capacity, he would be entirely deprived. During one half of the year at country quarters, he has the advantage of that ſolitude which ſo many philoſophers and poets have panted after as the nurſe of contemplation, as the mother of knowledge; the other half he can contrive, by a leave of abſence, to ſpend in the edifying ſociety of the capital. In the firſt caſe, he can avail himſelf of the ſcience of the exciſeman, the learning of the curate, and ſometimes the knowledge of the ſquire; in the other, he can reſort to the ſources of that multifarious information which is to be found at the coffeehouſe, the tavern, the playhouſes, and Ranelagh.

As for the female world, the ſame rule of obtaining knowledge, or educating themſelves, by talking, not liſtening, is equally expedient, and indeed ſeems more particularly adapted to the genius of the ſex. In this they may, by a prudent choice of their ſociety among the other ſex, be much aſſiſted: as they can eaſily find a pretty numerous claſs of well-bred young gentlemen, who will never introduce any ſubject, nor treat any ſubject already introduced, but in ſuch a manner as does not at all require being liſtened to; ſo that every member of the party may with great eaſe, and without any material injury, ſpeak at one and the ſame time.

But as I enumerated ſome very eaſy and ſpeedy methods of the men's acquiring knowledge, ſo there is one way, as eaſy as any of thoſe by which the ladies may attain it—I mean by being married; which perhaps is the reaſon why ſome prudent and œconomical mothers defer all ſorts of inſtruction till that period, except ſome particular pieces of knowledge, which may tend to procure their daughters that opportunity of immediate improvement. In a married ſtate, a young lady has an increaſed advantage of that power of talking which I have mentioned as ſo eſſential to the cultivation of the mind. Beſides the ſuperior privileges of a matron to uſe her tongue,

ſhe

she has by marriage acquired a necessary assistant for a speaker; she has provided herself with a hearer in her husband.

The Lounger *has been favoured with two communications from female correspondents, which, contrary to his established custom, he thinks himself obliged to acknowledge.*

Mrs. Invoice *has told her story in a very natural and forcible manner; and the wrongs of which she complains from the partner of her late husband, exhibit such an impudent abuse of public indulgence, as justly deserves every reprehension a pen so able as hers can inflict. But her recital admits of so directly personal an allusion, as notwithstanding all its merit, unavoidably precludes its insertion. Though the pictures which this work occasionally exhibits, to be of any value at all, must be true to nature; yet it were equally averse to the feelings of the author, and to the dignity of his paper, to make them the portraits of individuals.*

The verses of Delia *are written with ease and spirit; there is but one objection to their being inserted, their very high praise of the* Lounger, *which, though it were ingratitude in him not to acknowledge, it might be deemed vanity to publish.*

N° 68. SATURDAY, *May* 20, 1786.

THAT "Poet and Creator are the ſame," is equally allowed in Criticiſm as in Etymology; and that, without the powers of invention and imagination, nothing great or highly delightful in Poetry can be atchieved.

I have often thought that the ſame thing holds in ſome meaſure with regard to the reader as well as the writer of poetry. Without ſomewhat of a congenial imagination in the former, the works of the latter will afford a very inferior degree of pleaſure. The mind of him who reads ſhould be able to imagine what the productive fancy of the Poet creates and preſents to his view; to look on the world of fancy ſet before him with a native's eye, and to hear its language with a native's ear; to acknowledge its manners, to feel its paſſions, and to trace, with ſomewhat of an inſtinctive glance, thoſe characters with which the Poet has peopled it.

If in the peruſal of any poet this is required, *Shakeſpeare*, of all poets, ſeems to claim it the moſt. Of all poets, Shakeſpeare appears to have poſſeſſed a fancy

a fancy the moſt prolific, an imagination the moſt luxuriantly fertile. In this particular he has been frequently compared to *Homer*, though thoſe who have drawn the parallel, have done it, I know not why, with a ſort of diſtruſt of their aſſertion. Did we not look at the Greek with that reverential awe which his antiquity impreſſes, I think we might venture to affirm, that in this reſpect the other is more than his equal. In invention of incident, in diverſity of character, in aſſemblage of images, we can ſcarcely indeed conceive Homer to be ſurpaſſed; but in the mere creation of fancy, I can diſcover nothing in the *Iliad*, that equals the *Tempeſt*, or the *Macbeth*, of Shakeſpeare. The machinery of Homer is indeed ſtupendous; but of that machinery the materials were known; or, though it ſhould be allowed that he added ſomething to the mythology he found, yet ſtill the language and the manners of his deities are merely the language and the manners of men. Of Shakeſpeare, the machinery may be ſaid to be produced as well as combined by himſelf. Some of the beings of whom it is compoſed, neither tradition nor romance afforded him; and of thoſe whom he borrowed thence, he invented the language and the manners; language and manners peculiar to themſelves, for which he could draw no analogy from mankind. Though formed by fancy, however,

his perſonages are true to nature, and a reader of that pregnant imagination which I have mentioned above, can immediately decide on the juſtneſs of his conceptions; as he who beholds the maſterly expreſſion of certain portraits, pronounces with confidence on their likeneſs, though unacquainted with the perſons from whom they were drawn.

But it is not only in thoſe untried regions of magic or of witchery that the creative power of Shakeſpeare has exerted itſelf. By a very ſingular felicity of invention, he has produced, in the beaten field of ordinary life, characters of ſuch perfect originality, that we look on them with no leſs wonder at his invention, than on thoſe preternatural beings which "are not of this earth;" and yet they ſpeak a language ſo purely that of common ſociety, that we have but to ſtep abroad into the world to hear every expreſſion of which it is compoſed. Of this ſort is the character of *Falſtaff*.

On the ſubject of this character I was lately diſcourſing with a friend, who is very much endowed with that critical imagination of which I have ſuggeſted the uſe in the beginning of this paper. The general import of his obſervations may form neither an uſeleſs nor unamuſing field for ſpeculation to my readers.

Though

Though the character of Falſtaff, ſaid my friend, is of ſo ſtriking a kind as to engroſs almoſt the whole attention of the audience, in the repreſentation of the play in which it is firſt introduced; yet it was probably only a ſecondary and incidental object with Shakeſpeare in compoſing that play. He was writing a ſeries of hiſtorical dramas, on the moſt remarkable events of the Engliſh hiſtory, from the time of King *John* downwards. When he arrived at the reign of *Henry* IV. the diſſipated youth and extravagant pranks of the Prince of Wales could not fail to excite his attention, as affording at once a ſource of moral reflection in the ſerious department, and a fund of infinite humour in the comic part of the drama. In providing him with aſſociates for his hours of folly and of riot, he probably borrowed, as was his cuſtom, from ſome old play, interlude, or ſtory, the names and incidents which he has uſed in the firſt part of Henry IV. *Old-caſtle*, we know, was the name of a character in ſuch a play, inſerted there, it is probable, (in thoſe days of the Church's omnipotence in every department of writing,) in odium of Sir John Oldcaſtle, chief of the *Lollards*, though Shakeſpeare afterwards, in a Proteſtant reign, changed it to Falſtaff. This leader of the gang, which the wanton extravagance of the Prince was to cheriſh and protect, it was neceſſary to endow

with qualities sufficient to make the young Henry, in his society,

> "*doff the world aside,*
> *And bid it pass.*"

Shakespeare therefore has endowed him with infinite wit and humour, as well as an admirable degree of sagacity and acuteness in observing the characters of men; but has joined those qualities with a grossness of mind, which his youthful master could not but see, nor seeing but despise. With talents less conspicuous, Falstaff could not have attracted Henry; with profligacy less gross and less contemptible, he would have attached him too much. Falstaff's was just "that unyoked humour of idleness," which the Prince could "a while uphold," and then cast off for ever. The audience to which this strange compound was to be exhibited were to be in the same predicament with the Prince, to laugh and to admire while they despised; to feel the power of his humour, the attraction of his wit, the justice of his reflections, while their contempt and their hatred attended the lowness of his manners, the grossness of his pleasures, and the unworthiness of his vice.

Falstaff is truly and literally "ex Epicuri grege porcus," placed here within the pale of this world

world to fatten at his leiſure, neither diſturbed by feeling nor reſtrained by virtue. He is not, however, poſitively much a villain, though he never ſtarts aſide in the purſuit of intereſt or of pleaſure when knavery comes in his way. We feel contempt, therefore, and not indignation, at his crimes, which rather promotes than hinders our enjoying the ridicule of the ſituation, and the admirable wit with which he expreſſes himſelf in it. As a man of this world, he is endowed with the moſt ſuperior degree of good ſenſe and diſcernment of character; his conceptions, equally acute and juſt, he delivers with the expreſſion of a clear and vigorous underſtanding: and we ſee that he thinks like a wiſe man, even when he is not at the pains to talk wiſely.

Perhaps indeed there is no quality more conſpicuous throughout the writings of Shakeſpeare, than that of good ſenſe, that intuitive ſagacity with which he looks on the manners, the characters, and the purſuits of mankind. The burſts of paſſion, the ſtrokes of nature, the ſublimity of his terrors, and the wonderful creation of his fancy, are thoſe excellencies which ſtrike ſpectators the moſt, and are therefore moſt commonly enlarged on; but to an attentive peruſer of his writings, his acute perception and accurate diſcernment of ordinary character and conduct, that

ſkill,

ſkill, if I may ſo expreſs it, with which he delineates the plan of common life, will, I think, appear no leſs ſtriking, and perhaps rather more wonderful; more wonderful, becauſe we cannot ſo eaſily conceive that power of genius by which it tells us what actually exiſts, though it has never ſeen it, than that by which it creates what never exiſted. This power, when we read the works, and conſider the ſituation of Shakeſpeare, we ſhall allow him in a moſt extraordinary degree. The delineation of manners found in the Greek tragedians is excellent and juſt; but it conſiſts chiefly of thoſe general maxims which the wiſdom of the ſchools might inculcate, which a borrowed experience might teach. That of Shakeſpeare marks the knowledge of intimacy with mankind. It reaches the elevation of the great, and penetrates the obſcurity of the low; detects the cunning, and overtakes the bold; in ſhort, preſents that abſtract of life in all its modes, and indeed in every time, which every one without experience muſt believe, and every one with experience muſt know to be true.

With this ſagacity and penetration into the characters and motives of mankind, which himſelf poſſeſſed, Shakeſpeare has inveſted Falſtaff in a remarkable degree: he never utters it, however, out of character, or at a ſeaſon where it might

might better be ſpared. Indeed his good ſenſe is rather in his thoughts than in his ſpeech; for ſo we may call thoſe ſoliloquies in which he generally utters it. He knew what coin was moſt current with thoſe he dealt with, and faſhioned his diſcourſe according to the diſpoſition of his hearers; and he ſometimes lends himſelf to the ridicule of his companions, when he has a chance of getting any intereſt on the loan.

But we oftener laugh with than at him; for his humour is infinite, and his wit admirable. This quality, however, ſtill partakes in him of that Epicurean groſſneſs which I have remarked to be the ruling characteriſtic of his diſpoſition. He has neither the vanity of a wit, nor the ſingularity of a humouriſt, but indulges both talents, like any other natural propenſity, without exertion of mind or warmth of enjoyment. A late excellent actor, whoſe loſs the ſtage will long regret, uſed to repreſent the character of Falſtaff in a manner different from what had been uniformly adopted from the time of *Quin* downwards. He exchanged the comic gravity of the old ſchool, for thoſe burſts of laughter in which ſympathetic audiences have ſo often accompanied him. From accompanying him it was indeed impoſſible to refrain; yet, though the execution was maſterly, I cannot agree in that idea

of

of the character. He who laughs, is a man of feeling in merriment. Falſtaff was of a very different conſtitution. He turned wit, as he says he did "diſeaſe into commodity." —"Oh! it is much, that a lie with a ſlight oath, and a *jeſt with a ſad brow*, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his ſhoulders."

N° 69. SATURDAY, *May* 27, 1786.

(Continuation of the Remarks on the Character of Falſtaff.)

TO a man of pleaſure of ſuch a conſtitution as Falſtaff, temper and good humour were neceſſarily conſequent. We find him therefore but once I think angry, and then not provoked beyond meaſure. He conducts himſelf with equal moderation towards others; his wit lightens, but does not burn; and he is not more inoffenſive when the joker, than unoffended when joked upon: "I am not only witty myſelf, but the cauſe that wit is in other men." In the evenneſs of his humour he bears himſelf thus, (to uſe his own expreſſion,) and takes in the points of all aſſailants without being hurt. The language of contempt, of rebuke, or of conviction, neither puts him out of liking with himſelf or with others. None of his paſſions riſe beyond this control of reaſon, of ſelf-intereſt, or of indulgence.

Queen

Queen Elizabeth, with a curiosity natural to a woman, desired Shakespeare to exhibit Falstaff as a lover: he obeyed her, and wrote the *Merry Wives of Windsor;* but Falstaff's love is only factor for his interest, and he wishes to make his mistresses "his Exchequer, his East and West Indies, to both of which he will trade."

Though I will not go so far as a paradoxical critic has done, and ascribe valour to Falstaff; yet if his cowardice is fairly examined, it will be found to be not so much a weakness as a principle. In his very cowardice there is much of the sagacity I have remarked in him; he has the sense of danger, but not the discomposure of fear. His presence of mind saves him from the sword of Douglas, where the danger was real; but he shows no sort of dread of the sheriff's visit, when he knew the Prince's company would probably bear him out: when Bardolph runs in frightened, and tells, that the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door, "Out, you rogue! (answers he,) play out the play; I have much to say in behalf of that Falstaff." Falstaff's cowardice is only proportionate to the danger; and so would every wise man's be, did not other feelings make him valiant.

Such feelings, it is the very characteristic of Falstaff to want. The dread of disgrace, the sense

ſenſe of honour, and the love of fame, he neither feels, nor pretends to feel:

"Like the fat weed
"That roots itſelf at eaſe on Lethe's wharf,"

he is contented to repoſe on that earthy corner of ſenſual indulgence in which his fate has placed him, and enjoys the pleaſures of the moment, without once regarding thoſe finer objects of delight which the children of fancy and of feeling ſo warmly purſue.

The greateſt refinement of morals, as well as of mind, is produced by the culture and exerciſe of the imagination, which derives, or is taught to derive, its objects of purſuit, and its motives of action, not from the ſenſes merely, but from future conſiderations which fancy anticipates and realizes. Of this either as the prompter, or the reſtraint of conduct, Falſtaff is utterly devoid; yet his imagination is wonderfully quick and creative in the pictures of humour and the aſſociations of wit. But the "pregnancy of his wit," according to his own phraſe, "is made a tapſter;" and his fancy, how vivid ſoever, ſtill ſubjects itſelf to the groſſneſs of thoſe ſenſual conceptions which are familiar to his mind. We are aſtoniſhed at that art by which Shakeſpeare leads the powers of genius, imagination, and wiſdom in captivity to this ſon of earth; 'tis as if,

if, transported into the enchanted island in the *Tempest*, we saw the rebellion of *Caliban* successful, and the airy spirits of *Prospero* ministering to the brutality of his slave.

Hence, perhaps, may be derived great part of that infinite amusement which succeeding audiences have always found from the representation of Falstaff. We have not only the enjoyment of those combinations, and of that contrast, to which philosophers have ascribed the pleasure we derive from wit in general, but we have that singular combination and contrast, which the gross, the sensual, and the brutish mind of Falstaff exhibits, when joined and compared with that admirable power of invention, of wit, and of humour, which his conversation perpetually displays.

In the immortal work of *Cervantes* we find a character with a remarkable mixture of wisdom and absurdity, which in one page excites our highest ridicule, and in the next is entitled to our highest respect. *Don Quixote*, like Falstaff, is endowed with excellent discernment, sagacity, and genius; but his good sense holds fief of his diseased imagination, of his over-ruling madness for the atchievements of knight-errantry, for heroic valour and heroic love. The ridicule in the character of Don Quixote consists in raising low and vulgar incidents, through the medium of his dis-

disordered fancy, to a rank of importance, dignity, and solemnity, to which in their nature they are the most opposite that can be imagined. With Falstaff it is nearly the reverse; the ridicule is produced by subjecting wisdom, honour, and other the most grave and dignified principles, to the control of grossness, buffoonery, and folly. 'Tis like the pastime of a family-masquerade, where laughter is equally excited by dressing clowns as gentlemen, or gentlemen as clowns. In Falstaff, the heroic attributes of our nature are made to wear the garb of meanness and absurdity. In Don Quixote, the common and the servile are clothed in the dresses of the dignified and the majestic; while, to heighten the ridicule, *Sancho*, in the half-deceived simplicity, and half-discerning shrewdness of his character, is every now and then employed to pull off the mask.

If you would not think me whimsical in the parallel, continued my friend, I should say, that Shakespeare has drawn, in one of his immediately subsequent plays, a tragic character very much resembling the comic one of Falstaff, I mean that of *Richard* III. Both are men of the world, both possess that sagacity and understanding which is fitted for its purposes, both despise those refined feelings, those motives of delicacy, those restraints of virtue, which might obstruct the course

courſe they have marked out for themſelves. The hypocriſy of both coſts them nothing, and they never feel that detection of it to themſelves which rankles in the conſcience of leſs determined hypocrites. Both uſe the weakneſſes of others, as ſkilful players at a game do the ignorance of their opponents; they enjoy the advantage, not only without ſelf-reproach, but with the pride of ſuperiority. Richard indeed aſpires to the crown of England, becauſe Richard is wicked and ambitious: Falſtaff is contented with a thouſand pounds of Juſtice Shallow's, becauſe he is only luxurious and diſſipated. Richard courts Lady Anne and the Princeſs Elizabeth for his purpoſes: Falſtaff makes love to Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page for his. Richard is witty like Falſtaff, and talks of his own figure with the ſame ſarcaſtic indifference. Indeed ſo much does Richard, in the higher walk of villany, reſemble Falſtaff in the lower region of roguery and diſſipation, that it were not difficult to ſhow, in the dialogue of the two characters, however diſſimilar in ſituation, many paſſages and expreſſions in a ſtyle of remarkable reſemblance.

Of feeling, and even of paſſion, both characters are very little ſuſceptible; as Falſtaff is the knave and the ſenſualiſt, ſo Richard is the villain of principle. Shakeſpeare has drawn one of paſſion in the perſon of *Macbeth*. Macbeth produces

duces horror, fear, and sometimes pity; Richard, detestation and abhorrence only. The first he has led amidst the gloom of sublimity, has shown agitated by various and wavering emotions. He is sometimes more sanguinary than Richard, because he is not insensible of the weakness or the passion of revenge; whereas the cruelty of Richard is only proportionate to the object of his ambition, as the cowardice of Falstaff is proportionate to the object of his fear: but the bloody and revengeful Macbeth is yet susceptible of compassion and subject to remorse. In contemplating Macbeth, we often regret the perversion of his nature; and even when the justice of Heaven overtakes him, we almost forget our hatred at his enormities in our pity for his misfortunes. Richard, Shakespeare has placed amidst the tangled paths of party and ambition, has represented cunning and fierce from his birth, untouched by the sense of humanity, hardly subject to remorse, and never to contrition; and his fall produces that unmixed and perfect satisfaction which we feel at the death of some savage beast that had desolated the country from instinctive fierceness and natural malignity.

The weird-sisters, the gigantic deities of northern mythology, are fit agents to form Macbeth. Richard is the production of those worldly and creeping demons, who slide upon the earth their instru-

inſtruments of miſchief to embroil and plague mankind. Falſtaff is the work of *Circe*, and her ſwiniſh aſſociates, who, in ſome favoured hour of revelry and riot, moulded this compound of groſs debauchery, acute diſcernment, admirable invention, and nimble wit, and ſent him for a conſort to England's madcap Prince, to ſtamp currency on idleneſs and vice, and to wave the flag of folly and diſſipation over the ſeats of gravity, of wiſdom, and of virtue.

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